

THE 9090 - 3
MONTHLY LEDGER,

OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY:

CONTAINING

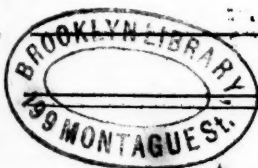
Philosophical, Historical, Biographical,
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With ANECDOTES of LITERATURE,

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Works of the learned and ingenious, both ancient
and modern.

TOGETHER WITH

ORIGINAL ESSAYS from OCCASIONAL
CORRESPONDENTS.



VOL. II:

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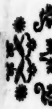
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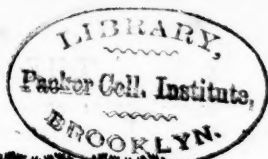


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THE
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THE INTRODUCTION.



HERE are but few parents who do not indulge some degree of partiality towards their children; and authors are no less partial to their literary offspring. For my own part, I must confess that I feel a parental affection for my young *Ledger*; who is now entered into the second year of her infancy. She was brought forth into the world rather prematurely, and in a very weak, imperfect, state. Some of my friends gave it as their opinion, that she would not live out the month; while others prognosticated that she could not survive the year. Their fears gave the alarm to mine; yet I determined, at all events, to do every thing in my power to prevent her threatened early dissolution: lest she should prove rickety, I bestowed on her good nursing with my own hands, and fed her with a plain wholesome diet, rejecting the sugar-plumbs and sweet-meats brought me by some of my well-meaning friends, lest they should bring on a surfeit. In the second month the child gathered strength surprisingly, under the care of two gentlemen of the faculty, whose prescriptions

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have been of eminent service to her : even envy faintly confessed, that the infant was much improved ; and allowed, with an *if* and an *and*, that there was a possibility of extending her existence to the predicted term of a twelvemonth. In a few months she began to feel her feet, and at times to trust to them for support, though not without visible signs of timidity ; which were considered as no unfavourable omen. I proceeded to tend her with caution, guiding her about in leading-strings ; and but seldom trusted her alone, that she might not attempt to run at random, before she was able to walk, or endued with prudence to direct her steps.

If the child is not indeed a beauty, yet I think it may be allowed that she is not ugly, as she has a good complexion and something very agreeable about her ; not to mention the improvement she may hereafter receive from a proper mode of education. Many weakly girls, who were ordinary in their infancy, have grown up to be handsome women ; and *vice versa* : I am therefore not without hope, that my daughter *Ledger* may at length engage the affections of those who cannot yet perceive any form or comeliness in her, and be no less admired for her external accomplishments than for her inward endowments. —

But, to drop the allegory.—The first volume of the *Monthly Ledger* being compleated, the first number of the second volume is now presented to my readers. I have already succeeded beyond my expectation ; and the general approbation of my attempts to entertain the public with a literary miscellany (adapted to inform juvenile readers, and to impress their minds with virtuous principles) gives me much pleasure, and encourages me to proceed.

Humanum est errare. Perfection is not the attribute of human nature, nor is it to be found in any of the productions of human art or invention. I do not profess myself the rival of every adventurer in this walk of literature, (I know myself too well to aspire to distinguished reputation,) and those who know me will not expect it of me.

I gratefully acknowledge the favours received from many sensible and ingenious correspondents in different parts of England ; the continuation of whose correspondence will be highly acceptable : and I acknowledge myself under no less obligation to such of my correspondents whose productions did not appear adapted for publication, and were therefore suppressed, than to others whose essays have been admitted. Some of the former have complained to me of partiality ; a charge, to which I can honestly plead, *Not guilty*. I am willing to distinguish between men and their productions ; and, without enquiring

enquiring who is the writer, endeavour to judge impartially, to the best of my understanding, of that which is written. When I decide on the comparative merit of any piece before me, I intend no affront to its author's understanding, nor any compliment on my own; and, while I continue to act for the apparent best, there is reason to hope that the goodness of the intention will in some measure atone, with the candid and judicious, for the involuntary errors of my judgement.

I have been under the disagreeable necessity of rejecting some pieces of wit and humour, which discovered much ingenuity, because the ideas designed to be conveyed, on some delicate subjects, were too indelicately expressed to escape the just censure of mankind. Other rejected pieces contained either personal satire, or fulsome panegyric; which are equally disgusting to the wise and worthy of all parties, and acceptable only to fools. Wit, like an edge-tool, is a dangerous thing in unskilful hands, or when it is not subject to the controul and direction of wisdom and virtue: it can wound a virtuous character, as well as give a false colouring to a vicious one; and, as a judicious author observes, "the poison of vice never passes so readily down, as when wit is made the vehicle to convey it."

I have no objection to enlivening the work with sprightly essays, innocently designed and cautiously worded, such as a chaste eye would not be offended to see, nor a virtuous ear to hear; but would not excite laughter at the expence of virtue; for such laughter indicates the worst kind of madness, and is often productive of the most baneful consequences to those who indulge in it.

To conclude: I shall neither presume to boast of the merit of the Monthly Ledger, nor employ the stale artifice of sounding forth the large extent of its sale; but at the same time should be glad to increase it, without diminishing the intrinsic worth of the work itself; although I do not wish to augment the profit of the publication by making a sacrifice of reason, religion, and moral virtue, to adapt it to the prevailing vitiated taste of the times. Let not my readers fear that the stores, from whence my materials have been drawn, are exhausted: the fields of nature and science are both rich and spacious; and, although former adventurers have selected some of its choicest flowers, yet the soil is prolific, and the region unlimited: therefore, whether my readers be many or few, whoever of them reads for improvement, as well as amusement, will, I hope, find at least sixpennyworth, in each number, for sixpence.

THE EDITOR.

To

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THAT a very considerable part of mankind, in the present state of things, must be dependent on the bounty of the rest ; — that the communication of that bounty is a duty incumbent upon us ; — and that there is a passion in our bosoms, called *pity*, which forcibly inclines us to relieve the miseries of the wretched ; — are positions, the truth of which will be universally acknowledged : unhappily, however, the power of avarice has too often prevailed over the sense of duty and the emotions of pity ; and persons, in whose minds they have retained a proper influence, have been necessitated, by the enactment of laws, in some measure, to compel others to the distribution of that property which they would not voluntarily have given up. Of such laws, those of our own nation, with all their imperfections, are perhaps the best now subsisting : but, as they are evidently capable of amendment, it were greatly to be wished, that the *few* of understanding and benevolence, among those to whom the business of legislation is entrusted, would make it heartily their concern to rectify the errors, and supply the deficiencies, which have been pointed out to their notice. It must indeed, with sorrow, be confessed, that there is too little prospect of success in any undertaking of this nature : the cause of the poor is a cause which scarcely any will defend, or even think worthy of attention. We have very lately seen the rational endeavours of a few humane senators, who aimed at relieving the indigent labourer and tradesman in one instance only, frustrated by such as were lothe to resign a single jot of that power which they have so long tyrannically exercised over their unhappy inferiors ; and we daily meet with interested talkers and writers, who, stimulated by their impatience under the controul of the present laws, are most artfully, though inconsistently, proposing the abolition of them, as a measure of the greatest advantage to the poor. These gentlemen, we may reasonably suppose, would make use of such an abolition, (could they procure it,) to save their own money ; for there can be no just cause to think that they, who are so earnest to be released from an obligation to relieve, would voluntarily bestow relief ; but, on the contrary, it is probable that their ears would be impervious to the cries of the aged and diseased, the widow, and the orphan. There are waters which are said to convert wood into stone ; and avarice is equally powerful to petrify the human heart.

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We have, however, one author of a superior character,* of real abilities and apparent humanity, who seems to recommend this fashionable doctrine, from different motives; who seems not to mean ill, but to be mistaken. As the authority of such an one may probably strengthen the hands of those who stretch forth the rod of oppression over the head of distressed poverty, I take the liberty (in order as much as may be to counteract its influence) to send you the sentiments of another writer, whose work † the author above hinted at perhaps has not seen. It is, I believe, the only book which has lately appeared on this side the question, and is as much unknown as the opinions it contains are unpopular. After mentioning some of the vices of the lower class of mankind, the writer proceeds as follows.

“From a view of this dissipation and improvidence in the lowest rank of society, perhaps has proceeded the idea of those who have proposed a repeal of the present laws, and the enactment of others by which the indigent, in the hour of calamity, would be left destitute of all aid, but from the uncompelled courtesy of their neighbours. The opinion of these appears to be founded on a number of erroneous principles: first, that the poor have, by law, a claim to subsistence, which cannot by any means be defeated or evaded. Secondly, that reliance on such claim renders them attentive only to the present, and careless to the future: thirdly, that there is an opportunity for all, a summer season, wherein, like the ant, they might accumulate the provision of the winter: and lastly, that if all expectation of legal assistance were precluded, the terrors of unaided poverty would happily operate to the advantage of those, who, with the conduct of idiocy or insanity, prodigally waste, in the prime of life, those earnings, which should have been reserved to supply the necessities of the decline.

“The falsity of the first assertion has been already proved, where it was shewn, that the dispensation or denial of relief is absolutely at the option of the parish officer and the magistrate. The second is depended on the first: if the poor know the invalidity of their claim, their reliance on it cannot be sufficiently strong to produce deliberate wilful negligence, in a case of such importance. That all have the means of providing against the day of evil, “the time when,” in the allegorical language of

* *Ld Kaims. See his Sketches of the Hist. of Man; lately published.*

† *Observations on the present State of the Vagrant and Parochial Poor: Printed for Edward and Charles Dilly, in the Poultry; and sold by Richardson and Urquhart, under the Royal-Exchange; James Buckland, in Pater-noster-Row; and Mary Hinde, in George-yard, Lombard-street: Price Two Shillings.*

of the oriental moralist, "the keepers of the house shall tremble, and the strong men bow themselves," is a position equally controvertible: he who sustains and educates, with propriety, a numerous family on the weekly income of a few shillings, must be an economist indeed, to exact, from the current demand, the smallest superfluity to answer the contingencies or certainties of a remote futurity. The influence of the present, where the power of divine grace has not subdued the unruly passions of corrupt nature, is often too powerful to be surmounted by the dread of distant, punishment. It is not the fear of loathsome or excruciating disease, that will deter the sensualist or the epicure from the indulgences of their appetites. It is not the fear of an ignominious death, of which examples are continually before the eyes of the transgressor, that will deter the sons of rapine from the pursuit of their unlawful occupation: it is not the fear of the horrors of an invisible world, more terrible to imagination as their nature is unknown, that will deter the sinner from the commission of wickedness. If then the apprehensions of positive punishment effect so little towards the reformation of the vicious, can it be reasonably supposed that the expectation of a mere negative retention of assistance in the time of necessity, should be able to vanquish the indolence of the naturally indolent, or the extravagance of the habitually extravagant.

"During a period, wherein the price of provisions is exorbitant, as at present, all schemes for reduction of expence to the public, without oppressing the pauper, appear absolutely impracticable: and the impropriety and cruelty of schemes for rendering, by making it intirely spontaneous, that provision more precarious, which is too much so already, must be evident to the slightest inspection of the eye of impartiality. Indeed, if disposition is to be discovered by sentiment, and future action, judged of by present disposition, were the proposers of such schemes able to remove the barrier of law, and establish a despotic self-directed government over their dependent fellow-creatures, extending or refusing relief when and to whom they might think proper, it is much to be feared, that, like the infatuated tyrant of Judea, instead of making the heavy burdens of the people lighter and their yoke easier, they would cause their little finger to be found thicker than the loins of their predecessors; and that instead of chastising the poor with whips, they would torment them with scorpions.

"The only probable consequence of pursuing such mistaken policy, would be the increase of beggary and theft. As it is, the poor are but too often revenged on their oppressors, by making reprisals on their property: "my poverty, but not my will,

will, consents," there is reason to believe is a salve for the wounded conscience of many a reluctant robber."

He then, instead of fashionably proposing the abolition of the present laws, proposes the digesting them into one, in the manner of the Highway Act; and, instead of the present parochial irregular taxation, wishes to substitute a general one, fixed at four or five shillings in the pound; the tax, when collected, to form one common county or hundred stock, which should be distributed to the several parishes, in different quotas, according to their different necessities. By this method, parishes which, from their opulence, now scarcely feel the weight of their own poor, would give effectual relief to others which are really overburthened; and there could be no temptation to local oppression. As the affair of removals engaged the attention of the present parliament, I would recommend to your notice the sentiments of the above-quoted writer on that subject.

"By the adoption of this plan of uniform taxation, all occasion for settlement, and all necessity of removal, must naturally cease. Settlement, that injury to parishes, that source of perpetual dispute and litigation, and removal, that injury to the poor, that wanton or malicious chase of the unhappy from one inhospitable region to another, will therefore, to the honour of our nation, be totally annihilated.

"No distinction of the different objects of relief will be requisite, but those of resident, and vagrant; and those only, on account of the manner wherein that relief is administered. Inhabitation for three years, or three months, or three days, as householder, diurnal labourer, or contracted servant, will be equally valid for the creation of a parishioner—laws which exact service or money from the capable inhabitant, as in the case of the highways and militia, proceed on the same or a nearly similar principle, without producing any obvious disadvantage.

"Here, perhaps, it may not be improper to admit a short digression; to take a view of the present standards of settlement, and examine what purposes they answer, and how far they are consonant to reason.

"There seem only three principles, whereon settlement can be rationally founded: the positive interest of retaining, within the jurisdiction of a parish, the useful and unexpensive inhabitant; the negative interest of excluding the useless and expensive; and the equity of maintaining those by whom prior advantages have resulted to the maintainers, as an equivalent for their present or subsequent expence; for, where a man has bestowed his labour, and spent his money, he undoubtedly

ought to be supported, when the ability of labouring, and the ability of spending, terminate together.

“As to the first intention, the standard of birth absolutely disappoints it, as retaining only those who of necessity are chargeable; for, after seven years of age, a change of settlement may be effected. Nor are the standards of forty days residence, apprenticeship, and servitude, greatly preferable: the able-bodied industrious labourer, with a small family, will find no insuperable difficulty in commencing parishioner wherever he chooses; while the infirm, the indolent, and the incumbered with children, will inevitably be returned to the place from whence they came, before the term of inhabitancy can be completed. The apprentice with the prime of life before him, and the servant in a state of celibacy, may any where be settled, at the option of their parents or themselves, with more certainty and facility.

“As to the second intention, the intention of rejection, the standard of birth is too confined to be of any considerable importance; since it rejects only those children whose parents are not parishioners, but inhabitants with known settlements: for children whose parents are both inhabitants and parishioners, children whose parents settlements cannot be discovered, and illegitimate children, are all settled wherever they are born. The standard of forty days residence will, indeed, answer this purpose, because instantaneous removal may take place; but the standards of apprenticeship and servitude will not; for the apprentice and servant are, by law, unremovable.

“On the third principle, the standard of birth would be unexceptionable, provided the place of nativity were always the place of habitation: but he, who quits this natural settlement at seven years of age, or even at fourteen, and returns, in the decline of life, impotent and distressed, has certainly no more equitable title to relief than a stranger. The standards of forty days residence, as householder, apprentice, or servant, in this view are equally absurd: in an apprenticeship, or servitude, a person might be supposed to contribute something to the advantage of a parish; but in forty days temporary sojournment, or forty days sag-end of such apprenticeship or servitude, the supposition, that any thing, meriting notice as a valuable consideration for future maintenance, could be contributed, were sufficiently ridiculous. Such are our standards of settlement! and can the laws by which they are established be justly said to constitute any regular or intelligible system of action? are they not rather an ill-connected train of occasional expedients, successively adopted; the latter to rectify the errors, or supply the defects, of the former; an unwieldy fabric

fabric of heterogeneous designs, erected by the "line of confusion, with the stones of emptiness?"

"It may be objected to the preceding plan of immediate settlement by inhabitation, that, "were all certain of a maintenance wherever they came, all would resort to where the best work and the best wages could be procured, and so leave desolate the more remote and unfertile parts of the nation." But this seems a mistake: there are, indeed, some who are impatient of rest in every situation; these wander now, and would continue to wander, were ten times more difficulties and distresses the consequence of their excursions: but many, on the contrary, have an invincible attachment to the place of their nativity; and many are habitually fond of their own particular occupations; and the connexions of the fraternity, and the emulation of competitors for excellence, are co-operating inducements to detain them where those occupations are most generally and advantageously practised: there cannot, therefore, be any danger of a destruction of the equilibrium of population, by a defection of inhabitants from one county to another. There is, indeed, at present, a very detrimental conflux of people from the provinces to the metropolis; where the morals, health, and lives of thousands are annually offered spontaneous victims at the altars of folly, avarice, and ambition: could eligible means of repressing this conflux be discovered, the discovery would be a most important and desirable acquisition."

* * * *The treatise, from which our correspondent obliged us with the foregoing extracts, contains a number of other ingenious observations, and is not more distinguished by philanthropy of sentiment, than by force of reason and elegance of diction. The author is J. Scott, Esq. of Amwell, Herts; a gentleman whose situation and conduct in life exempt him from the suspicion of having any other motive for his professions of regard for the poor than real benevolence.*

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Conjectures on the Origin of Idolatry. From Dr. Prideaux.

THE true religion, which Noah taught his posterity, was that which Abraham practised; the worshipping of one God, the supreme Governor and Creator of all things, with hopes of his mercy, through a Mediator. The necessity of a

Mediator between God and man was a general notion, which obtained among all mankind from the beginning : for, being conscious of their own meanness, vileness, and impurity, they could not conceive how it was possible for them, of themselves alone, to have any access to the all-holy, all-glorious, and supreme Governor of all things : they considered him as too high and too pure, and themselves as too low and too polluted, for such a converse ; and therefore concluded, that there must be a Mediator, by whose means only they could make any address unto him, and by whose intercession alone any of their petitions could be accepted. But no clear revelation being then made, of the Mediator whom God had appointed, (because as yet he had not been manifested to the world,) they took upon them to address him by mediators of their own choosing : and their notion of the sun, moon, and stars, being, that they were the tabernacles or habitations of intelligences, which animated these orbs in the same manner as the soul of man animates his body, and were the causes of all their motions ; and that these intelligences were of a middle nature between God and them ; they thought these the most proper beings to become the mediators between God and themselves : the planets, therefore, being the nearest to them of all these heavenly luminaries, and generally supposed to have the greatest influence on this world, they made choice of them, in the first place, for their gods-mediators, who were to mediate for them with the Supreme Being, and procure from him the mercies and favours they prayed for ; and accordingly they directed divine worship unto them as such. It is highly probable, that from hence sprang all the idolatry that has been practised in the world.

They first worshipped them *per facella*, that is, by their tabernacles ; and afterwards by images also. By these *facella*, or tabernacles, they meant the orbs themselves, which they looked on only as the *facella*, or sacred tabernacles, in which the intelligences had their habitations : and therefore, when they paid their devotions to any one of them, they directed their worship towards the planet in which they supposed he dwelt. But these orbs, by their rising and setting, being as much under the horizon as above it, they were at a loss how to address them in their absence. To remedy this, they had recourse to the invention of images ; in which, after their consecration, they thought these intelligences, or inferior deities, to be as much present, by their influence, as in the planets themselves ; and that all addresses to them were made as effectually before the one as before the other : and this was the beginning of image-worship among them. To these images were

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were given the names of the planets they represented, which were the same that they are still called by; and hence it is that we find Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Apollo, Mercury, Venus, and Diana, to be first ranked in the polytheism of the ancients; for they were their first gods. After this, a notion obtaining, that good men departed had also a power with God to mediate and intercede for them, they deified many of those whom they thought to be such; and hence the number of their gods increased in the idolatrous ages of the world.

This religion first began among the Chaldeans, which their knowledge in astronomy helped to lead them to; and from this it was that Abraham separated himself when he came out of Chaldea. From the Chaldeans, it spread itself over all the East, where the professors of it were called Sabians: from them it passed into Egypt; and from thence to the Grecians, who propagated it to all the western nations of the world: and therefore those who oppose the notion advanced by Maimonides, that many of the Jewish laws were made in opposition to the idolatrous rites of the Sabians, are much mistaken, when they object against it, that the Sabians were an inconsiderable sect, and therefore not likely to have been so far regarded in that matter. They are now, indeed, since the growth of Christianity and Mahometism in the world, reduced to an inconsiderable sect; but anciently they were all the nations of the world that worshipped God by images.

That Maimonides understood the name in this latitude, is plain from hence, that he tells us, the Sabians, whom he spoke of, were a sect whose heresy had overspread almost all mankind. The remainder of this sect still subsists in the East, under the name of Sabians; which they pretend to have received from Sabias, a son of Seth: and among the books, wherein the doctrines of their sect are contained, they have one which they call The Book of Seth, and say was written by that patriarch. That which has given them the greatest credit with the people of the East, is, that the best of their astronomers have been of this sect; as Thebet Ebn Korrah, Albattani, and others: for, the stars being the gods they worshipped, they made them the chief objects of their studies.

These Sabians, in the consecration of their images, used many incantations, to draw down unto them, from the stars, those intelligences for whom they erected them, whose power and influence, they supposed, did afterwards dwell in them; and from hence the whole foolery of *telesms*, which some make so much ado about, had its original.

Directly opposite to these were the Magians, another sect, who had their original in the same eastern countries; for they, abominating

abominating all images, worshipped God only by fire. They first began in Persia : there, and in India, were the only places where this sect was propagated ; and there they remain, even to this day. Their chief doctrine was, that there were two principles ; one of which was the cause of all good, and the other the cause of all evil ; that is to say, God and the devil : that the former is represented by light, and the other by darkness, as their truest symbols : and that, of the composition of these two, all things in the world are made. The good god they name Yazdan, and also Ormuzd ; and the evil god, Ahramon : the former is, by the Greeks, called Orasmasdes, and the latter, Arimanius : and therefore, when Xerxes prayed for that evil upon his enemies, that it might be put into the minds of all of them to drive their best or bravest men from them, as the Athenians did Themistocles, he addressed his prayer to Arimanius, the evil god of the Persians, and not to Orasmasdes, their good god. And, concerning these two gods, there was this difference of opinion among them, that, whereas some held both of them to have been from all eternity, there were others that contended that the good god only was eternal, and that the other was created : but they both agreed in this, that there will be an eternal opposition between these two, till the end of the world : that then the good god shall overcome the evil god, and that from thenceforward each of them shall have his world to himself ; that is, the good god his world, with all good men with him ; and the evil god his world, with all evil men with him : that darkness is the truest symbol of the evil god, and light the truest symbol of the good god ; and therefore they always worshipped him before fire, as being the cause of light ; and especially before the sun, as being in their opinion the most perfect fire, and causing the most perfect light. For this reason, in all their temples, they had fire continually burning, on altars erected in them, for that purpose ; and, before these sacred fires, they offered up all their public devotions, as they likewise did all their private devotions before private fires in their own houses. Thus did they pay the highest honour to light, as being, in their opinion, the truest representative of the good god ; but always hated darkness, as being what they thought the truest representative of the evil god, whom they ever had in the utmost detestation, as we now have the devil : for instance thereof, whenever they had occasion, in any of their writings, to mention his name, they always wrote it backward and inverted, as thus, *ahraman*. These were the tenets of this sect, when, on the death of Cambyfes, Smerdis and Patizethes, the two chief ringleaders of it, made an attempt for usurping the sovereignty.

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To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

SIR,

AMONG the many pleasant accounts of those beings who have been *saintified* here below, for their good, evil, and foolish deeds, none which I have met with have pleased me more than the tales recorded of St. Anthony of Padua; some of which I here send you; and, if you think they will be acceptable to such of your readers as may not have read them, you are welcome to insert them in your work. To those, to whom these fragments are new, they will come the more acceptably, on account of their having received an elegant translation from the pen of Mr. Addison. I am, sir,

Your constant reader,

EUGENIO.

Ribadeinara, in his life of this saint, gives the following relation.

A CERTAIN Franciscan novice, throwing off his habit, ran away from the monastery in which the saint lived, and carried away with him a psalm-book, written by St. Anthony's own hand: the saint, perceiving his book to be stolen, begged of God to restore it to him. In the mean time, the thief, preparing to swim across the river, met the devil, who commanded him to return to the monastery, and restore the book to St. Anthony, threatening to kill him if he refused; which so terrified the young novice, that he immediately complied, and, returning back, gave St. Anthony his book again, and continued in a religious course ever after. Hence St. Anthony is prayed to, in order to recover stolen goods.

It is related of him likewise, that, having wearied himself with labour, and being laid down to sleep, the devil set upon him, and took him so fast by the throat, that he almost choked him: but the saint invoking the virgin Mary, and beginning to sing the hymn, *O gloriosa domina*, his cell was immediately filled with a celestial light; which the devil not being able to endure, immediately departed.

St. Anthony is also very famous for his sermons; the most remarkable of which is that which he preached to a company of fishes. As the audience and sermon are both very extraordinary, I shall set down the account at length. *Non curando gli heretici, &c. i. e.* When the heretics would not regard his preaching, he betook himself to the sea-shore, where the river Marecchia disembogues itself into the Adriatic. He here called

led the fish together, in the name of God, that they might hear his holy word. The fish came swimming towards him in such vast shoals, both from the sea and from the river, that the surface of the water was quite covered with their multitudes. They quickly ranged themselves, according to their several species, into a very beautiful congregation; and, like so many rational creatures, presented themselves before him, to hear the word of God. St. Anthony was so struck with the miraculous obedience and submission of these poor animals, that he found a secret sweetness distilling upon his soul, and at last addressed himself to them in the following words.

“Although the infinite power and providence of God, my dearly beloved fishes, discovers itself in all the works of his creation (as, in the heavens, in the sun, in the moon, and in the stars; in this lower world, in man, and in the other perfect creatures); nevertheless the goodness of the divine majesty shines out in you more eminently, and appears after a more particular manner, than in any other created beings: for, notwithstanding you are comprehended under the name of reptiles, partaking of a middle nature between stones and beasts, and imprisoned in the deep abyss of waters; notwithstanding you are tossed among billows, thrown up and down by tempests, deaf to hearing, dumb to speech, and terrible to behold; notwithstanding, I say, these natural disadvantages, the divine greatness shews itself in you after a very wonderful manner. In you are seen the mighty mysteries of an infinite goodness: the holy scripture has always made use of you, as the types and shadows of some profound sacrament.

“Do you think, that, without a mystery, the first present, that God Almighty made to man, was of you, O ye fishes? Do you think, that, without a mystery, among all creatures and animals which were appointed for sacrifices, you only were excepted, O ye fishes? Do you think there was nothing meant by our Saviour Christ, that, next to the paschal lamb, he took so much pleasure in the food of you, O ye fishes? Do you think it was by mere chance, that, when the Redeemer of the world was to pay a tribute to Cæsar, he thought fit to find it in the mouth of a fish? These are all of them so many mysteries and sacraments, that oblige you, in a more particular manner, to the praises of your Creator.

“It is from God, my beloved fishes, that you have received being, life, motion, and sense. It is he that has given you, in compliance with your natural inclinations, the whole world of waters for your habitation: it is he that has furnished it with lodgings, chambers, caverns, grottos, and such magnificent retirements as are not to be met with in the seats of
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kings, or in the palaces of princes. You have the water for your dwelling — a clear transparent element, brighter than crystal; you can see, from its deepest bottom, every thing that passes on its surface: you have the eyes of a lynx, or of an Argus: you are guided by a secret and unerring principle, delighting in every thing that may be beneficial to you, and avoiding every thing that may be hurtful: you are carried on, by a hidden instinct, to preserve yourselves, and to propagate your species: you obey, in all your actions, words, and motions, the dictates of nature, without the least repugnancy or contradiction.

“The colds of winter and the heats of summer are equally incapable of molesting you. A serene and a clouded sky are indifferent to you. Let the earth abound in fruits, or be cursed with scarcity, it has no influence on your welfare. You live secure in rain and thunders, lightnings and earthquakes. You have no concern in the blossoms of spring, or in the glowings of summer; in the fruits of autumn, or in the frosts of winter. You are not solicitous about hours or days, months or years; the variableness of the weather, or the change of seasons.

“In what dreadful majesty, in what wonderful power, in what amazing providence, did God Almighty distinguish you among all the species of creatures that perished in the universal deluge! you only were insensible of the mischief that had laid waste the whole world.

“All this, as I have already told you, ought to inspire you with gratitude and praise towards the Divine Majesty, that has done so great things for you, granted you such particular graces and privileges, and heaped upon you so many distinguishing favours: and since, for all this, you cannot employ your tongues in the praises of your Benefactor, and are not provided with words to express your gratitude, make, at least, some sign of reverence; bow yourselves at his name; give some shew of gratitude, according to the best of your capacities; express your thanks in the most becoming manner you are able; and be not unmindful of all the benefits he has bestowed upon you.”

He had no sooner done speaking, than (behold a miracle!) the fish, as though they had been endued with reason, bowed down their heads, with all the marks of a profound humility and devotion, moving their bodies up and down with a kind of fondness, as approving what had been spoken by the blessed father Anthony. The legend adds, that, after many heretics, who were present at the miracle, had been converted by it, the saint gave his benediction to the fish, and dismissed them.

Mr. Addison sets down the titles, given to St. Anthony, in one of the tablets hung up to him, as a token of gratitude, by a poor peasant, who fancied this saint had saved him from breaking his neck. The inscription is as follows.

“To the thrice holy Anthony of Padua; delight of the most sacred Infant of Bethlehem; whiter than the lily; the most resplendent sun of the seraphs; loftiest roof of sacred wisdom; most powerful worker of miracles; sacred dispenser of death; wise corrector of error; pious deliverer from calamity; powerful healer of leprosy; tremendous driver-away of the devil; readiest and safest help in sickness and in shipwreck; restorer of limbs; breaker of chains; stupendous discoverer of things lost; great and wonderful defence against all danger; his most pious protector and saviour, next under God and his virgin mother.”

To the EDITOR *of the* MONTHLY LEDGER.

Some Account of Omiah, a Native from the South-Seas, lately brought over.

AS your useful miscellany is read by many persons of curiosity and taste, I shall take the liberty of acquainting you with the result of a visit I this day paid to a friend of mine at Hertford; at whose house I dined in company with Omiah, the native of Uleteiah, near the island of Otaheite, in the South-Seas, just brought over by captain Fourneaux.

I am about five feet ten inches and a half high; and, the first time I was introduced into Omiah's company, by his interpreter, Mr. Andrews, † I took an opportunity of measuring in height* with this very polite stranger, who is about half an inch under my size, but rather lusty and strong made, though not in the least heavy. His complexion is nearly that of an European accustomed to hot climates: his features are regular, and mostly agreeable, by a smile which the pleasures he enjoys here seem to produce: his hair is jet-black, shining, and strong, and clubbed behind since he came over. He was dressed in a reddish-brown coat and breeches, with a white waistcoat, made in the English taste; in which he appeared perfectly easy. His hands are tataowed, according to the mode in his native country. It is usual there to mark the right hand in a particular manner,

† This gentleman was the surgeon of captain Fourneaux's vessel.

* This freedom pleased Omiah much; as does every circumstance in which he can engage with a person either in conversation or action.

manner, upon occasion of taking a wife ; and Omiah, whom I imagine to be about eighteen years old, has been honoured with eight or ten sets of these marks, as he has already had as many wives. He is also marked, or tataowed, in some other parts ; but these are hid by his cloaths.

I this day saw him at baron Dimsdale's, at whose house I had the pleasure of dining with him ; he being then at Hertford, under preparation previous to inoculation for the small-pox.

In company he is easy and polite, and behaves so at table ; handles his knife and fork well ; and conducts himself in every respect with great decency and cleanliness. As he was confined to a certain regimen, he ate only of pudding, potatoes, and other vegetables, though he is fond of meat, and particularly of ham : but, with regard to quantity, he is very abstemious. A few common expressions he pronounces with fluency, such as, " How do you do, &c. † As the whole language of an Otaheitean (which is the same as that of the natives of Uleteiah) does not exceed a thousand words, he is extremely at a loss for terms to express the new ideas he has acquired, and objects he has seen, in this country : thus, as these southern people have only three quadrupeds, (the dog, the rat, and the hog, ||) he has no term for describing a horse, but by that of " a great hog that carries people ;" a cow, by that of " a great hog that gives milk," &c.

The fruits in these southern islands are almost equally confined in number ; and nothing affords Omiah more amusement than a garden and the fruit on the trees against the walls : the plants and shrubbery for ornament, he says, he would take away, and replace by others, " that bear something to eat."

When he was first entertained with the sight of a house, it was matter of astonishment to him, as it must naturally prove to a person who had never seen any thing but sheds and low covered rooms. Carriages drawn by horses were also wonderful to him once ; but now he sees them without any marks of surprize.

In the southern isles, above-mentioned, no person is buried, but the dead are laid, to rot above ground, in a morai. The other day Omiah was at a funeral at Hertford ; but he was incapable of seeing it finished : he wept upon the occasion,

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and

† When presented to our sovereign, it was in these words Omiah saluted him ; and, we are informed, he was most graciously received by the king.

|| Does not this circumstance evince, that these islands were peopled, and furnished with their stock of animals, by some vessel formerly wrecked upon these coasts ?

and went from so painful a scene. He evidently has an affable as well as a tender disposition : he possesses likewise much discernment and quickness. A mark of sensibility he shewed very lately : he was observing some anglers fishing near Hertford, and was pleased to learn in what manner they were employed ; but, when he saw the hooks baited with a live worm, he turned away to avoid a sight so disagreeable, and declared his antipathy to eating any fish taken by so cruel a method.

An instance of his discernment and quickness he exhibited when he was introduced to the dutchess of Gloucester, previous to his going to Hertford. The dutchess not being prepared with a present proper for Omiah, it occurred to her, that a pocket-handkerchief, embellished with her coronet, might be acceptable ; which was accordingly presented to him : Omiah immediately kissed the coronet, and made a most complaisant bow to the dutchess. As this mark of his attention, politeness, and quickness, was unexpected, it gained him the good graces of all present. §

I have mentioned, that he has had several wives ; some of which he has relinquished on account of their sterility ; some he still retains : but he intimated, when I enquired of him about the subject, that, although he was happy in England, yet he should certainly be happier had he a wife in this country also.

Though captain Fournaux took up Omiah from Uleteiah, his father (who is a man of very great consequence) owns large possessions in Otaheite, as well as in that island ; and indeed Omiah was born at Otaheite, where he had seen Drs. Banks and Solander, and knew them again when he arrived here. He was designed for the priesthood, and his friends, who entertained the highest esteem for him, used every argument they could suggest against his venturing with captain Fournaux : they observed, that none of their friends had ever been brought back ; that they had certainly been killed and eaten ; ¶ in which they were confirmed by seeing some salted beef

§ In a manner similar to this, Omiah distinguished himself, when he was introduced to lord Sandwich : he first pointed to the butler, and said, “ he was king of the bottles ;” that captain Fournaux “ was king of the ship ;” but lord Sandwich “ was king of all the ships.”

¶ It is a melancholy fact, that cannibals exist. When the captains, Cook and Fournaux, lay off New-Zealand, near Cook's Straits, which divides this country into two islands, a boat was manned, with eleven men armed, by captain Fournaux's vessel, who were sent on shore ; but they never returned. The next day, another

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beef on-board the English ships ; for, as the natives had never seen any quadrupeds except those I have enumerated, they were persuaded the salted meat could not be any of them, and therefore must have been human : they said likewise, that these ships sailed from place to place, and thus the sailors supported themselves among the islands ; but that they had not any home of their own. All these tremendous suggestions had no effect upon Omiah ; he was resolved to die, or know the truth for himself ; and perhaps, if the history of his countrymen be considered, the doubts that must be presented to him, and the circumstances of his independence, family, and popularity, there is scarcely, in any history of the world, any parallel of resolution, intrepidity, and curiosity, equal to what Omiah has evinced.

APYREXIA.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Mr. EDITOR,

AS your ingenious and useful miscellany is calculated, not merely to entertain, but to instruct, the public, I apprehend such essays, as are likely to promote both these valuable purposes, need no apology for their introduction : I shall therefore proceed to make a few cursory remarks on the false taste, that so generally obtains in this age and nation, respecting true honours, glory, and happiness.

Our youth, in particular, are very apt to consider every thing as great and valuable which has obtained the sanction of public approbation, without examining the propriety of the public taste by the true standard of reason. Popular errors are sucked in with their milk, and nourished by education and example. Hence they are at a loss to discern between phantoms and realities, solid greatness and vain ostentation, true honour and that fictitious semblance of it which frequently assumes the name. Most of our opinions, both on speculative and religious subjects, are taken up on trust, without that careful enquiry and observation which are requisite to the discovery of truth, and to distinguish it from error. But it is in judging of things, not by common opinion, but by truth ; not by a specious

another boat was manned ; the crew of which found, at a cove near these straits, some of the limbs, shoes, and heads, of their murdered and eaten fellow-seamen ; but they could never discover the boat. This so enraged the survivors, that they fired upon a large number of natives gathered on the shore, and killed about eighteen before the rest dispersed.

a specious outside, but by real merit ; that Socrates has placed all the wisdom of man.

At our birth we are surrounded with innumerable dangers : our bodies are exposed to all the injuries of the elements and of hurtful things that surround us ; our minds, to the influence of false opinions, deceptions, prejudices, and all the errors that result therefrom. It is, therefore, no wonder that young persons, who have no other guides than their own natural inclinations, and examples vitiated by popular error, should copy after very imperfect models, and form erroneous notions of greatness, honour, and happiness.

An eminent author somewhere tells us, that " what renders a man truly great and worthy of admiration, is neither riches, magnificent buildings, costly habits, nor sumptuous furniture, great employments, nor high birth, neither victories nor conquests, nor even the most valuable endowments of the mind ; but that a man owes his real worth to the heart ; and that the more truly great and generous he is in that respect, the more apt he will be to despise what seems great in the common view of mankind."

Mankind generally concur in estimating riches as the *summum bonum* of earthly good, because riches will procure whatever is most esteemed and sought after in life : gold and silver are, therefore, objects of general desire and admiration, and regarded as necessary to our ease and happiness. Yet history furnishes us with instances wherein whole cities and states have disclaimed these notions. Euripides, in one of his plays, has put a high encomium on riches into the mouth of Bellerophon, which he concluded with these words : " Riches are the sovereign happiness of mankind, and it is with reason that they excite the admiration of *gods and men*." These last lines provoked the whole people of Athens : they rose up, with one common voice against the poet, and would have immediately banished him the city, had he not besought them to stay till the play was done, when they should see this idolater of riches come to a miserable end.

Nor was this noble contempt of wealth unknown amongst the Romans. The historian tells us, that Pliny the younger disbursed considerable sums for the service of his friends. He forgave one person all he owed him ; paid the debts of another ; increased the portion of another's daughter, that she might equal the dignity of the person she was about to marry ; supplied another with sums, to make him a Roman knight ; to gratify another, sold him a parcel of land below its value. He gave another wherewithal to return into his own country, and end his days there in quiet. He bestowed on his nurse a

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piece of ground big enough for her subsistence. He presented his country with a library, and a revenue sufficient to maintain it. He settled salaries on professors, for the instruction of youth; and erected a school for the education of orphans and poor children; of which there are some remains to this day. All these noble actions he did, with a moderate fortune: but he declared that his frugality was a rich fund, which supplied all that was wanting to his revenue, and enabled him to bestow with such liberality as is astonishing in a private man.

When the famous French commander, M. de Turenne, undertook the command of the army in Germany, he found the troops in so bad a condition, that he sold his own plate, to clothe the soldiers and mount the horse; which he did more than once.

The action of the great Scipio, in Spain, when he added, to the portion of the young captive princess, the ransom her parents had brought to redeem her, gained him no less honour than the most famous of his conquests.

To these may be added a like action of the chevalier Bayard, which is justly entitled to equal praise. When Bresse was taken by storm from the Venetians, he saved a house from plunder, whither he had retired to have a mortal wound dressed, which he had received in the siege, and secured the mistress of the family and her two daughters, who were hid in it. At his departure, the lady, as a mark of her gratitude, offered him a casket, containing two thousand five hundred ducats; which he refused; but, observing that his refusal was very displeasing to her, and not caring to leave her dissatisfied, he consented to accept of her present; and, calling to him the two young ladies, to take his leave of them, he presented each of them with a thousand ducats, to be added to their portion, and left the remaining five hundred to be distributed among the inhabitants that had been plundered.

These are instances of true nobleness and greatness of mind, which not only claim, but extort, our highest praise. Such disinterestedness is, however, not confined to generals and princes, but sometimes bursts forth from the gloom of solitude, with equal lustre, in men who fill the lower walks of life, and who possess nothing but their virtues to raise our admiration. A poor man, who was door-keeper to a boarding-house in Milan, found a purse with 200 crowns in it. The person who had lost it came to the house; and, having proved that the purse was his property, the door-keeper restored it to him. The owner, full of joy and gratitude, offered the poor man twenty crowns, as a recompence for his honesty; which the other absolutely refused. He then came down to ten, and afterwards

terwards to five; but, finding him still inexorable, he threw his purse on the ground, saying, "I have lost nothing, if you thus refuse to accept any thing." The door-keeper then accepted of five crowns; which he immediately distributed among the poor.

A French writer relates, that, on a certain occasion, when the soldiers were busy in stripping the bodies of the slain, the commanding officer, to encourage them to pursue the enemy, and at the same time make amends for their loss, threw down among them fifty pistoles, which he had in his pocket. The greater part of them refused to share this liberality, thinking it would dishonour them to accept presents for doing their duty and serving their king.

Actions like these are marks of an exalted spirit and innate dignity; no spectator can behold them without feeling the impression they make upon his heart. Anecdotes of this kind ought early to be impressed on the minds of youth; for they are more efficacious than a thousand studied discourses on those virtues they exhibit.

Seneca declaimed excellently on the folly of avarice, and gave his countrymen frequent and high encomiums on the blessings of poverty: but still it is evident that wealth was one of the gods he worshipped; for he made numerous acquisitions of lands, gardens, and grand buildings, practising very extravagant usury to obtain his riches. Agesilaus, king of Lacedæmon, was a far greater philosopher, in practice, than Seneca. At the interview with Pharnabasus, a Persian governor, who came decked in all the pomp and luxury of that splendid court, Agesilaus, in a plain dress, without any ceremony, sat himself down on the ground. The pride of the gay Persian was confounded at his behaviour; who, paying homage to the plain dignity of the Lacedæmonian, followed his example. Aristides, Cymon, Curius, Fabricius, Cato, Cornelia, and many others, whose names history has recorded with distinguished honour, were also noble examples of true greatness, in the practice of frugality, simplicity, and poverty. They possessed riches and temporal honours; but their minds were above them: they panted after that more durable and excellent fame which results from temperance, wisdom, and practical virtue.

My design, in mentioning these illustrious examples of antiquity, is, to instill, into the minds of my readers, a love of, and veneration for, that noble principle which led these men to despise, with a generous contempt, those things which this luxurious and deluded age most covet and admire. From these, and many other examples that might be adduced from anti-

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quity as well as modern times, the mind is taught the emptiness and insufficiency of temporal wealth, power, and grandeur; and that there is nothing truly great and noble in honours and dignities of this nature: that true glory consists in treating them with a generous contempt, or in using them only to promote the general happiness of mankind: that solid greatness consists in renouncing greatness itself: and that, from the moment a man devotes his mind to the accumulation of terrestrial wealth, honours, or fame, he becomes a slave, and descends from the proper dignity of a free and rational being.

I am, &c.

IGNOTUS.

THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER I.

*— Ridentem dicere verum
Quid vetat? —*

PERHAPS the too diffident lover, at his first interview with Chloe, is not a more awkward character than a young author of real modesty, who is obliged to put on an air of good-humour, whilst his heart beats with anxiety; whilst innumerable fears invade his bosom, and a thousand little apprehensions arise, lest his sudden appearance, amongst the crowded assemblies which he must from necessity visit, should be ill received; himself be either wholly disregarded, or treated with indifference; and the portion of merit, which he has already rated according to his own opinion of his abilities, be smothered by the voice of ill-nature, or remain undistinguished in the throng of ignorance. For my own part, I confess, that a thought of the tribunal, before which I am about to appear, fills me with terror, on the one hand, because I am not "alike regardless of its smiles or frowns;" but, on the other, the reflection, that I can steal unknown from such a crowd whenever it proves disagreeable to me, affords a small degree of consolation, and enables me to enter the lists with some fortitude; fully determined to expose the best wares I have, and, when the world begins to laugh at them, to smile in my turn, and bid it a final adieu; begging only for that indulgence which a person's first appearance in company is justly entitled to; and hoping that some candid gentleman or other will apologize for me, should I, on such an occasion, be particularly distinguished for an awkward congé or unpolite address.

VOL. II.

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Methinks

It thinks the curiosity of some of my readers, especially my female ones, is excited already, and a desire raised to become better acquainted with the *SPECULATOR*, to whom as the ladies have ever been peculiar favourites, he resolves not to suffer them to depart in a state of total uncertainty, but to gratify their wishes in part, by informing them of some essentials in his character. His name and place of abode must, for obvious reasons, be concealed; which his fair readers will excuse, when he assures them, that neither of them (if known) would be any discredit to his lucubrations.

That vanity gains an easy admittance amongst children, as well as women, is an incontestable truth; of which I was, when very young, a striking example; occasioned chiefly by the open flattery and approbation of my friends, who, though I was for the most part volatile and full of fire, had observed me at times to be remarkably grave and serious; which they esteemed as a certain preface of growing genius and solid sense. I have often been known to sit up late, to contemplate the heavenly luminaries, when my class-fellows were resting in inglorious ease; and to pore whole hours, with an old burning-glass, over the body of a flea or the leg of a spider, whilst others laboured hard to gain a few Latin phrases, and at the same time either accused me of inexcusable laziness, expressed their surprize at the manner in which I acquitted myself on being examined by the master, or envied me because I acquired, without application, (as they were pleased to declare,) what eluded their utmost diligence. Thus an idea of superiority, at an early period, sowed so many seeds of vanity in my mind, as required great resolution, at a maturer age, to eradicate: besides which it led me into innumerable inconveniences: to mention only one, such an ascendancy had this idea in my mind, that, when only fourteen years old, I believed myself capable of writing a descriptive poem; boldly ventured upon the undertaking; executed what I had designed; and actually presented it to a noble lord: it met a favourable reception, and I thought myself in the high-road to fame: but, alas! a ripper judgement has so far convinced me of the folly of my expectations, as to make me condemn the then rash enterprize, and almost to deter me from embarking now in this dangerous ocean of ink, lest I again over-rate my abilities, and prove, as before, unequal to the task. This, with other circumstances of a like nature, will, I hope, incline my readers to connive at any degree of pertness which may appear in my writings, from a consideration of the various temptations I have had to embrace vanity, and of the great difficulty of plucking up what has been so long implanted in my nature; which though I may

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boast of having corrected, in some measure, in that one respect, I cannot in many others.

Taciturnity in company has ever distinguished my character (except amongst a few females); insomuch that I have frequently been taxed with fullness, and oftentimes gained the name of the "silent man," with the common observation, that, though I spoke little, I thought the more, and was what the world calls a "deep one." nay, so far did some of my female companions carry the matter, as to report that I could calculate nativities, was a great adept in palmistry, and an excellent physiognomist. As my reputation for learning depended on their opinions, I thought it prudent to indulge them; for the more ground their report gained, the more was I respected. With company of this kind, an appearance of knowledge was sufficient: I found their esteem rose or fell, as I talked more or less unintelligibly; it was at the highest pitch when I bolted forth *trine, quartile, lord of the ascendant, or conjunction of Mars and Venus, mensa, mons lunæ, &c.* and sunk in proportion as my words sunk to the level of their capacities. A few cant phrases, with a very superficial knowledge of the art, were enough to establish my character; which done, I wisely (pardon this seeming vanity) determined not to expose myself, assumed that taciturnity which has secured my reputation, and remain, to this day, in their estimation, "a deep one."

A talkative fit, gentle reader, is at length come upon me: my company is disliked at home; I therefore have resolved to seek fresh, and desire the first gentleman I meet not to be too hasty in pronouncing me vain and silly: if he should think me so the first time, let him try me a second, a third, a fourth, nay, even a fifth, rather than give me up; but should he at last be so obstinate as to declare that I am intolerably dull and stupid, I shall not hesitate to assert that he is a very queer fellow, and leave him to seek other acquaintance.

I cannot quit this introduction, without informing the reader that I do not intend, in any of my lucubrations, to pursue a fixed method: whatever offers for my speculation shall be pursued; and though I am now pretty far advanced in years, (being on the wrong side of twenty,) yet I can sometimes be cheerful: he may therefore expect to find my essays occasionally interspersed with strokes of pleasantry; for I assure him that I hold Horace's *dulce est desipere in loco* in high esteem; and that, if I have any share of wit or learning, it is entirely at his service, with an earnest wish to serve him and all mankind.

Happy shall I be, if, in my essays, a sentiment be dropped which may confirm the feet of any in the path of virtue, put a stop to vain pursuits, or suppress one criminal desire ; for fain would I lead the youth (whom I mean frequently to address in these speculations) from running after unsubstantial pleasures, and fix their hearts on those solid prospects of future peace, where change shall be no more. Should this happy effect be experienced by any one, the labours of the pen will be more than rewarded, and I shall not have cause to repent of having sent any essays into the world, under the signature of

THE SPECULATOR.

To the EDITOR *of the* MONTHLY LEDGER.

A MIDST the infinite variety of scenes, from which a speculative mind may extract entertainment or instruction, I have often thought that a pawnbroker's shop might be converted into no contemptible school of reflection. The instability of worldly possessions is here inculcated with peculiar force, whilst the heterogeneous mixture of tawdry wares of different kinds puts one in mind of honest John Bunyan's Vanity-fair. The spoils of industry and of luxury are promiscuously blended together ; and whether your wants are those of nature or of art ; whether you have occasion for a shirt or a snuff-box, a pair of shoes or a pair of ear-rings ; you are sure here to be supplied. Even wit itself, and that of the best kind, (if the proverb may be believed,) may here be purchased ; though, it must be confessed, at somewhat too high a rate. Necessity is said to be the mother of invention : perhaps she is also the mother of philosophy. Whilst a fine gentleman, whom the gaming-table has reduced to the dilemma, is deliberating which of the superfluous appendages of ostentation he shall part with, he may justly exclaim, with the old philosopher, " How many things are here which I do not want ! " Nor do I think it improbable that our patriots have borrowed the phrase of *pledging themselves*, (that is, by a metonymy, their honour,) so fashionable in their popular addresses, from some philosophical reflection of the same kind.

It may be thought want of good-breeding to compare the fair editor of a late noble lord's posthumous letters to a pawnbroker : but, if the legs of the simile be a little ill-paired, I cannot think they are totally unlike. The letters in question were a deposit, which it was the intention and desire of the owner to redeem : they are exposed to sale because they were not

not redeemed ; though, if what is reported be true, the price of redemption was actually paid. The decorums, the elegances, the graces, of exterior behaviour, so strenuously recommended, and so well adapted to form such a character as Sallust has given us of Sempronia, (of whom he relates, *posse psallere, saltare, elegantius quam necesse est probæ,*) again remind us of Bunyan's allegoric mart of vanities ; and here also wit is purchased at too dear a rate ; namely, at the expence of morality.

We may now, I think, safely congratulate the polite world on the completion of their deliverance from the tyranny of the priesthood ; an atchievement which three of their own body have largely contributed to accomplish. Dryden long ago told them that " priests of all religions are the same : " they therefore very argumentatively concluded, that the surest way to get rid of priestcraft was to get rid of all religion. In pursuance of this plan, lord Shaftesbury erected his battery of ridicule against Christianity ; and it must be owned, that neither the evangelists, nor the apostles, were a match for him at this weapon. Having thus successfully routed them out of *good company*, he proceeded to establish a refined system of ethics, beautiful indeed in theory, but too weak to maintain any influence over life and manners, and, besides, almost as troublesome to reduce to practice as that which he had discarded : lord Bolingbroke, therefore, perceiving these defects, thought it expedient to abolish entirely all system ; and has accordingly condescended to emancipate his disciples from the shackles of moral as well as religious restraint. This *first philosophy*, when thoroughly understood, was exceedingly well adapted to general practice ; but the study of it was found to be rather too difficult and abstruse for fine gentlemen and fine ladies. It remained for lord Chesterfield to supply what was yet wanting, to deduce practical inferences, and to make these doctrines subservient to the common purposes of life : and he has performed his part of the task with a degree of wit and eloquence inferior to neither of his noble predecessors. He avoids, indeed, with commendable caution, all profound investigations ; but, taking it for granted that the points of faith, or rather of no faith, are already settled, his precepts are admirably calculated to carry on the great work of practical infidelity, and to accomplish the man of this world.

But, as it often happens in such cases, it may perhaps be questioned, whether the polite world, in thus releasing themselves from the tyranny of religion, have not fallen under a still greater ; I mean that of FASHION ; whose image is set up as the goddess of their idolatry, to which every knee must bow

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in the most servile subjection. Under the auspices of this sole fountain of modern morality, the murder of a friend becomes an honourable act, and adultery an innocent amusement. Like the pope, she claims the power of dispensing with the most solemn obligations; and the closest ties of affection, the Gordian knots of virtue, are cut through by her triumphant sword. Thus fighting, whoring, and gaming, become necessary attainments to procure her favour; and if drinking be now somewhat in disgrace, it is only because this capricious deity no longer supports it with her protection.

It is seriously to be lamented, that the weight of lord Chesterfield's wit and talents has been thrown into that scale of licentiousness which already preponderates so much. His letters will not, it is true, hurt those whose principles are rooted by education, and confirmed by habit; but the progress from virtue to vice, as well as from vice to virtue, is gradual. No one, as the satyrists observe, ever suddenly became very wicked; but actions, which would once have been looked upon with horror and detestation, become familiarized to the thoughts, by that alluring dress with which eloquence and wit know how to cover their deformity; and examples, authorities, false principles, and false reasonings, coincide with the natural tendency of the passions to throw down, one after another, all the barriers of virtue. Thus the infringement of the most sacred vows, fenced by all sanctions divine and human, is first begun under the pretence of a fashionable gallantry, but soon ends in the total extinction of all moral principle.

It is worth while to observe how principle and practice reciprocally influence, and are influenced by, each other. A few studious and inquisitive men, incited perhaps by that thirst of knowledge which is deeply implanted in the human breast, have directed their enquiries to abstruse subjects, which the line of reason will ever be too short to fathom, and not meeting with that satisfaction in them which arises to the mind from demonstration, (a satisfaction which is in very few instances permitted us,) have themselves fallen, and have led others, into the most bewildered scepticism. The disciples of this philosophy have been hence tempted to consider that moral discipline, which restrains the indulgence of the passions, as an unnecessary penance; and the indulgence, thus given to the passions, confirms a dependence on the principle; because what we earnestly hope to be true, we have always a strong inclination to believe is so. It is, however, worth their consideration, whether, as, according to their own maxims, they cannot be certain of the truth of their *principle*, it may not be good policy

to regulate their *practice*, in such a manner as may at all times secure themselves a retreat.

I shall close these remarks with the following short apologue. GENIUS, COMMON-SENSE, and THE GRACES, agreed, on a time, to travel together. For a while they were the happiest party imaginable : they were delighted with the brilliant effusions of *Genius*, and improved by the more solid conversation of *Common-sense*, whilst the politeness of *The Graces* softened and harmonized both. It was customary with *Genius* to make short excursions to the summits of the neighbouring hills, for the sake of enjoying the beautiful prospects which they afforded ; but without losing sight of his companions, whom he soon rejoined.

In one of these excursions he was so charmed with the view of an immense forest, in the midst of which he descried a pretty large building, that no remonstrance of *Common-sense* could dissuade him from rambling thither, though it lay at a great distance and quite out of the road they were travelling : it was called *The Forest of Metaphysics*, and the building, he persuaded himself, was *The Temple of Truth*. On a nearer approach, however, the beauties, which had at a distance captivated him, disappeared, and he saw before him a gloomy wilderness, the few paths of which were so intricate and overgrown with briars and thorns, that it was with the utmost difficulty he could force his way. He persevered, however, till he arrived at what he supposed to be the *Temple of Truth* ; but, to his great disappointment, found it to be the *Enchanted Castle of Doubt* ; in which he ever after remained, delivering it as his opinion, that Truth had drowned herself in the bottom of a well, and would no more be seen by mankind. *Common-sense* continued to travel a little longer with *The Graces*, till at length they, who were of a coquettish disposition and fond of admiration, began to be disgusted with the plainness of his speech and manners ; and, as they passed by a superb temple, dedicated to Pleasure, in which a company of her votaries were dancing, and performing other rites of festivity, in honour of their goddess, they immediately joined the mirthful band. Their companion, thus deserted, continued nevertheless to plod on at his usual steady pace, and arrived happily, though alone, at the end of his journey.

OMICRON.

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Observations on the yellowish Wasp of Pennsylvania : communicated by John Bartram, in a Letter to P. Collinson, F. R. S. and read before the Royal Society, Feb. 24, 1763.

I SAW several of these wasps flying about a heap of sandy loam : they settled upon it, and very nimbly scratched away the sand with their fore-feet, to find their nests, while they held a large fly under their wings with one of their other feet : they crept with it into the hole that led to the nest, and staid there about three minutes, when they came out. With their hind feet they threw the sand so dextrously over the hole, as not to be discovered ; and then, taking flight, soon returned with more flies, settled down, uncovered the hole, and entered in with their prey.

This extraordinary operation raised my curiosity to try to find the entrance ; but the sand fell in so fast, that I was prevented ; till, after repeated essays, I was so lucky as to find one. It was six inches in the ground ; and, at the farther end, lay a large maggot, near an inch long, as thick as a small goose-quill, with several flies near it, and the remains of many more. These flies are provided for the maggot to feed on, before it changes into the nymph-state ; when it eats no more, till it attains to a perfect wasp.

The order of Providence is very remarkable, in prescribing the different ways and means for this tribe of insects to perpetuate their several species ; no doubt for good ends and purposes, with which we may not be well acquainted ; but most likely for the prey and food of other animals.

One kind of wasp fabricates an oblong nest, of paper-like composition, full of cells for the harbour of its young, and hangs it on the branch of a tree. Some build nests of clay, and feed their young with spiders ; others sustain them with large green grasshoppers ; and there are those which build combs on the ground, like ours in England, to nourish a numerous brood. But this yellowish wasp takes a different method : with great pains, digging a hole in the ground, it lays its egg, (which soon turns to a maggot,) and then catches flies to support it until it comes to maturity.

The wisdom of Providence is admirable also in giving annually a check to this prolific brood of noxious insects, by permitting all the males to die ; which are the most numerous of the family ; only reserving a few impregnated females of each species, to continue their race another year : whereas bees, whose labours are so beneficial to mankind, always survive the winter, to raise new colonies.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*A very singular Account of a Sleep-Walker. From the Journal
Encyclopédique.*

JOHN BAPTISTE NEGRETTI, of Vicenze, a domestic of the marquis Louis Sale, was a man of a brown complexion, of a very dry hot constitution, by nature choleric, and by custom a drunkard. From the age of eleven he became subject to sleep-walking; but he was never seized with these fits, except in the month of March; and, at the farthest, they left him by the middle of April.

Mess^{rs}. Reghelini and Pigatti took a particular pleasure in observing him, while in this condition; and it is to the latter of these gentlemen, whose probity is beyond the reach of slander, that we are now indebted for the following circumstantial detail.

In the month of March, 1745, toward the evening, Negretti, having sat down upon a chair in an antichamber, fell asleep, and passed a quarter of an hour like any other man in the same situation: he then stretched himself for some time, and afterwards remained motionless, as if he wanted to pay attention to something. At length he arose, walked across the apartment, took a tobacco-box out of his pocket, and seemed desirous to have some tobacco; but, finding he had hardly any left, he assumed a look of disappointment, and advancing to the chair, which a certain person was wont to occupy, he called him by his name, and asked him for some tobacco: the other accordingly presented him his box open, and Negretti, having taken his quid, put himself in an attitude of listening; when, imagining he heard himself called, he ran with a wax-taper to a place where there usually stood a burning candle. Thinking he had lighted his taper, he crossed the hall with it, and went gently down stairs, stopping and turning about from time to time, as if he had been conducting along a visitor: on reaching the outward door, he placed himself on one side of it, saluted the company he imagined he was ushering out, and bowed as each of them seemed to pass him: this ceremony over, he returned up stairs very quick, extinguished his taper, and went to put it back in the place where he had found it. This scene he repeated three times the same evening. Having left the antichamber, he went into the dining-room, searched in his pocket for the key of the beaufet, and called by name for the servant, whose duty it was to deliver that key to him every night before he went to bed. On receiving it, he opened

the beaufet, took a silver waiter or falver out of it, (on which he put four glafs decanters,) and went to the kitchen, in order, no doubt, to fill them with water. He came back with them empty, however; and, when he had reached the middle of the stair-case, he put what he had in his hands upon a kind of post or pillar, ascended the remaining steps, and knocked at a door: as it was not opened to him, he returned down stairs, went in search of the valet-de-chambre, asked him some questions, turned upon his heel, and, running precipitately up the stair-case, accidentally touched the falver with his elbow, and broke the decanters. He again knocked at the door; but to no purpose; and, on his return down stairs, he took the falver with him; which, having carried it into the dining-room, he placed upon a little table. Thence he went to the kitchen, took a pitcher, carried it to the pump, (where he filled it with water,) and then returned to the kitchen again. He afterwards went to the falver, and, missing the decanters, was displeased; said they certainly ought to be there, as he had placed them himself, and enquired of the other servants if they had taken them away. After a long search, he opened the beaufet again, took out two other decanters, rinsed them, poured water into them, and put them on the falver: he then carried the whole into the antichamber, to the very door of the dining room where the valet-de-chambre was wont to receive them from his hands. They accordingly took the falver and decanters from him, and a little while after returned them. On this, he went to the kitchen, wiped some plates with a cloth, held them to the fire as if he had wanted to dry them, and in like manner cleaned the other plates. These preparations completed, he returned to the beaufet, put the cloth and napkins into a small basket, and went, loaded with all these things, directly to a table, where there used to be a lighted candle. Having, by the light of this candle, seemed to search for a fork and knife, he carried back the basket, and shut the beaufet; and having thereafter carried into the antichamber every thing he had taken out of the beaufet, and placed it upon a chair, he took a round table, at which the marchioness, his lady, used to eat, and covered it with great neatness. Beside it was another table, of the same form: this he sometimes touched by mistake; but always returned to that he wanted to cover. Now, that his business was finished, he walked about, blew his nose, and took out his tobacco-box again; but withdrew his fingers from it, without offering to take any tobacco; as if he recollected, at the distance of at least two hours, that there was none in it: yet, though he could not procure a quid, he found a few grains to throw upon his

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his hand. Here concluded the first scene. The people about him threw some water upon his face, and he awaked.

The next day, while Negretti was yet awake, the marquis received company in his chamber; a circumstance which rarely happened. As the visitors increased, so increased the demand for chairs. Negretti, having in the interim fallen asleep, rose up, after a short nap, and, after blowing his nose, paid his respect to his tobacco-box, and hurried away in search of chairs. What is the most remarkable, is, that, while he held one chair with both hands, he came to the door, which was shut; when, instead of knocking at it, he let go one hand from the chair, opened the door, took up the chair as before, and carried it to the very place it ought to have been in. This done, he went to the beaufet, searched for the key of it, and seemed to be vexed that he could not find it: he took a candle, and examined every corner of the apartment, and every step of the stair-case, walking about with great quickness, and groping with his hands, in the hopes of finding the lost key. The valet-de-chambre slid it into his pocket; and Negretti, soon after putting his hand there by accident, found the key. Enraged at his folly, he then opened the beaufet; when, after taking out a napkin, a plate, and two rolls, he shut it again, and went to the kitchen: there he dressed a sallad, producing from a closet every thing necessary for that purpose; and, when he had done, he sat himself down, in order to eat it. This dish they presently took from him, and, in place of it, gave him one of cabbage, highly seasoned. He continued to eat, and to cabbage they substituted a cake, which he swallowed in the same manner, without appearing to know any difference; a circumstance which proves that he had not relished the sallad by the organs of the taste, but that the soul alone enjoyed this sensation, without the intervention of the body. While he ate, he now and then listened, thinking he was called; and once he persuaded himself that he actually was so. Accordingly he went down in great haste to the hall; and, finding he was not wanted, he stepped into the antichamber, and asked the servants if he had not been wanted. Rather peevish at being disturbed, he returned to his supper in the kitchen; which after having finished, he said, in a half-whisper, that he should be glad to go to the next public-house, in order to have a draught, if he had any money, and he examined his pockets, to no purpose: at length he rose from his seat, saying, he would go, however; that he would pay next day, and they would not scruple to trust him. With great alacrity he ran to the public-house, which was at the distance of two gun-shots from the house; he knocked at the door, without

trying whether it was open, as if he had known that, at so late an hour, it necessarily must be shut; and, on gaining admission, he called for half a pint of wine; instead of which, the landlord gave him the same quantity of water: this he drank up, insensible of the difference, and at his departure said he would pay for it on the morrow. With all haste he returned homeward, and, on entering the antichamber, asked the servants if his master had not wanted him. He then appeared in high spirits, and said he had been out to drink and was the better for it. On this, they opened his eyes with their fingers, and he awoke.

The third scene. One Friday evening, he recollected, in his sleep, that the family-tutor had said to him, if he was seized with his somnambulency that night, and would bring him a basin of soup, he would give him some drink-money. On this he awoke, while fast asleep, and said aloud, that he would plan a trick for the tutor. He accordingly went down to the kitchen, and repairing thence to the tutor's chamber, as directed, he reminded him of his promise. The tutor gave him a small piece of money; on which Negretti, taking the valet-de-chambre by the arm, carried him along with him to the public-house, and, as he drank, related to him, in a very circumstantial manner, how he had duped the tutor, whose money he imagined he had received while awake. He laughed heartily, drank repeatedly to the tutor's health, and returned, all life and spirits, to the house.

Once, while Negretti was in this state of somnambulency, a person took it in his head to hit him on the leg with a stick: imagining it to be a dog, he grumbled; and, as the person continued to strike him, he went in search of a switch, and pursued the supposed dog, brandishing it about him with all his might: at length, he fell into a rage, and, in despair of finding him, poured forth a load of abuse upon the cur: he produced a morsel of bread from his pocket, called the dog by his name, and kept the switch concealed: they threw a muff to him, which he took for the dog, and upon it he discharged his fury.

M. Pigatti, in the course of his repeated observations upon Negretti, remarked, that every night he did something new: he likewise observed, that, while his fit lasted, he enjoyed neither the sense of seeing, nor of hearing, nor of smelling, nor of tasting. We have seen that he would eat victuals of different sorts, without perceiving the change: he heard no noise, however great: he perceived no candle, though it was held near enough to scorch his eye-lids: he felt not a feather, though they violently tickled his nose with it: as for the touch, he

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

View of human Life. From a Collection of Sermons.

THERE is something strange in it, that life should appear so short *in the gross*, and yet so long *in the detail*. Misery may make it so, you'll say : but we will exclude it ; and still you'll find, though we all complain of the shortness of life, what numbers there are who seem quite overstocked with the days and hours of it, and are continually sending out into the highways and streets of the city, to compel guests to come in, and take it off their hands. To do this with ingenuity and forecast, is not one of the least arts and businesses of life itself ; and they, who cannot succeed in it, carry as many marks of distress about them, as bankruptcy herself could wear. Be as careless as we may, we shall not always have the power, nor shall we always be in a temper, to let the account run thus. When the blood is cooled, and the spirits which have hurried us on through half our days, before we have numbered one of them, are beginning to retire, then wisdom will press a moment, to be heard ; afflictions, or a bed of sickness, will find their hours of persuasion ; and, should they fail, there is something yet behind ; — old-age will overtake us at the last, and with its trembling hand hold up the glass to us, as it did to the patriarch.

Dear inconsiderate Christians ! wait not, I beseech you, till then : take a view of your life now ; look back ; behold this fair space, capable of such heavenly improvements, all scrawled over and defaced with — I want words to say with what ; for I think only of the reflections with which you are to support yourselves in the decline of a life so miserably cast away, should it happen, as it often does, that ye have stood idle unto the eleventh hour, and have all the work of the day to perform, when night comes on, and no one can work.

As to the evil of the days of the years of our pilgrimage, — speculation and fact appear at variance again. We agree, with the patriarch, that the life of man is miserable ; and yet the world looks happy enough, and every thing tolerably at its ease. It must be noted, indeed, that the patriarch, in this account, speaks merely his present feelings, and seems rather to be giving a history of his sufferings, than a system of them in contradiction to that of the God of love. Look upon the world

world he has given us : observe the riches and plenty that flow in every channel, not only to satisfy the desires of the temperate, but of the fanciful and wanton ; every place is almost a paradise, planted when Nature was in her gayest humour.

Every thing has two views. Jacob, and Job, and Solomon, gave one section of the globe ; and this representation, another : truth lieth betwixt : or rather, good and evil are mixed up together ; which of the two preponderates, is beyond our enquiry ; but, I trust, it is the good ; first, as it renders the Creator of the world more dear and venerable to me ; and, secondly, because I will not suppose, that a work, intended to exalt his glory, should stand in want of apologies.

Whatever is the proportion of misery in this world, it is certain that it can be no duty of religion to increase the complaint, or to affect the praise which the Jesuits college of Grenado give of their Sanchez, — that, though he lived where there was a very sweet garden, yet he was never seen to touch a flower ; and that he would rather die, than eat salt or pepper, or ought that might give a relish to his meat.

I pity those men whose natural pleasures are burthens, and who fly from joy (as these splenetic and morose souls do) as if it were really an evil in itself.

If there is an evil in this world, 'tis sorrow and heaviness of heart. The loss of goods, of health, of coronets and mitres, are only evils as they occasion sorrow : take that out, the rest is fancy, and dwelleth only in the head of man.

Poor unfortunate creature that he is ! as if the causes of anguish in the heart were not enough, but he must fill up the measure with those of caprice ; and not only walk in a vain shadow, but disquiet himself in vain too. We are a restless set of beings ; and, as we are likely to continue so to the end of the world, the best we can do in it is, to make the same use of this part of our character which wise men do of other bad propensities ; when they find they cannot conquer them, they endeavour at least to divert them into good channels.

If, therefore, we must be a solicitous race of self-tormentors, let us drop the common objects that make us so, and for God's sake be solicitous only to live well.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On our natural Fondness for History, and its true Use. From a noble Author.

THE love of history seems inseparable from human nature, because it seems inseparable from self-love. The same principle,

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principle, in this instance, carries us forward and backward to future and to past ages. We imagine that the things, which affect us, must affect posterity. This sentiment runs through mankind, from Cæsar down to the parish-clerk in Pope's *Miscellany*. We are fond of preserving, as far as it is in our frail power, the memory of our own adventures, of those of our own time, and of those that preceded it. Rude heaps of stones have been raised, and ruder hymns have been composed, for this purpose, by nations who had not yet the use of arts and letters. To go no farther back, the triumphs of Oden were celebrated in Runic songs, and the fates of our British ancestors were recorded in those of their bards. The savages of America have the same custom at this day; and long historical ballads of their hunting and wars are sung at all their festivals. There is no need of saying how this passion grows among all civilized nations, in proportion to the means of gratifying it: but let us observe, that the same principle of nature directs us as strongly, and more generally as well as more early, to indulge our own curiosity, instead of preparing to gratify that of others. The child hearkens with delight to the tales of his nurse; he learns to read, and devours with eagerness fabulous legends and novels. In riper years he applies to history, or, to that which he takes for history, to authorized romance: and even in age, the desire of knowing what has happened to other men yields to the desire alone of relating what has happened to ourselves. Thus history, true or false, speaks to our passions always: what pity is it that even the best should speak to our understanding so seldom! That it does so we have none to blame but ourselves. Nature has done her part. She has opened this study to every man who can read and think; and, what she has made the most agreeable, reason can make the most useful, application of our minds. But, if we consult our reason, we shall be far from following the examples of our fellow-creatures, in this, as in most other cases, who are so proud of being rational. We shall neither read to soothe our indolence or to gratify our vanity. As little shall we content ourselves to drudge like grammarians and critics, that others may be able to study with greater ease and profit, like philosophers and statesmen: as little shall we affect the slender merit of becoming great scholars, at the expence of groping all our lives in the dark mazes of antiquity. All these mistake the true drift of study and the true use of history. Nature gave us curiosity to excite the industry of our minds; but she never intended it to be made the principal, much less the sole, object of their application.

The true and proper object of this application is, a constant improvement in private and in public virtue. An application
to

to any study, that tends neither directly nor indirectly to make us better men and better citizens, is, at best, but a specious and ingenious sort of idleness; and the knowledge we acquire is nothing more than a creditable kind of ignorance. This creditable kind of ignorance is, in my opinion, the whole benefit which the generality of men, even of the most learned, reap from the study of history: and yet the study of history seems to me, of all other, the most proper to train us up to private and public virtue. We need but cast our eyes on the world, and we shall see the daily force of example: we need but to turn them inward, and we shall soon discover why example has this force. *Pauci prudentia*, says Tacitus, *honesti ab deterioribus, utilia ab noxiis discernunt; plures aliorum eventis docentur*. Such is the imperfection of human understanding, such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though never so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us, very often, till they are explained by examples; and that the wisest lessons in favour of virtue go but a little way to convince the judgement and determine the will, unless they are enforced by the same means, and we are obliged to apply to ourselves what we see happen to other men. Instructions by precept have the farther disadvantage of coming on the authority of others, and frequently require a long deduction of reasoning. "*Homines amplius oculis quam auribus credunt: longum iter est per præcepta, breve et efficax per exempla*." The reason of which judgement, which I quote from one of Seneca's epistles in confirmation of my own opinion, rests, I think, on this; that, when examples are pointed out to us, there is a kind of appeal (with which we are flattered) made to our senses as well as to our understandings. The instruction comes then upon our own authority: we frame the precept after our own experience, and yield to fact when we resist speculation. But this is not the only advantage of instruction by example; for example appeals not to our understanding alone, but to our passions likewise. Example assuages these, as well as animates them; sets passion on the side of judgement, and makes the whole man of a piece, which is more than the strongest reasoning and the clearest demonstration can do; and thus, forming habits by repetitions, example secures the observance of those precepts which example insinuates.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

MR. BURKE tells us, in his celebrated Essay on the *sublime and beautiful*, sect. 3, p. 99, that, "To make any thing very terrible, *obscurity* seems in general to be necessary." This position is certainly very just in itself, and will be found so by all who carefully make the experiment, notwithstanding it seems to have escaped the pens of most of our metaphysical writers. But, as every discovery of this kind tends to elucidate, in some degree, the abstruse nature of the human mind, its perceptions, and powers; how they operate in themselves, and are acted upon by surrounding objects; I shall, for the entertainment of the curious part of your readers, make the following extract from that essay.

"When we know the full extent of any danger, when we can accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Every one will be sensible of this, who considers how greatly night adds to our dread in all cases of danger, and how much the notion of ghosts and goblins, of which none can form clear ideas, affect minds which give credit to the popular notion concerning such sorts of beings. Those despotic governments, which are founded on the passions of men, and principally upon the passion of fear, keep their *chief* as much as possible from the public eye.

"The policy has been the same in many cases of religion. Almost all the heathen temples were dark. Even in the barbarous temples of the Americans, at this day, they keep their idol in a dark part of the hut which is consecrated to his worship. For this purpose, too, the druids performed all their ceremonies in the bosom of the darkest woods, and in the shade of the oldest and most spreading oaks. No person seems better to have understood the secret of heightening or of setting terrible things, if I may use the expression, in their strongest light, by the force of a judicious obscurity, than Milton. His description of Death, in the second Book, is admirably studied: it is astonishing with what a gloomy pomp, with what a significant and expressive uncertainty of strokes and colouring, he has finished the portrait of this king of terrors.

"The other shape,
 If shape it might be call'd that shape had none
 Distinguishable, in member, joint, or limb;
 Or substance might be call'd that shadow seem'd,
 For each seem'd either; black he stood as night;
 Fierce as ten furies; terrible as hell;

*And shook a deadly dart. What seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.*

“ In this description, all is dark, uncertain, confused, terrible, and sublime, to the last degree. — — — There are reasons in nature why the *obscure* idea, when properly conveyed, should be more affecting than the *clear*. It is our ignorance of things that causes all our admiration and chiefly excites our passions. Knowledge and acquaintance make the most striking causes affect but little. It is thus with the vulgar; and all men are as the vulgar in what they do not understand. The ideas of *eternity* and *infinity* are among the most affecting we have, and yet perhaps there is nothing of which we really understand so little. We do not any where meet with a more sublime description than the following justly-celebrated one of Milton, wherein he gives the portrait of Satan with a dignity so suitable to the subject.

— — — — — “ *He above the rest,
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower. His form had yet not lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than archangel ruin'd, and th'excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun, new ris'n,
Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or, from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations; and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs.* — — —

“ Here is a very noble picture; and in what does this picture consist? In images of a tower, an archangel, the sun rising through the mists or in an eclipse, the ruin of monarchs, and the revolution of kingdoms. The mind is hurried out of its self by a croud of great and confused images, which affect the more strongly, because they are crowded and confused. For, separate them, and you lose much of the greatness; join them, and you infailibly lose the clearness. The images raised by poetry are always of this obscure kind, — but painting, when we have allowed for the pleasure of imitation, can only affect simply by the images it presents: and, even in painting, a judicious obscurity in some things contributes to the effect of the picture; because the images in painting are exactly similar to those in nature; and, in nature, dark, confused, uncertain, images have a greater power on the fancy, to form the grander passions, than those have which are more clear and determinate.

— I am sensible that this idea has met with opposition: but let

it

it be considered, that hardly any thing can strike the mind with its greatness which does not make some sort of approach towards infinity, which nothing can do while we are able to perceive its bounds; but to see an object distinctly, and to perceive its bounds, is one and the same thing. A *clear idea*, therefore, is but another name for a *little idea*. There is a passage in the book of Job amazingly sublime, and this sublimity is principally due to the terrible uncertainty of the thing described.

"In thoughts, from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, fear came upon me and trembling, which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face. The hair of my flesh stood up. It stood still. But I could not see the form thereof. An image was before mine eyes; there was silence; and I heard a voice. —"

"We are first prepared with the utmost solemnity for the vision; we are first terrified, before we are let into even the obscure cause of our emotion. But, when this grand cause of terror makes its appearance, what is it? Is it not wrapped up in the shades of its own incomprehensible darkness, more awful, more striking, more terrible, than the liveliest description, than the clearest painting, could possibly represent it?

"When painters have attempted to give us clear representations of these very fanciful and terrible ideas, they have, I think, almost always failed. — In all these subjects poetry has been very happy. Its apparitions, its harpies, its chimeras, its allegorical figures, are grand and affecting; and though Homer's *Discord* and Virgil's *Fame* are obscure, they are magnificent, figures."

If I may be allowed to add any thing to the foregoing, it shall be to adduce one instance of the *terrific sublime* which this masterly writer has not mentioned.

It is the description which Shakespear has put into the mouth of *Hamlet's ghost* of its state, viz.

GHOST. ————— *I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain time to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on-end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine!*

44 *Of the Manners of the English at the Time of the Conquest.*

But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood. *List, list, oh list!*

If I may be allowed to judge from my own feelings, the above description of the state of the damned is more striking and terrific, in all its dreadful obscure uncertainty, than the celebrated one of Virgil's Tartarus; or, indeed, of any other extant. In the *Æneid* the images of horror are distinctly described, and mostly taken from such objects as we see on earth; but, in *Hamlet*, they are covered with the dark veil of obscurity, and it is left to the imagination of the reader to form images more dreadful

"*Than fables yet have feign'd.*" MILTON.

CRITO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Account of the Manners of the English about the Time of the Norman Conquest.

THE most striking instance of barbarity, we find upon record, in the manners of our ancestors, at this period, was, the common though horrid practice of selling themselves, their children, or kindred, into slavery; a practice common to all the German nations, and which was long continued by the natives of this island. Men in that uncivilised age, not daring to rely on the protection of the laws, were obliged to devote themselves to the service of some chieftain, whose orders they followed, even to the disturbance of the government, or to the injury of their fellow-citizens; but, in return, these chieftains afforded them protection from any insult, or injury, from strangers or foreigners.

Hence we find, by the extracts which Dr. Brady has given us from *Domesday-Book*, that almost all the inhabitants, even of boroughs, had placed themselves under the protection of some particular nobleman, whose patronage and favour they purchased by annual payments, and whom they considered as their sovereign more than the king himself; and so much was one of these inhabitants supposed to belong to his patron, that his murderer was obliged by law to pay a fine to such patron, as a compensation for his loss. The inhabitants of some towns were in a state of bondage yet more servile; being altogether under the absolute power of the king, or some temporal lord, or abbot: and, in this case, they were at the disposal of their lords,

lords, whether king or subject ; without whose consent they could not devise their estates, even to their own children.

“ The kings of England (says Maddox, writing of those times) were generally merciful and gracious lords to the inhabitants of their towns : for it was intirely in their choice to let them to a provost, with power sufficient to oppress the inhabitants ; or they might let out their towns at a rack-rent, or otherwise, to any one they pleased to gratify.”

The cities appear to have been, at the conquest, little better than villages : York itself, though it was always the second, or at least the third, city in England, contained then but 1418 families. There was no spirit for buildings of conveniency ; far less for magnificence. Malmesbury tells us, that the great distinction between the Anglo-Saxon nobility, and the French or Norman, was, that the latter built magnificent and stately castles ; whereas the former consumed their immense fortunes in riot, excess, and hospitality, in mean houses.

There was, in those days, no middle rank of men, who, as we see now, gradually mix with their superiors, and procure insensibly honour and distinction. If, by any extraordinary accident, a person of mean birth acquired riches, a circumstance so singular made him an object of universal jealousy and disgust to the nobles, and he soon found it impossible to screen himself from oppression, except by courting the protection of some great chieftain, and paying a large price for his safety.

Theft and robbery were very frequent at this time. To impose some check upon these crimes, it was ordered, that no man should sell or buy any thing above twenty-pence value, except in open markets ; and every bargain was to be executed before witnesses. Gangs of robbers much disturbed the peace of the country ; and the law determined, that a tribe of banditti, consisting of between seven and thirty-five persons, was to be called a *troop* ; any greater number was to be denominated an *army*, and punished accordingly ; though none of these punishments were capital.

Notwithstanding the seeming liberty, or rather licentiousness, of our remote ancestors, the great body of the people in those ages enjoyed much less true liberty than where the execution of the laws is most severe, and where subjects are reduced to the strictest subordination and dependence on the civil magistrate.

The reason is derived from the excess itself of that liberty. Men must guard themselves, at any price, against insults and injuries ; and, where they receive not protection from the laws, they will seek it by submission to superiors, and by herding in some inferior confederacy, which acts under the direction of a powerful

powerful chieftain : and thus all anarchy is the immediate cause of tyranny, if not over the state, yet over many of the individuals that compose it.

Whatever we may imagine concerning the usual truth and sincerity of men who live in a rude and barbarous state, there is much more falsehood, injustice, and even perjury, amongst them, than amongst civilized nations. Virtue, which is nothing but a more enlarged and more cultivated reason, never is founded on any steady principles of honour, never flourishes to any eminent degree, except where a good education becomes general, and men are taught wisdom and justice by the pernicious consequences of vice, treachery, and immorality. Even superstition, though more prevalent among ignorant nations, is but a poor supply for the defects of knowledge and education ; and our European ancestors, who employed, on the most common occasions, the expedient of swearing on extraordinary crosses and reliques, were less honourable, in all engagements, than their posterity, who, from experience, have omitted these ineffectual securities. This general proneness to perjury was much increased by the usual want of discernment in judges, who could not discuss an intricate evidence, and were obliged to *number*, not *weigh*, the testimony of witnesses. Hence the practice of single combat was employed, by most nations on the continent, as a remedy against false evidence ; and, though it was frequently dropt, from the opposition of the clergy, it was continually revived, from the experience of the falsehood attending the testimony of witnesses.

The price of all kinds of wounds and injuries was fixed by the Saxon laws. A wound of an inch long, under the hair, was paid with one shilling : one of a like size, on the face, two shillings : thirty shillings for the loss of an ear ; &c. &c.

There seems not to have been any difference made according to the dignity of the person. Any one, who committed adultery with his neighbour's wife, was obliged to pay him a fine and to buy him another wife. Murder itself was only liable to a fine or compensation to the kindred of the deceased, and to satisfy the church by penance. When a person was unable to pay the fine, he was put out of the protection of the law, and the kindred of the deceased had liberty to punish him as they thought proper.

As to the value of money in those times, compared to the necessities of life, we find that a sheep, by the laws of Athelstan, was estimated at a shilling. The fleece was two-fifths of the value of the whole sheep ; of which the reason probably was, that our ancestors, like the ancients, were little acquainted with any other clothing than that made of wool : silk

and

and cotton were then quite unknown, and linen was but little used. An ox was computed at six times the value of a sheep; a cow at four. A horse was valued at about thirty shillings of our money; a mare a third less: whereby it appears, that a horse was then five or six times the value of an ox. A man was valued at three pounds. The board-wages of a child, the first year, were eight shillings. Pasture for a cow in summer, and an ox in winter, the same. William of Malmesbury mentions it as a remarkable high price, that William Rufus gave fifteen marks for a horse. Land was sold for little more than a shilling an acre. A hen cost about three halfpence.

It is to be remarked, that, in all ancient times, corn, by reason of the low state of husbandry, bore always a higher price, compared to cattle, than it does in our times. The Saxon chronicle tells us, that, in the reign of Edward the Confessor, there was the most terrible famine ever known; inso-much that a quarter of wheat rose to at least fifteen shillings of our present money; which appears, by comparison, to have been a most dreadful famine.

With regard to the manners of the Anglo-Saxons, at the conquest, we can say little, but that they were, in general, a rude uncultivated people, ignorant of letters, unskilled in the mechanical arts, untamed to submission under law and government, and addicted to intemperance, riot, and disorder. Their best quality was their military courage; which yet was not supported by discipline and conduct. Their want of fidelity to the prince, or to any trust reposed in them, appears strongly in many parts of their history; and their want of humanity, in all. Even the Norman historians, notwithstanding the low state of the arts in their country, speak of them as barbarians, when they mention the duke of Normandy. The conquest put the people in a situation of receiving slowly, from abroad, the rudiments of science and cultivation, and of correcting their rough and licentious manners.

But certainly this state of slavery and barbarism was not peculiar to England, but reigned alike in every country of Europe. Mezeray gives the following account of the state of France, in the year 1108. "Violence universally prevailed, and justice was trampled under foot. The clergy, merchants, widows, and orphans, as well as all the rest of the people, were exposed to rapine and plunder from the lords and gentry, who had all of them castles, from whence they were used to sally out, and rob on the highways, and on rivers, in the defenceless countries. The cities of France, to defend themselves, had formed communities, and created popular magistrates,



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trates, with power to assemble and aid the people against these dreaded attacks."

"These poor and rapacious nations (says Voltaire, speaking of the continent at this period) valued the most heinous crimes, as murder, mutilation, rapes, incest, and poisoning, at a fixed price. Whoever had four hundred sous to give away, might kill a bishop with impunity. It would cost two hundred sous for the life of a priest; as many for a rape; and as many for poisoning with herbs. A witch, that had eaten of human flesh, could escape for two hundred sous: and this shews, that witches were not only to be found among the dregs of the people, as in these latter ages, but that those horrid extravagances, which gained them that appellation, were practised also by persons of fortune."

So little communication was there between neighbouring nations, that we find a merchant of *Sens*, whose name was *Samon*, went to trade in Germany: thence he proceeded as far as *Sclavonia*. The savages of that country were so amazed to see a man that had travelled so far to bring them things which they wanted, that they immediately made him their king.

We are informed by Eginhardus, secretary to Charlemagne, that this great conqueror did not know how to sign his name; and yet, by mere strength of genius, he was convinced of the utility of polite learning. He sent to Rome for masters of grammar and rhetoric. From that ruined capital the rude nations of the West drew all their improvements.

There were no clocks in the cities throughout all Europe, nor were they introduced till toward the thirteenth century. Thence comes the ancient custom, which is still kept up in Germany, Flanders, and England, of hiring persons to cry the hours of the night.

The dress, which at that time prevailed, was short cloaths, except on days of ceremony; when, over their coat, they wore a mantle frequently lined with furs: these they imported from the North, especially from Russia, as we do at this day. The Roman manner of covering the legs and feet was still preserved. We are told that Charlemagne used to cover his legs with fillets, twisted in the form of buskins, after the manner of the Scotch highlanders, the only people who have preserved the military dress of the Romans.

HISTORICUS.

POETRY.

IM

SLEEP
Behold,
Nor long

Ye dream
That o'
And idly
Reason

Sun of
Dispel
As you
Bids dar

We hail
That gi
That pa
And ad
At thy
fac
Enchan
gra
Down
Ta

To g
And re
Then
Hi

There,
Thee
Lo! on
Subl

And da
The to
bo

Brig
He shal
du

As fi
The
So, fra
The
And
Nature

Infinite
Let a'l
Let all
To Go

Ye pen
And lo
VOL

P O E T R Y.

IMITATION OF ABEL'S *Morning-Hymn.*

(Death of Abel, b. 1.)

SLEEP! gentle solacer of care,
Claim not of life too large a share;
Behold, the morning dawns; arise!
Nor longer seal our slumbering eyes.

Ye dreams of woe, or visions gay,
That o'er th' imagination play,
And idly rack the breast, — begone! —
Reason re-assumes her throne.

Sun of the soul! thy searching light
Dispels the gloom of inward night,
As yon resplendent orb of fire
Bids darkness, raven-wing'd, retire.

We hail thee, glorious source of day!
That gild'st the cedars with thy ray,
That paint'st with finest tints the ground,
And add'st a smile to all around!
At thy approach, behold fair nature's
face,
Enchanting, blooms, suffus'd with ev'ry
grace.

Downy sleep, and hov'ring dreams!
Take at once your lazy flight
To groves impervious, lulling streams,
And rocks that form the cave of night.
There the fable monarch sways
His ebon sceptre unconfin'd;
There, when intense the noon-tide rays,
Thee, fann'd by Zephyrs, shall we find.
Lo! on the summit of yon glittering rock,
Sublimely that exalts its nodding crest,
And dares of ages the repeated shock,
The tow'ring eagle stands! — the new-
born day,

Bright-beaming, puts a period to his rest;
He shakes his plumes, and wings his ar-
duous way.

As from the lowly pile arise
The volum'd clouds at sacrifice,
So, from the earth's vast altar, see
The exhalations light ascend;
And with the morning air they blend
Nature's pure incense to the Deity!

Infinite love and boundless power
Let all created things adore;
Let all with lowliest homage bend
To God, their father and unailing friend.

Ye pencil'd flow'rs, that gaily bloom,
And load the gales with rich perfume,
Vol. II,

To ev'ry ravish'd sense declare
Who gave you sweets, who made you fair.

Ye lovely warblers of the grove,
From spray to spray that blithely rove,
To him attune your sweetest notes,
Who form'd to song your little throats.

Hark! the gaunt lion duly pays
To nature's God the debt of praise;
Of the grand chorus swells the sacred noise
With the hoarse terrors of his awful voice:
While, with amazement deeply struck,
around

The forests tremble and the vales resound!
Shall man be mute? — Awake, my soul,
Join ev'ry pow'r, with sweet accord,
To him who rules without controul,
To nature's universal Lord!

His word produc'd this wond'rous frame,
His mighty hand the whole sustains,
He gave each lump of heav'n a name,
And spread the wide aerial plains.

Maker omnipotent! what glorious views
Bade thee this system forth from no-
thing call!

Bade thee adorn, for man thy creature's
use,
With countless beauties this terrestrial
ball!

What, but benevolence and love divine,
Could first have plan'd the infinite design!

While, of erect and godlike mien,
With reason musingly serene,
Th'appointed lord of all below
Surveys with joy his fix'd abode,
(Fit habitation for a god,)
And hails the spring from whence his
mercies flow!

Which way so'er I turn my face,
Thy bounty unconfin'd I trace;
On all thy works, transported, see
Inscrib'd, "A present Deity."

Fain, though alas! in numbers weak,
Would I, my God, thy goodness speak;
And, while my raptur'd soul surveys
Mild nature's beauties, hymn thy praise.

No lustre to thine awful name,
No happiness, no added fame,
Could man to God, his maker, give;
Thy goodness only bade us live;

G

And,

And, ere the grey-clad morning dawns,
alone
His grateful voice shall reach thy glorious
throne.

Now the animating sun
Ev'ry denser vapour drives ;
Now, his daily race begun,
Ev'ry creature now revives.

Sweet-smiling morn ! methinks in thee
Again, before my wond'ring eyes,
(As first) from the abyss I see
This structure, heav'n-design'd, arise,
To lonely caves then fullen darkness fled.
Lo ! the light-beams the sickly shades
rejoice ;
Confusion, frequent-blushing, hides her
head,
And silence hears the all-commanding
voice ;
While teems with life each slowly-hea-
ving clod
In countless forms, the labours of a God !

With plumage of each varying dye
The happy winged myriads fly,
And nodding woods, astonish'd, hear
A burst of joy fill all the air.

See, on his finewy strength elate,
Proud of the glories of his state,
The horse with speed of light'ning bound,
Rear his wild mane, and paw the ground.

A mountain moves ! — with strange sur-
prize
Behold the elephant's huge size
Breaks forth ! — it stalks with solemn
pomp along,
And adds his roaring to the general song !

Such are the wonders of thine hand,
Eternal Source of ev'ry good !
From sleep they wake at thy command,
And at thy bounty ask their food.

These praise thee all ; but future days
Shall hear all earth thy name resound ;
Shall see perpetual altars blaze,
Nor this small orb thy praises bound.

Then sin, fast lock'd in adamant chains,
Shall vex thy chosen family no more,
But all thy love, in high & rapt strains,
From rising to the setting sun, adore !

ON SOLITUDE.

TO thee, sweet solitude, the mind,
oppress'd

With cares and sorrows, flies ! In thy blest
haunts,
Where reclines wisdom, where fair virtue
seeks
And meets her best reward, oh let me
dwell !

In life's perplexing mazes long I've
sought

For happiness, in vain : the phantom flies
(Like a coy virgin from her lover's arms)
Our eager grasp, and low'ring disappoint-
ment

Beclouds our prospects. What, though
smiling skies
Gave lustre to the morn, and beauty
beam'd

From each surrounding object ; yet, alas !
The scene's soon chang'd, and envious
Fortune frowns

Upon our bliss. Throughout the paths
of life

Hypocrisy walks mask'd in truth's attire,
Deceiving men. Chicannery and fraud,
With smooth dissimulation, oft beguile
And rob us of our peace. O friendship,
where,

Where, shall I find thee, perfect and un-
mix'd

With interest or with guile ; warm from
the heart,

Disfilling like the sacred dew of heav'n ?
Thy semblance meets me daily ; and,
with tongue

Smooth as soft flattery's lip, with incense
sweet

Of honey'd words, accosts me : but, alas !
Beneath the specious veil lurks dark de-
ceit,

Which waits but for occasion, when un-
seen,

To launch her dart, envenom'd. O
fall'n man !

Where is that rectitude, that spotless ho-
nour,

With which th'Eternal did, at thy crea-
tion,

Invest thee ? Where that sweet benevo-
lence,

Unmix'd with sordid views of int'rest vile,
Which former ages boasted, not in vain ?

Where is that tenderness which melts the
soul,

To see another's woe ? — sincerity,
Which speaks the language of the heart,
without

A double meaning ? In the walks of life
These now are seldom found. Deceptive
phantoms,

Clad in the vestments of substantial bliss,
Beguile th'unwary, and entice the feet
To wander where conceal'd danger lurks

(Beneath

(Beneath a smiling surface spread with
flow'rs)
Deep in the bogs beneath. Slander's foul
tongue
Spits venom on the fairest characters,
And wounds the spotless breast of Virtue.
Here
Pale Envy sickens at the hated sight
Of budding genius; and, with blasting
breath,
Detraction vile, with all her thousand
tongues,
Sounds forth our failings — represents our
weakness
The vicious purpose of a soul deprav'd
And lost to gen'rous action. Thus life's
cup
Jmingled deep with dregs of human woe,
And this fair world (which heav'n's eter-
nal Sire
Enrich'd with num'rous blessings) is be-
come
The seat of mis'ry, anarchy, and pain.
Since, then, the joys of sweet society
Are canker'd at the core, and happiness
Flies fright'ned from the public haunts of
man,
To thee, O solitude, let me repair,
And in thy mansion measure out my days!
Within thy peaceful haunts oh let me
dwell!
For peace resides within thy sylvan bow'rs,
And pure are all thy joys. To thee, at
last,
Resort, for bliss that nought besides can
yield,
The prince, the peasant, and philosopher,
Leaving the world for thee. When mighty
kings,
With mad ambition fir'd, to gain the
wreaths
Of Fame's deceptive laurel, have embrau'd
Empires in desolation dire and blood,
At last, by nobler emulation led,
They've sought thy peaceful shade. Se-
cure from care,
Or fear of rival pow'rs, thy comforts
sooth'd
Their royal breasts; and in life's awful
close
They find content and rest. How little,
then,
Contemptible, dishonourable, and mean,
Appear'd those mighty views, which, in
idea,
Grap'd universal empire! — Then the
mind,
Purg'd from the feculence and mist of
passion,
Through reason's mirror saw the path to
bliss; —

Saw, and despis'd their former pride, and
lust
Of temp'ral rule and grandeur, and a-
bass'd
At their own folly stood! In thy retreats,
The soul, ennobled, rises in her flight,
And, with celestial fervor fir'd, extends
Her views beyond the narrow bounds of
time.
To thee, bright Virtue's sister, fost'ring
friend
And nurse of elevated thought, the sons
Of science lowly bend. The poet seeks,
Within the confines of thy bless'd abode,
Th'inspiring muse; and, while he roves
Through thy embow'ring shades, delight-
ed, hears
The notes divine resound, of sacred song.
Peace waves her pinions o'er thy lowly
dome,
And guards thy hallow'd walks. There
let me rove,
At earliest dawn, when from the blushing
East
Aurora spreads her crimson curtains wide,
At Sol's approach; when first the lark
attunes
Her matin song; when wake the sleeping
flow'rs;
When the soft dews of night impearl the
ground
With chrystal tears; and Zeph'rus gen-
tly breathes
His tender vows to Flora. There I'll
trace,
Through all the beauteous scene, that
hand divine,
Which, from Chaos' womb and ancient
Night,
Call'd beauty, order, harmony; and
form'd
The glorious fabric of the universe.
Thus, free from life's perplexing cares,
and plac'd
Beyond the reach of Fortune's piercing
shafts,
With thee, O solitude, I long to dwell,
And in thy bless'd society enjoy
The moments yet behind; for short, a-
las!
Short and uncertain, is our span of life,
And Time, who holds the glass, conceals
from view
The still-remaining sands: these run, we
drop
Into eternity's boundless abyss,
Where days, months, years, and ages,
all are lost; —
Ocean illimitable, where no shore,
No harbour, e'er is found! Beyond the
grave,

In mists impenetrable all our views
Are hid, nor can the ken of reason dart
Into that trackless void. Our knowledge
Is only negative : we know, alas !
What *it is not* ; but thought's most active
range

Can ne'er discover to us what *it is*.
Oh humbling thought ! Whence then a-
rises hope

Of future being, and of future bliss ?
In the divine perfections of that God
Who form'd us in his image, and has
giv'n

The sanction of his promise, and reveal'd
Our immortality. 'Tis he alone
Gave birth to thought, and caus'd that
thought to range

Beyond time's limits and creation's
bounds,

In the vast regions of immensity,
And with angelic ken anticipate
The plenitude of unexperie'd being.

EUSEBIUS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Ledger.

THE following elegant lines on
SPRING (although a little out of
season) cannot fail of pleasing the curious
reader.

X. Y. Z.

SEE the fair season of each soft desire !
See waking Nature on her urn re-
spire !

No more with winter's icy hand at strife,
See motion dart through all created life !
Through all the human, all the sylvan,
reign,

In brisker currents glides the genial vein :
The lifeless mead, the woodland's naked
scene,

Burst into flow'rs, and brighten into
green.

No more the streams the freezing North
obey ;

Their captive waters freely wind away.

With joy, with love, the winged worlds
are blest,

And strain to melody each little breast.

Oh ! yield thy hours, to this soft season
yield :

Leave the sun'd city for the strifeless field,
Their early race 'twas there thy fathers
ran ;

The only dwelling Nature meant for
man,

If pleas'd with virtue's genuine, though
obscure,

Charms, that are guiltless, pleasures that
are pure,

In Nature's painted eloquence to trace
Her mighty Maker's wisdom and his
grace ; —

If scenes like these may purer pleasures
yield —

Leave the sun'd city for the strifeless field,
No pale chagrin shall plains or groves im-
part ;

For Nature bears no hatred in her heart,
With her the lover seeks the lonely vale,
Breathes his fond vows, and trusts his ten-
der tale ;

While ev'ry charm, that ev'ry sense can
know,

The mingled bounties of her hand bestow ;
Health, freedom, fragrance in the pre-
nant sky ;

The green's fresh mildness op'ning on the
eye ;

And oh ! the sounds that melt, that melt
away,

When Philomela pours her liquid lay !
To music's voice, to music's soft controul,
Yield the rapt ear, and render all the soul :
Love, grief, and rage, her various notes
inspire :

The poet speaks not plainer than the lyre,
Seiz'd are his honours, and excell'd his
art,

While the rapt ear holds converse with the
heart.

*An Inscription for the Author's Summer-
house, written extemporally, at the Re-
quest of a Company of his Friends.*

SACRED to thought, this rustic temple
stands,
The work, confess'd, of rude unpolish'd
hand.

Whoe'er vouchsafes within the grot to
tread,

By curious eye, or contemplation, led,
Here let soft whispers, from surrounding
trees,

Serene his mind by slow and due degrees ;
Here let him muse with reverence, nor
debase

The thought-inspiring silence of the place :
No trifling theme becomes a pensive shade,
For sacred wisdom and the muses made.

X.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market,
Mark-Lane.

	Jul.	29.	Aug.	2.	5th	9th	12th	16th	19th
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	45a55	40a52	40a52	40a48	40a48	40a48	40a48	40a48	40a48
Ditto White	45a55	40a52	40a52	40a48	40a48	40a48	40a48	40a48	40a48
Rye, —	25a26	25a26	25a26	25a26	25a26	25a26	25a26	25a26	25a26
Barley, —	23a28	24a28	24a28	23a28	23a28	23a28	22a28	22a28	22a28
Oats, —	16a21	17a21	17a21	16a21	16a21	16a21	16a21	16a21	16a21
Aug. 23.	Red and White Wheat, 40a48s.					Rye, 24a26s.		Barley,	
	22a28s.					Oats, 16a21s.			

* * The letters, signed *James Fitz-Thomas*, — *J. H.* — *C.* — *Sympatheticus*, — *X.* — and *M.* — are received.

The correspondence of *Agnostus* will be very acceptable.

The extract from an *Account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's illness* is approved, and shall appear in the next number of the *Monthly Ledger*.

Secretia's obliging letter was well received; her request respecting the *title-pages* arrived too late, but her observations on *Latin quotations*, &c. are reasonable and pertinent. It would, perhaps, be deemed impertinent in the Editor to attempt a translation of them, as that task more properly belongs to his correspondents, who it is to be hoped will attend to the following remarks of this ingenious female writer.

"As an individual, I must beg leave to inform you, that I have not had the advantage of so liberal an education as many of your female readers and correspondents; I therefore hope you will excuse the liberty I take in telling you, that, in several pieces, signed *Candor*, *Mentor*, *Eusebius*, &c. I observe divers proverbial sentences, quoted, I suppose, from the Latin and French authors, which are beyond the comprehension of those, whose ideas are confined to the knowledge of our own language only. When any such quotations in future occur, I should be very glad you would insert the English translation therewith, which will be an addition to the knowledge of

SECRETIA."

The essay on the *doctrine of the Trinity*, signed *A sincere Christian*, breathes indeed a spirit of piety; but, as the subject is so *abstruse* as to be confessedly *incomprehensible* to our well-meaning author himself, who has attempted to define it, it is hoped he will excuse the Editor's declining to publish his crude conceptions upon it in a work, designed rather to *inform* than to *puzzle* the human understanding. On a review of the pages of history it appears, that curious theological disquisitions have never contributed to increase general piety or to promote practical religion among mankind. A spirit of controversy has too frequently engaged the passions at the expence of the judgement; like a *vertigo*, it has turned men giddy with their own *conceits*, which they have attempted to impose on their readers for *demonstrations*, and a confusion of ideas and sentiments has been introduced among the disputants, not unlike that which prevailed among the builders of Babel. Would it not be better to confess our ignorance of what God has not given us faculties to comprehend, than to attempt an explanation of mysteries, in terms still more mysterious than those contained in the propositions which we propose to define and elucidate?

* * * Any person, who takes in the *Monthly Ledger*, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the *Reviews*, and any other periodical work, by sending his orders to the Editor of the *Monthly Ledger*, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From August 15, to August 20, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	6	3	3	2	10	2	6	3	3

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	3	—	—	3	4	2	7	3	10
Surry,	6	0	3	4	—	—	2	6	4	3
Hertford,	6	3	—	—	—	—	2	6	4	2
Bedford,	6	6	4	5	—	—	2	5	3	11
Cambridge,	5	10	3	2	—	—	2	4	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	2	—	—	3	9	2	4	3	9
Northampton,	7	9	4	10	4	2	2	4	4	1
Rutland,	7	6	—	—	4	9	2	4	4	0
Leicester,	7	11	6	0	4	8	2	4	4	3
Nottingham,	7	5	5	4	4	9	2	7	4	3
Derby,	7	10	—	—	—	—	2	9	4	3
Stafford,	7	11	5	5	4	10	2	9	4	8
Salop,	8	2	5	11	4	3	2	9	5	4
Hereford,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Worcester,	8	8	5	4	5	2	2	10	4	10
Warwick,	7	5	—	—	—	—	2	7	4	10
Gloucester,	7	9	—	—	3	1	2	5	4	6
Wiltshire,	6	9	—	—	3	2	2	5	4	6
Berks,	6	9	—	—	3	5	2	6	3	11
Oxford,	7	5	—	—	3	8	2	8	4	1
Bucks,	7	0	—	—	4	0	2	8	4	0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	9	3	5	3	6	2	5	3	6
Suffolk,	6	6	2	11	3	2	2	2	3	1
Norfolk,	6	2	2	11	2	10	2	3	—	—
Lincoln,	6	11	4	0	3	7	2	3	3	9
York,	7	6	5	2	—	—	2	7	3	10
Durham,	7	5	4	4	3	9	2	9	4	2
Northumberland,	6	6	4	5	3	4	2	7	4	0
Cumberland,	7	9	5	4	4	9	3	2	5	0
Westmoreland,	8	1	6	0	4	10	3	0	—	—
Lancashire,	7	5	—	—	3	3	2	7	4	2
Cheshire,	7	8	6	3	4	5	2	8	—	—
Monmouth,	7	9	—	—	4	6	2	5	—	—
Somerset,	7	1	3	6	—	—	2	4	3	11
Devon,	6	2	—	—	3	1	1	11	—	—
Cornwall,	5	11	—	—	3	4	2	0	—	—
Dorset,	6	11	—	—	2	11	2	4	4	8
Hampshire,	6	4	—	—	3	1	2	3	4	0
Suffex,	5	8	—	—	2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent,	6	1	3	2	3	8	2	3	3	3

From August 8, to August 13, 1774.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	5	10	4	0	3	0	2	4	4	10
South Wales,	8	4	7	6	4	5	2	4	3	9

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	6	3	4	8	3	4	2	11	3	2	3

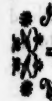
Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For July, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1	W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	58 66	Cloudy.
2	S.&E.S.E. calm	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	62 70 ¹ / ₂	Sunshine and sultry.
3	S.S.W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	64 68	Fair.
4	W. little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	65 68 ¹ / ₂	Pleasant showers.
5	W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	68 70	Heavy showers.
6	W.S.W. fresh	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	58 62	Thunder and heavy rain.
7	W. fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	57 64	Sunshiny day.
8	S.S.W. fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	61 63	Forenoon cloudy, evening rain.
9	W. strong	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	58 61 ¹ / ₂	Heavy showers.
10	W. fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	59 63	Slight showers, intervals sunshine.
11	W. little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	58 62 ¹ / ₂	Heavy showers.
12	W.S.W. fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	58 60	Frequent showers.
13	W. little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	58 ¹ / ₂ 62	Fair.
14	W.N.W. fresh	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	59 63	Ditto.
15	W.N.W. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	57 ¹ / ₂ 62	Cloudy.
16	W.N.W. little	30 ² / ₁₀	59 66	Bright day.
17	W. calm	30	59 ¹ / ₂ 64	Cloudy.
18	N.W. fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	59 ¹ / ₂ 63	Cloudy and some rain.
19	W. fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	59 ¹ / ₂ 62	Cloudy, afternoon heavy rain.
20	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	60 61 ¹ / ₂	Heavy showers.
21	S.W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	59 61	Cloudy and some rain.
22	N.N.W. little	30	60 63	Bright day.
23	S.S.W. little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	61 66 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
24	W. calm	30	61 ¹ / ₂ 70	Ditto and sultry.
25	W.S.W. calm	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	64 72	Ditto.
26	W.N.W. calm	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	64 ¹ / ₂ 74	Afternoon heavy rain.
27	W. fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	63 ¹ / ₂ 68	Cloudy.
28	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	61 64	Frequent flight showers.
29	W. strong	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	62 ¹ / ₂ 63 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
30	W.N.W. strong	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	61 63	Cloudy.
31	N. little	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	62 64 ¹ / ₂	Fine day.

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.

BANK		E. India	South Sea	Old S. Sea	New	3 per Cent	3 per Cent	3 per Cent	3 per Cent	1/2 per Ct.	4 per Cent	Long	Ind. Bonds	Nat. Bk.
		Stock.	Stock.	Annuit.	Annuit.	Reduced.	Consols.	Consols.	Consols.	An. 1751.	An. 1758.	Annuity.	prem.	disc.
Jul. 27	—	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	80 1/2	89 1/2	25 1/2	50 1/2	7 1/2
28	143 1/2	—	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
29	143 1/2	149	—	88 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
30	—	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
31	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
Aug. 1	—	148 1/2	—	—	—	89 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
2	144	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
3	—	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
4	143 1/2	144	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
5	143 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
6	143 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
7	143 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
8	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
9	—	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
10	143 1/2	144	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
11	144 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
12	144 1/2	148 1/2	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
13	—	149	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
14	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
15	144 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
16	144 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
17	144 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
18	146 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
19	145 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
20	—	—	—	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
21	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
22	145 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
23	145 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
24	145 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2
25	145 1/2	149 1/2	97 1/2	87 1/2	—	88 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	89 1/2	—	50 1/2	7 1/2



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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Observations on a Variety of Subjects, literary, moral, and religious ; in a Series of original Letters, written by a Gentleman of foreign Extraction, who resided some Time in Philadelphia ; revised by a Friend, to whose Hands the Manuscript was committed for Publication, in Philadelphia.

LETTER I.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount P——, at Oxford.

MY LORD,



Y the last New-York mail I received a letter from Charles, informing me of your lordship's return from Italy, and your resolution of spending a few months at Oxford. I well know your particular attachment to the agreeable society of Magdalen-hall; and could almost wish myself for a few weeks on the banks of Isis, that I might be a humble partaker of that *feast of reason, and that flow of soul*, in which you bear so illustrious a part. But I must stay out the time of

VOL. II.

H

my

my transportation.* Two years, at least, was the period which my good lord H—— allotted me to spend in this and one or two neighbouring provinces of North-America. Think not, however, that I repine at my situation : I am delighted with this country. The New World is indeed launched forth, and has proceeded more than half-way to meet the Old. But if the country itself was not so charming, as it really must appear to every impartial eye, yet I have been placed in such circumstances as could not fail of making any spot upon earth agreeable. I have been happily introduced to a set of acquaintance, whose hospitality, good-sense, and good-humour, do honour to human nature. I am entertained at a merchant's house in this city, who is of the sect of people called Quakers, and is possessed of as much urbanity and true politeness as I have ever met with.

I am now sitting at a window that overlooks the majestic Delaware ; compared with which, our Isis and Cherwell, though immortalized in song, would appear but little babbling brooks. The woods along the opposite shore of New-Jersey are clothed in their brightest verdure, and afford a pleasing rest and refreshment to the eye, after it hath glanced across the watery mirror. Whilst I am writing this, three topsail vessels, wafted along by a gentle southern breeze, are passing by my window : the voice of industry perpetually resounds along the shore ; and every wharf within my view is surrounded with groves of masts, and heaped with commodities of every kind, from almost every quarter of the globe.

I cannot behold this lively active scene, without lamenting, that the streams of commerce should ever be checked in their course, or directed to wander in other channels than those which they now possess. Were your lordship to be but a few months on the spot, you would feel the force of this reflection ; and I am sure your justly-acquired influence in a British parliament would soon be exerted, to silence the clamours of jealousy, and rectify the misinformed zeal of true patriotism. I know that you move in a much larger sphere than is generally circumscribed by the hand of party ; and, if you have hitherto voted on the side of administration, it was because you have hitherto apprehended it to be the side of justice : for your honest heart is ever ready to embrace truth, even when introduced to you in the form of a Junius or a Wilkes. — But I am not going to enter upon the field of politics : this I leave to Charles, who has often told us, that he would not give a far-thing

* A merry allusion to the case of those convicts who are sentenced to be transported to America for a certain number of years.

thing for a conversation that was not well seasoned with religion or politics. I only mean to entertain your lordship, at present, with a short account of what I have seen and heard since I have been in this city.

Dean Prideaux, in his Connection of the Old and New Testament, speaks of William Penn's having laid out his new city after the plan of Babylon. Perhaps it might be difficult, at this time of day, to ascertain what this plan was : be this as it may, I am not so well versed in antiquity, as to be able to pronounce, whether there is the least resemblance or not betwixt Babylon and Philadelphia. Of this, however, your lordship may be certain, that no city could be laid out with more beauty and regularity than Philadelphia. Its streets cross each other at right-angles ; those which run from north to south being parallel to each other, as well as those from east to west. Notwithstanding the vast progress that has been already made, a considerable time must elapse before the whole plan is executed. The buildings from north to south, along the bank of the Delaware, including the suburbs, now extend near two miles ; and those from east to west, about half a mile from the river : but, according to the original plan, they are to extend as far, nay, farther, I believe, than the beautiful river Schuylkill, which runs about two miles west of Delaware.

The principal street, which is a hundred feet wide, would have a noble appearance, were it not for an ill-contrived courthouse, and a long range of shambles, which they have stuck in the very middle of it. This may, indeed, be very convenient for the inhabitants, and on their market-days exhibits such a scene of plenty, as is scarcely to be equalled by any single market in Europe : but I am apt to think, that moveable stalls, contrived so as to afford shelter from the weather, would have answered the purpose full as well ; and then the avenue might have been left entirely open. The streets are all well paved, in the middle, for carriages, and there is a foot-path of hard bricks on each side next the houses. The houses, in general, are plain, but not elegant ; for the most part built upon the same plan ; a few excepted, which are finished with some taste, and neatly decorated within. The streets are well lighted by lamps, placed at proper distances ; and watchmen and scavengers* are constantly employed for security and cleanliness.

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Almost

* The author has been misinformed in this article : there are no scavengers in Philadelphia yet ; but it is hoped, that a regulation of this kind will soon take place.

Almost every sect in Christendom has here found a happy asylum; and such is the catholic spirit that prevails, that I am told they have frequently and chearfully assisted each other in erecting their several places of worship. These places, too, generally partake of the plainness and neatness of their dwelling-houses, being seldom enriched by any costly ornaments. Here are three churches that use the liturgy and ceremonies of our church of England; but only two of them are under any episcopal jurisdiction.* Christ-church has by far the most venerable appearance of any building in this city; and the whole architecture, including an elegant steeple, (which is furnished with a complete ring of bells,) would not disgrace one of the finest streets in Westminster. The eastern front is particularly well designed and executed; but its beauty is in a great measure lost by its being set too near the street, instead of being placed, as it ought to have been, forty or fifty feet back.

The State-house, as it is called, is a large plain building, two stories high. The lower story is divided into two large rooms; in one of which the provincial assembly meet, and in the other the supreme court of judicature is held. The upper story consists of a long gallery, which is generally used for public entertainments, and two rooms adjoining it; one of which is appropriated for the governor and his council; the other, I believe, is yet unoccupied. In one of the wings, which join the main building, by means of a brick arcade, is deposited a valuable collection of books, belonging to a number of the citizens, who are incorporated by the name of The Library-Company of Philadelphia. To this library I have free access, by favour of my friend the merchant, who is one of the company. You would be astonished, my lord, at the general taste for books, which prevails among all orders and ranks of people in this city: the librarian assured me, that, for one person of distinction and fortune, there were twenty tradesmen, that frequented this library.

Behind and adjoining to the State-house, was some time since erected a tower, of such miserable architecture, that the legislature have wisely determined to let it go to decay, (the upper part being entirely of wood,) that it may hereafter be built upon a new and more elegant construction. Mr. F——, the late speaker of the assembly, with whom I have several times conversed, informed me, that the plot of ground on which the State-house stands, and which is one of the squares of

* Since the first publication of these letters, the bishop of London, at the earnest request of the vestry-men and congregation of St. Paul's church, has ordained and licensed their minister.

of the city, is to be planted with trees, and divided into walks, for the recreation of the citizens. I could not help observing to him, that it would be a considerable improvement of their plan, if the legislature could purchase another square, which lies to the south of this, and apply it to the same salutary purpose; as otherwise their walks must be very contracted, unless they make them of a circular or serpentine form.

The internal police of this city is extremely well regulated: you seldom hear of any such mobs, or riots, as I am told are frequent among their northern neighbours. The poor are amply provided for, and lodged and boarded in a very large and commodious building, to which they have given the name of The house of Employment; because all such as are able to work are here employed in the different trades or manufactures to which they were brought up. This building likewise stands upon one of the city-squares, and, when completed, will form a quadrangle as large, and of much the same appearance, as some of our colleges. In passing through the apartments, I observed and pointed out to one of the managers, who was so obliging as to accompany me, an inconvenience, which he assured me would be rectified as soon as their funds would admit of it; viz. the want of a few little private rooms, for the better accommodation of such poor as have formerly lived in good circumstances, and whose misery must needs be considerably heightened by their being obliged to board and lodge in the same common and open apartment with the vilest of their species.

For the sick and lunatic, an hospital has been erected, by private contributions, under the particular countenance and encouragement of the legislature. The building is still unfinished. I walked round it, but did not choose to venture into this retreat of human woe, as I had formerly suffered much from a visit to Bedlam.

Whilst I was at breakfast one day last week with Dr. M—, whom I had seen at Oxford some years ago, he received a card to attend a public commencement at the college the next day. As I expressed a desire of accompanying him there, if it should not be inconvenient, he very politely called upon me in the morning, and took me into the apparatus-room, where the trustees or governors of the college were met. There is no place or scene, that I have visited since my arrival in America, at which I more ardently wished for your lordship's presence than this. I accompanied the procession of trustees and professors into their public hall. The provost opened the commencement with two or three collects of our liturgy, well chosen and adapted to the occasion, together with an excellent prayer

prayer of his own composition. The exercises were some in English, and some in Latin; consisting of forensic and syllogistic disputations, and several little essays in the declamatory way; which the young gentlemen, for the most part, delivered with propriety of pronunciation and action; though a gentleman, who sat next me, declared that the present candidates were by no means equal to many who had received the honours of this seminary. Their pronunciation of the Latin, indeed, seemed to be a little defective; and yet they have an excellent pattern in the gentleman who presided during the acts, who spake with great distinctness, and paid due regard to quantity and emphasis.

The peculiar attention, that is given in this seminary to the English language, is worthy of being imitated by our universities and academies at home. They have a professor here, whose sole business it is to teach boys their native tongue grammatically, and instruct them in the method of reading and pronouncing it with propriety. For this purpose, he is frequently exercising them in little speeches, extracted from plays, parliamentary debates, Roman history, poems, sermons, &c. and I am told, that the seminary owes much of its present reputation to this part of its plan.

The professor of languages has the Latin and Greek school in excellent order, both with respect to instruction and discipline; and he assured me, that he had seldom less than eighty or ninety boys under his care. The higher classics are read in the philosophical schools, under the direction of the provost and vice-provost, who give lectures in geography, mathematics, logic, rhetoric, natural and moral philosophy.

Upon the college has lately been engrafted a medical school, with professors in all the branches necessary to complete a medical education: so that we have now annually a course of lectures in anatomy, the theory and practice of physic, botany, materia medica, and chemistry. Pupils from all parts of the continent, I am told, have crowded to Philadelphia since this school was opened, as the advantages here are thought to be almost equal to those in Europe. Nothing now seems to be wanting, to render this seminary an *university* in the largest sense of the word, but two more professorships, one in divinity, and the other in civil and municipal law. The first of these, however, is supplied by the provost himself, who reads a course of divinity-lectures when any of the pupils declare themselves candidates for the ministry.

One thing I must not omit, which cannot fail of giving pleasure to a benevolent heart; and that is, that to this college is annexed a charitable-school, in which youth of both sexes

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are instructed in all the necessary parts of a common English education. A merchant of my acquaintance assured me, that he knew several instances of the happy effects of this charity; and, amongst the rest, that the young man, to whom he entrusted the chief part of his business, had received his education wholly at this school.

The situation of Philadelphia, in the very center of the British colonies, the manners of its inhabitants, the benevolent and catholic plan of this seminary, which exceeds any thing I ever met with at home or abroad, together with the moderate expence of a learned education here, are circumstances which, I am persuaded, must give this college the preference to any that are or may be erected in North-America; and I doubt not but that the inhabitants of the West-India islands, many of whom have been well educated and have a high taste for literature, did they once make the experiment, would soon be induced, by the success, to prefer an American to an English education, at least for the earlier season of their children's lives. For my part, I must confess, in spite of all my prejudices in favour of our beloved Oxford, that, had I a son, I should certainly choose to let him go through a course of education at Philadelphia college, before I ventured to send him to that university: for your lordship well knows, that what we principally expect, from spending a few years at Oxford or Cambridge, is, the opportunities we have there of conversing with men of genius, and forming such useful and agreeable connections, as may contribute not a little to our future happiness in life.

The very ingenious Dr. F——n, who, your lordship may remember, was introduced to you one evening at the d—— of N——d's, and who has been celebrated all over Europe for his discoveries in electricity, was among the first projectors of this institution; and I recollect, a few days since, to have heard a gentleman of this city, who is a friend to literature, and no enemy to Dr. F——n, express an ardent wish, that he would relinquish his political employments, and once more resume the philosophical chair; adding, that the calm regions of philosophy would, in his opinion, agree much better with the doctor's genius and disposition, than the stormy element of politics. Certain it is, that his fellow-citizens acknowledge themselves much indebted to him for many of the excellent institutions that do honour to their city and province; nor are they without hopes, that he will yet return to his native country, and employ the remainder of his days in assisting them to complete the several plans, for the success of which he once appeared to be so much in earnest.

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The college, however, is at present in good hands. Gentlemen of the first distinction for learning and fortune are among its trustees. The provost is well known for his literary character and excellent compositions, both in Europe and America. He was particularly patronized by the late good and learned archbishop of Canterbury, whose memory your lordship reveres; and, by his influence, obtained his majesty's brief for a collection throughout England, for the joint benefit of this seminary and that of New-York. Your lordship, I remember, was a contributor, and expressed your high approbation of the liberal and generous plan on which it was founded. This plan is most religiously adhered to; and though, among nine professors, there are but three of the church of England, yet this is not owing to any neglect or disrespect towards the members of our communion, but because no more than these three have hitherto presented themselves as candidates for any professorship; and the trustees never enquire into the religious profession, (provided it be Protestant,) but solely into the literary merit and moral character of those that offer. The vice-provost is one of the eldest and most respectable ministers of the Presbyterian denomination, and has the honour of being among the first that introduced science into this heretofore untutored wilderness.

I could not help expressing my surprise, in a conversation I had some time since with Mr. G——y, (an eminent and worthy lawyer in this city, and now speaker of the house of assembly,) that the legislature should never have taken this seminary under their protection. The hospital and house of employment, I observed, had been favoured with their countenance; and, as the cultivation of the human mind is an object of much higher importance than the care of the body, and the advantages derived from this college to the city and province must needs be very considerable, I could not but think it very justly entitled to some share of their liberality. I do not recollect this gentleman's answer; but I make no doubt, upon a proper application, that his influence and interest would be cheerfully exerted in that honourable house, to obtain a handsome endowment for this institution.

I have been the more minute and circumstantial in my account of the college, as I know your lordship is particularly interested in the progress of literature; and I am happy in an opportunity of affording you a little entertainment that will be agreeable to your taste. I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most sincere friend and devoted servant,

Philadelphia,

July 4, 1771.

T. CASPIPINA.

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The Oeconomy of Nature : by Isaac F. Biberg, Upsal. Amanitat. Academ. vol. ii.

Æternæ sunt vices rerum. Sen. Nat. 3, 1.

§. I.

BY the œconomy of nature we understand the all-wise disposition of the Creator in relation to natural things, by which they are fitted to produce general ends and reciprocal uses.

All things contained in the compass of the universe declare, as it were, with one accord, the infinite wisdom of the Creator: for whatever strikes our senses, whatever is the object of our thoughts, are so contrived, that they concur to make manifest the divine glory, *i. e.* the ultimate end which God proposed in all his works. Whoever duly turns his attention to the things on this our terraqueous globe must necessarily confess, that they are so connected, so chained together, that they all aim at the same end, and to this end a vast number of intermediate ends are subservient: but as the intent of this treatise will not suffer me to consider them all, I shall at present only take notice of such as relate to the preservation of natural things. In order, therefore, to perpetuate the established course of nature in a continued series, the divine wisdom has thought fit that all living creatures should constantly be employed in producing individuals; that all natural things should contribute and lend a helping hand to preserve every species; and, lastly, that the death and destruction of one thing should always be subservient to the restitution of another. It seems to me that a greater subject than this cannot be found, nor one on which laborious men may more worthily employ their industry, or men of genius their penetration.

I am very sensible, being conscious of my own weakness, how vast and difficult a subject it is, and how unable I am to treat it as it deserves; a subject which would be too great a task for the ability of the most experienced and sagacious men, and which, properly performed, would furnish materials for large volumes. My design, therefore, is only to give a summary view of it, and to set forth to the learned world, as far as I am able, whatever curious, worthy to be known, and not obvious to every observer, occurs in the triple kingdom of nature. Thus, if what the industry of others shall in future times discover, in this way, be added to these observations, it is to be hoped, that a common stock may thence grow and

come to be of some importance. But, before I examine these three kingdoms of nature, it will not, I think, be amiss to say something concerning the earth in general, and its changes.

§. 2. The world, or the terraqueous globe, which we inhabit, is every where surrounded with elements, and contains in its superficies the three kingdoms of nature, as they are called; the fossil, which constitutes the crust of the earth; the vegetable, which adorns the face of it, and draws the greatest part of its nourishment from the fossil kingdom; and the animal, which is sustained by the vegetable kingdom. Thus these three kingdoms cover, adorn, and vary, the superficies of our earth. It is not my design to make any inquiry concerning the center of the terraqueous globe: he, who likes hypotheses, may consult Descartes, Helmont, Kircher, and others: my business is to consider the external parts of it only, and whatever is obvious to the eye.

As to the strata of the earth and mountains, as far as we have hitherto been able to discover, the upper parts consist of rag-stone, the next of slate, the third of marble filled with petrifications, the fourth again with slate, and lastly the lowest of free-stone. The habitable part of the earth, though it is scooped into various inequalities, yet is every where high in comparison with the water, and the farther it is from the sea, it is generally higher. Thus the waters in the lower places are not at rest, unless some obstacle confines them, and by that means form lakes and marshes.

The sea surrounds the continent, and takes up the greatest part of the earth's superficies, as geography informs us. Nay, that it once spread over much the greater part, we may be convinced, by its yearly decrease, by the rubbish left by the tides, by shells, strata, and other circumstances.

The sea-shores are usually full of dead testaceous animals, wrack, and such like bodies, which are yearly thrown out of the sea: they are also covered with sand of various kinds, stones, and heaps of other things not very common. It happens, moreover, that, while the more rapid rivers rush through narrow valleys, they wear away the sides, and thus the friable and soft earth falls in, and its ruins are carried to distant and winding shores; whence it is certain, that the continent gains no small increase, as the sea subsides.

The clouds collected from exhalations, chiefly from the sea, but likewise from other waters and moist grounds, and condensed in the lower regions of the atmosphere, supply the earth with rain: but, since they are attracted by the mountainous parts of the earth, it necessarily follows, that those parts must have, as is fit, a larger share of water than the rest. Springs, which

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which generally rush out at the foot of mountains, take their rise from this very rain-water, and vapours condensed, that trickle through the holes and interstices of loose bodies, and are received into caverns. These afford a pure water, purged by straining, which rarely dries up in summer, or freezes in winter; so that animals never want a wholesome and refreshing liquor.

The chief sources of rivers are fountains and rills, growing by gradual supplies into still larger and larger streams, till, at last, after the conflux of a vast number of them, they find no stop, but, falling into the sea with lessened rapidity, they there deposit the united stores they have gathered, along with foreign matter and such earthy substances as they tore off in their way. Thus the water returns in a circle, whence it first drew its origin, that it may act over the same scene again.

Marshes, arising from water retained in low grounds, are filled with mossy tumps, which are brought down by the water from the higher parts, or are produced by putrified plants.

We often see new meadows arise from marshes dried up. This happens sooner when the sphagnum* (L. S. 864.†) has laid a foundation; for this, in process of time, changes into a very porous mould, till almost the whole marsh is filled with it. After that, the rush strikes root, and, along with the cotton-grasses, constitutes a turf, raised in such a manner, that the roots get continually higher, and thus lay a more firm foundation for other plants, till the whole marsh is changed into a fine and delightful meadow; especially if the water happens to work itself a new passage.

Hillocks, that abound in low grounds, occasion the earth to increase yearly, more than the countryman would wish, and seem to do hurt: but in this the great industry of nature deserves to be taken notice of; for by this means the barren spots become sooner rich meadow and pasture land. These hillocks are formed by the ant, by stones, and roots, and the trampling of cattle: but the principal cause is the force of the winter cold, which, in the spring, raises the roots of plants so high above the ground, that, being exposed to the air, they grow and perish; after which the golden maiden-hairs fill the vacant places.

Mountains, hills, valleys, and all the inequalities of the earth, though some think they take away much from its beauty, are so far from producing such an effect, that, on the contrary, they give a more pleasing aspect, as well as great advantages;

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* A kind of moss.

† This refers to the first edition of the *Flora Suecica*: it is 958 in the second edition.

advantages : for thus the terrestrial superficies is larger ; different kinds of plants thrive better and are more easily watered ; and the rain-waters run in continual streams into the sea ; not to mention many other uses in relation to winds, heat, and cold. Alps are the highest mountains, that reach to the second region of the air, where trees cannot grow erect. The higher these Alps are, the colder they are, *ceteris paribus* : hence the high mountains in Sweden, Siberia, Swisserland, Peru, Brasil, Armenia, Asia, Africa, are perpetually covered with snow ; which becomes almost as hard as ice. But, if by chance the summer heats be greater than ordinary, some part of these stores melts, and runs through rivers into the lower regions, which by this means are much refreshed.

It is scarcely to be doubted, but that the rocks and stones, dispersed over the globe, were formed originally in and from the earth : but, when torrents of rain have softened, as they easily do, the soluble earth, and carried it down into the lower parts, we imagine it happens that these solid and heavy bodies, being laid bare, flick out above the surface. We might also take notice of the wonderful effects of the tide, such as we see happen from time to time on the sea-shore ; which, being daily and nightly assaulted with repeated blows, at length gives way and breaks off. Hence we see, in most places, the rubbish of the sea and shores.

The winter, by its frost, prepares the earth and mould, which thence are broken into very minute particles, and thus, being put into a mouldering state, become more fit for the nourishment of plants : nay, by its snow, it covers the seeds and roots of plants, and thus, by cold, defends them from the force of cold. I must add also, that the piercing frost of the winter purifies the atmosphere and putrid waters, and makes them more wholesome for animals.

The perpetual succession of heat and cold with us renders the summers more pleasing ; and, though the winter deprives us of many plants and animals, yet the perpetual summer within the tropics is not much more agreeable, as it often destroys men and other animals by its immoderate heat ; though it must be confessed that those regions abound with most exquisite fruits. Our winters, though very troublesome to a great part of the globe, on account of their vehement and intense cold, yet are less hurtful to the inhabitants of the northern parts, as experience testifies : hence it happens, that we may live very conveniently on every part of the earth, as every different country has different advantages from nature.

The seasons, like every thing else, have their vicissitudes, their beginnings, their progress, and their end.

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The age of man begins from the cradle ; pleasing childhood succeeds ; then active youth ; afterwards manhood, firm, severe, and intent upon self-preservation ; lastly, old-age creeps on, debilitates, and at length totally destroys, our tottering bodies.

The seasons of the year proceed in the same way. Spring, the jovial playful infancy of all living creatures, represents childhood and youth ; for then plants spread forth their luxuriant flowers, fishes exult, birds sing, every part of nature is intent upon generation. The summer, like middle age, exhibits plants and trees every where clothed with green ; it gives vigor to animals, and plumps them up : fruits then ripen ; meadows look chearful ; every thing is full of life. On the contrary, autumn is gloomy ; for then the leaves of trees begin to fall, plants to wither, insects to grow torpid, and many animals to retire to their winter quarters. The day proceeds with just such steps as the year. The morning makes every thing alert and fit for business ; the sun pours forth his ruddy rays ; the flowers, which had, as it were, slept all night, awake and expand themselves again ; the birds, with their sonorous voices and various notes, make the woods ring, meet together in flocks, and sacrifice to Venus. Noon tempts animals into the fields and pastures ; the heat puts them upon indulging their ease, and even necessity obliges them to it. Evening follows, and makes every thing more sluggish ; flowers shut up,* and animals retire to their lurking-places. Thus the spring, the morning, and youth, are proper for generation ; the summer, noon, and manhood, are proper for preservation ; and autumn, evening, and old-age, are not unfitly likened to destruction.

[*To be continued*]

An Account of the Abbey of La Trappe.

PERHAPS neither this nor any other age has produced an instance of greater austerity than that practised by the order

* Of such flowers as sleep by night some account is given by Linnæus, in *Philos. Botan.* p. 88 ; where the curious may also find, p. 274, a list of plants, one or other of which shut their flowers at every hour of the day, without regard to the weather. One plant is so remarkable for this property, that it is generally known in our country by the name of go-to-bed-at-noon : its botanical name is *tragopogon*, or goat's-beard. See a dissertation in the *A-mæn. Acad.* vol. 4 ; where this subject is treated at large.

der of hermits called, The Brothers of the La Trappe. Nothing that we read of, either suggested by superstition, terror, or piety, can equal the rigours these unhappy mortified men are known to sustain. Dead to this world and all its allurements, they live to God alone; and perhaps there are some sins that nothing but such repentance and austerity can wash away. Perhaps there are some men, who, to continue pious, must be withheld from temptation.

The abbey of La Trappe is situated in the diocese of Sear in Normandy, in a remote valley, secluded from the inhabited part of the country for several miles round it. One would think that Nature herself had formed this valley, for the mournful retreat of penitence and prayer. It is surrounded by forests, lakes, and mountains, for a considerable extent: the air is unwholesome; the region humid; but the small spot, on which the monastery stands, is fertile, producing fruit-trees, and capable of cultivation.

A gloomy and horrid silence seems to have reigned here from the birth of time; and it is impossible to express the melancholy and dreadful solemnity it inspires in the breast of the stranger who approaches it. In fact, what subject can be fitter for the imagination of a poet, or painter, than what is here discovered? — trees that seem almost co-eval with the deluge; a rustling wind, that still seems to groan in hollow murmurs through the clefts of the neighbouring rocks; the plaintive sound of a distant waterfall, that rolls along over a stony bottom. Such is the first appearance of this scene of solitary sadness to the approaching traveller; which, however, it is impossible to arrive at without a guide. At length, having descended a mountain, and pursued our way through a thick wood, by difficult and steepy ways, we arrive at the monastery, which to the spectator appears, at first view, a cave buried in a rock. Within this, however, there is a square, planted with fruit-trees; near this, a place that serves for kitchen, bake-house, cellars, and other offices belonging to a convent.

This abbey, entitled that of our lady of La Trappe, was first founded by the count of Rotrou, in the twelfth century, under the pontificate of Innocent II. and in the reign of Lewis VII. king of France. He completed this undertaking in pursuance of a vow which he had made for having escaped shipwreck. In order to perpetuate the memory of his escape, he gave orders that the building should eternally represent a ship with its keel upward; and this form it keeps to this day.

Trappe, in the language of the country, signifies a stair; and this convent has been so called, because, to enter it, we are obliged to descend by several gloomy steps of stone, which produce

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produce an inexpressible awe in those unaccustomed to the place.

For several years after this abbey was built, it was remarkable for the austerity and irreproachable conduct of its members: in time, however, the irruptions of the English, the fury of the civil wars, and the natural propension of mankind to evil, reduced it, from its primitive simplicity and piety, to a place of wild disorder and vicious retreat from punishment.

Thus, from having been a place of pious example to the country round, it became noted for its impieties and its debaucheries. The religious it contained were only religious in name: hunting, and still more profane amusements, were their only occupation; and the increase of their crimes awakened, in the breasts of the magistrates, an intention to extirpate a set of men who had retired from the world, only to avoid the punishment and infamy due to their vices, and to practise them in secret with impunity.

This was the situation of affairs in this convent when the famous abbé Rance came to make it a retreat for his piety and despair. This gentleman was originally possessed of a large fortune, and all the talents that could excite to the enjoyment of it. He had fallen in love with the beautiful madame Montbazon, from whom he received a mutual return of passion: but her unfortunate death, at the time when he expected to possess the choicest and most valued of all terrestrial blessings, at once interrupted his happiness, and destroyed his taste for the world. No efforts made by himself, no arts used by his friends, could eradicate his lasting passion; like a fire pent up in a subterraneous cavern, it burst its boundaries, and gathered strength from opposition: even time, that often diminishes our acutest pains, only served to make his grief the stronger. It was in the gloomy severity of the most austere religious discipline that he was resolved to bury his passion. To this frightful solitude he retired, to converse with heaven, and to forget that world which only afforded him a renewal of pain. He therefore gave up his large possessions, and established here a new order. An eternal silence is the first injunction of their discipline: so strongly was their founder resolved upon this, that he assured his pious brothers that it was as great a sin to speak as to blaspheme: their language, therefore, consists rather in signs than words. If they are ever obliged to violate the rigours of this institution, they speak as few words as possible, and those only just necessary for communication. So ignorant are they of each others mutual concerns, that we are informed two brothers lived together in this solitude for several years, without knowing each other. At length, one of them, upon

upon his death-bed, informed the father abbot, that he had left a brother in the world, for whose safety and salvation only he was solicitous ; and that this idea came across him now in the hour of death, and in some measure abated the fervour of his devotions.

The father abbot, who knew the secret, brought both the brothers together ; and the survivor, with tears of joy, took leave of his friend, who had thus reached the goal before him.

In whatever place they meet, they only incline the head, without speaking : their salutations of greater solemnity are reserved only for the abbot, and strangers who come to visit the monastery. They abstain from all food but pulse, roots and lettuces, and brown bread. Their drink is water, and they are denied wine, even in the infirmary. They go to bed in summer at eight o'clock, and in winter at seven. They always rise at two o'clock in the morning to mattins ; which last two hours and a half. They work, every day, three hours and a half in the morning, and as many after dinner. Besides this, they are employed in the domestic offices, in writing the books for the church, in binding others, turning, and grinding their corn.

At seven they all retire to their beds ; which are only boards, with a bolster made of straw ; and they are never permitted to undress. The sick, who are not even allowed a physician, are always obliged to rise at three o'clock in the afternoon, to go to evening prayers with the rest of the community. They are not permitted to take broths, or other refreshing things, except in cases of the utmost extremity. They go to chapel, bearing upon some of the other brethren ; and, in that situation, receive the last rites of the church. When they have thus prepared for death, they are laid along upon a pallet of straw, and in that hour of agony they shew instances of heroic piety but little known among mankind. All strangers are received by a porter, who is a member of the community, and who, after declining his head, and saying a prayer, goes to inform the father abbot of their arrival. The abbot humbles himself before the strangers in the same manner as the porter, and conducts them to the church, presents them with holy water, and shews them their apartment. During their repast, which is always simple, there is read a portion of some pious book, such as the Imitation of Jesus Christ ; and round several parts of the walls are poems written by the religious themselves, tending to fortify them in their resolutions, and to exalt their piety : a translation of one of them will serve as a sample.

A few

*A few poor herbs, with bread and salt,
For our repast are giv'n :
What food can holy hermits want,
Whose hearts are fill'd with heav'n ?*

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS I know you pride yourself upon presenting your friends and the public with more original pieces than are to be furnished by any other periodical publication, I leave you at liberty to insert the inclosed letters, which I have lately received from a gentleman who is now on his travels in Africa, solely in pursuit of natural-history : the productions of this part of the globe are very imperfectly known here, and I can assure you, that every information of my correspondent may be depended upon.

APYREXIA.

LETTER I.

S I R,

Dated from Sierra Lionne, June 22.

I HAVE long been in hopes that some discovery in the mineral kingdom would have given me a much better excuse for addressing you than I can at present urge.

I have been much disappointed. The coast, as far as I have seen of it, does not promise any variety of metals ; even very few fossils are to be found.

For about sixty leagues extent upon the coast, the cliffs consist of red earth, gravel, rocks mixed with mica, much resembling the Scotch granite and red rocks, honeycombed, and irregular, like the clinkers, or slag, left in furnaces when the coals are consumed.

These rocks seem as if they had once been in a liquid state, or fused by heat. They are filled, in many places, with small red stones and pebbles, and pieces of loadstone, which we sometimes find possessed with a tolerable degree of magnetical virtue. In some places these rocks appear replete with iron ore, which probably has once been in a liquid state, as immense masses of the granite rock are cemented together by it.

Nature does not seem to have indulged herself in many freaks with the stones and pebbles : the solitary shores wear one uniform dull appearance, either of granite-rocks or large masses of iron-ore. It is certain that iron abounds in the interior parts, as the natives make all their own instruments of it ; and, I will answer for it, they do not venture far under ground in search of it. Here is very little spar to be seen amongst the

pebbles, and none of those variegated pebbles, belemnites, incrustations, &c. which are so amusing upon the English shores.

A considerable black trader here has got some kind of spar, which is very white. It does not break in particular forms, but like flint-glass, and cuts glass like a diamond. He received it from some interior part, and at first entertained hopes of its being a precious stone. I have just got a specimen.

The Plantane Isles are very low, and the soil is almost entirely sand. They abound with many of the iron-rocks, and likewise others of the same colour, but as soft as half-burnt brick. These seem composed of red-oker and sand. I have found in many of them hollow cylinders of a rather more firm substance than the other parts of the rock; but yet so liable to break, that I have not, for want of a very convenient conveyance, been able to get one home perfect. In the sand amongst these rocks, I have found red, yellow, and white, ochre; the two first of bright colours; many tons of which might be procured at those islands.

A great distance up the river Shirbro there is found a white ochre or clay, which the women use in painting their faces; but I have not yet been able to procure a specimen. There is very little pure clay in the country; perhaps none that is not mixed with one half or two-thirds of sand.

I know my remarks on this branch are crude and unimportant. You have then, sir, a strong proof that I entertain a great opinion of your candour and abilities: the former will induce you to excuse my inaccuracies; the latter enable you; and I have no doubt your goodness will prompt you to give me the best advice, how I may profit by the present opportunity of investigating the minerals and fossils of the coast.

LETTER II.

Dated from Eense Island, June 26.

The minerals and fossils of this part of the coast, I apprehend, will not afford much interesting matter to naturalists. The Mahometan blacks sometimes bring pieces of gold shaped somewhat like rings, and by the traders called country rings. They are made of very pure metal and very thin, and of sizes from the value of one pound to six or eight pounds sterling.

The women hang them upon their breasts and those of the young girls which attend them. The men travel into the very heart of the continent; of which they give such imperfect descriptions, that we cannot learn where the metal is found. I have observed at the Bananas, where I chiefly reside, and at other places, amongst the granite and red rocks, many round nodules

nodules of stone, from the bigness of a man's head, to ten times the size. These seem composed of coats formed over one another; but they are not so hard as the other rocks.

Some sandy bays at the Plantane Isles abound with sand; each grain as big as a pea. The sandy bays at the Bananas yield much to our steps, and the breaking of the surface causes a harsh noise, much resembling that made by walking in the snow, but much more creaking and disagreeable; which sets my teeth so much on-edge, that I am obliged to avoid walking over them, though it would otherwise be at some times a pleasant exercise.

The afore-mentioned sands are very white; but the sand upon one of the Turtle Islands is as white as the whitest marble.

Such an expedition as mine is attended with great expence, and greater difficulties: I am now well acquainted with the principal, and wish to make the utmost advantages of the opportunity, while in my grasp.

Pertinent enquiries and instructions from the curious will enable me to satisfy them in many points, which may else remain unknown or doubtful to the present generation: I am, therefore, solicitous to increase my correspondence. I shall be happy to answer every querist; and therefore, if any of your acquaintance have any doubts to ascertain, I shall endeavour to satisfy their curiosity.

I wish there were a society established in London for the encouragement of natural-history only; I would contribute to the utmost of my abilities. Can it not be done? Many young naturalists are starting up: a good nursery seems the only thing wanting, to make the English excel in this as well as the other sciences.

LETTER III.

Dated from Bananas, July 19.

I cannot by this opportunity make many additions to my former observations. The late rainy season has been the severest known by the oldest inhabitants. My thatched house is so miserably put together, that I have had little to do but to contend with the wind and rain, to preserve my books, cabinets, and other moveables, from perishing with wet and consequent vermine. The myriads of destructive insects we have to contend with will scarce be conceived from the most accurate account. Our houses swarm with varieties of ants, cockroaches, spiders, wasps, and other insects, lizards, rats, snakes, &c.

We give spiders and lizards free quarter : the former destroy the greater part of our troublesome insects, and the lizards destroy both them and the spiders promiscuously. The rats not only do us incredible mischief, but bring the snakes amongst us, who prey upon them. I have had snakes here, with fourteen fowls eggs in them, and half a dozen rats. We have the lobster-spider, and terrible tarantulas, which we dread as much as snakes. Without frequently shifting our moveables, we should be over-run with them.

I begin, however, to think the bite of the tarantula of no very great consequence. I had a slave bit with one yesterday : the place did not swell ; but the man pretended, and I believe only pretended, great pain ; and that, to avoid working. The negroes I take to be the worst beings of *human form* ; the most lazy, dissolute, and vicious. The slaves are, in general, the outcast of this corrupt society. Guess, then, what worthless wretches I am among.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On RELIGION and CIVILIZATION, &c.

"*There are afflictions for our good, temptations for our trial, difficulties for our exercise, and employments for our powers and graces : but the tendency of religion is to recover the soundness, and supply the defects, of nature ; to beautify and adorn the soul of man with all these virtues which accomplish him for a regular life, and for a happy end.*" WHICHCOTE.

"*No greater service can be done to religion, than to make true, wise, and honourable representations of it ; such as shew it to be agreeable to the moral perfections of God, and the nature, reason, and necessity, of things.*" JEFFERY.

ON considering the thoughts of your correspondent, CATO, on the subject of civilization, (see p. 518. of vol. 1.) I could not help observing, that all the appearance of argument, which he has brought against it, is very similar to what the enemies of religion have brought against its highest degree of perfection, Christianity itself, and to what fanatics and enthusiasts of all ages have brought against every considerable improvement in human acquisitions. The man that is prejudiced against religion will tell you, that Christianity has contributed to the clouding and enslaving of the understanding, to the spreading of dissensions and animosities in society, beyond any religion known to the heathen world ; and he will support his assertions

assertions by the testimonies of the best historians of every country where it has prevailed : but an examination into facts will demonstratively prove, that it is not to the genius or spirit of Christianity that these effects are in any wise to be attributed ; that being friendly, in the highest degree, to humanity, since its whole tendency is, as my motto has it, “ to recover the soundness, and supply the defects, of nature ; to beautify and adorn the soul of man with all those virtues which accomplish him for a regular life, and for a happy end.”

To what, then, shall we attribute effects so notorious, that have contributed to the subversion of so good a cause, but to the introduction of worldly policy into religion, whereby it has been made an engine of state, and to a zeal without knowledge, wherein the corrupted passions and affections of our nature, instead of being reformed, purified, and rendered amiable, have at length been only transformed, still remaining under the influence of a capricious unrectified will, or converted to the purposes of ambition and vain-glory, or superstition and idolatry, to the increase of human deformity, and its constant attendant, human misery ?

But, when I speak of human misery as being the attendant on human deformity, I speak with respect to a general view of society, and am confident that the truth of history, from father Adam’s time to the present moment, will bear me out. Yet, when we take a view of the state of individuals, it is no less certain that their unhappiness is apparently increased here, by virtue of sympathy with the distresses that encompass them, to which the best men ever have been, and ever will (in the present state of the world) be subjected, and with which, from the very nature of goodness, they cannot but be most tenderly affected.

If it be asked, how these effects are reconcileable with the permission of a first, all-powerful, wise, and good Cause ? I can only answer, that they appear to arise from our abuse of that degree of free-agency that is granted us, without which we should have been mere machines, unaccountable for actions ; and, from this view of the case, all the sufferings we are subjected to may ultimately operate to our correction, information, and rectification ; to a fitness for our glorification and final consummation, in such a degree of happiness as will abundantly counterbalance the pains and anxieties of our short probationary state, and manifest to us that God is indeed good, and intitled to our love and adoration.

Similar to the arguments brought against religion, with respect to their futility, are those of your (in some respects ingenious) correspondent, CATO, on civilization : he tells us, in

in his chosen motto from Rousseau, that they were "happy times when men inhabited the woods and fed on acorns,"—and, having nothing to lose, had nothing to fear; and, he might have added, gratified the grosser appetites and affections without restraint; for this last has mostly, if not always, been an attendant on a rude uncultivated state of society; which, in fact is, viewed in all its circumstances, approaching as near as is possible to an exchange of the human to mere animal nature, where the pains of anticipation are annihilated by the extinction of hope and fear, and the proper regulation and exercise of the human faculties and industry are to yield to the impulses of blind instinctive appetites and passions.

Indeed, Mr. Editor, it is to lead us back, in its consequences, from our present state of civilization, to the state of the Otaheiteans first, and of cannibals in its progress; whereby, to avoid being kept on bread and water in a prison, (the worst state we are at present subjected to,) we are to be privileged to live on what we can find on the trees in the woods, and to drink of the rivulets freely; and, as the ultimate consequence of the plan, to murder each other for better sustenance: but, I believe, few or none of your readers will incline to the change, even so much as to try the experiment.

"In civilized countries (we are told) a great majority of mankind are illiterate paupers, mere slaves to the minority, and have little else than rags and wretchedness." The representation is but too true, I grant; but how is it to be remedied? not by promoting greater ignorance and indolence, and the extinction of all just sentiments of religion, (which Rousseau's plan would lead to,) but rather by promoting, to the utmost, that most just and amiable degree of civilization which Christianity inculcates, of teaching each other as brethren, and, by diffusing light and knowledge in the world, correcting the barbarous propensities of degenerated nature. And, notwithstanding the wretched representation that your correspondent gives of the state of the lower orders of men in what are called civilized countries, I cannot see how the evils complained of can be placed to the account of civilization, but rather to the defects of civilization. For instance: Scotland ranked among the civilized countries of Europe before the breaking of the clans, when the greater part of the people were the most miserable of slaves, at the disposal of their lords, as was formerly the case in this kingdom and most parts of Europe, and continues to be the unhappy situation of Poland. But this was seen, by the improvement of knowledge, to be a great defect in the civilization of that country; and, in order to promote liberty, the enlargement of the understanding, and industry, the power

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of keeping such a number of their fellow-creatures in a savage state of slavish dependence was taken from the chieftains or lords of the soil ; whereby lands that lay waste have been so improved as to produce manifold what they did before ; schools have been erected, the understanding has been informed, manufactories have been established, people that used to go almost naked, and live little or nothing better than their lord's cattle, and in some respects not so well, are clothed, and from industry and the increased value of their labour, instead of feeding on " acorns and water," or sour whey and oatmeal, they now eat wheaten-bread, mutton, pork, and drink good wine and beer ; not to mention, Mr. Editor, their smoking also good tobacco into the bargain, and being more cleanly and polite in their manners : and, while they do these things with gratitude and thankfulness to the supreme Giver, I think the change is intitled to be called an improvement in civilization, and a proportionate increase of the happiness of their condition.

I am aware that there is still a great deal of misery in Scotland ; that the inhabitants emigrate fast to America ; and that many, by a too enterprising spirit, have involved themselves in difficulties at home : but the first is in part owing to their enlarged prospects of yet farther mending their condition, and to their being become more sensible of their oppressions, and not to their increase on the whole by any means, but to the increase of their sensibility, and discernment of their own interest ; and the last proceeds from too ardent a spirit of emulation for improving their circumstances beyond their abilities to accomplish. But these errors are productive of their own natural correction, and leave, with all their alloys, in possession and prospect, a great balance, on the whole, in favour of the improved state of civilization in that country.

The increase of civilization, with a proportionate degree of happiness in Scotland, is only mentioned as an instance in point of argument that is near at home, and which might be pursued in abundance of others throughout Europe, sufficient to fill a large treatise, rather than a small essay on this subject, if it were in any wise necessary. But, as the inhabitants of those parts of the wilds of America, where they chiefly live by war and hunting, seem to be what Rousseau and your correspondent particularly aim to put in contrast with the inhabitants of this isle, let us just take a concise view of their respective conditions. The Indians live a wandering life, in little societies, hid in the impenetrable and almost boundless forests of America, without arts, riches, or luxury, the instruments of subjection in polished societies. An Indian has no means of rendering himself considerable among his brethren,
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but either by some distinguishing superiority of his bodily frame, or a greater share of knowledge acquired by age and experience. They have all the same kind of education, and are much on an equality, and desire to remain so. Liberty, therefore, is the prevailing passion of the Indians; and their government, under the influence of this sentiment, is as well secured as by the wisest political regulations. They are very far, however, from despising all sorts of authority; they are attentive to the voice of that wisdom which experience has conferred on the aged, and they chuse for their chiefs such, in whose valour and military address they have learned to repose their confidence: but the power of their chiefs is rather persuasive than coercive; they are rather revered as fathers, than feared as monarchs. Age, with the Indians, is supposed to teach experience, and experience is the only source of knowledge among a barbarous people. Next, therefore, to their chiefs are the elders, who may be regarded as forming a kind of aristocracy, or assisting-counsellors to their chiefs, in all important matters. Their business is conducted with a simplicity that may recal, to those acquainted with antiquity, a picture of the most early ages of the world. Their orators express themselves in a bold figurative stile, stronger than what refined or polished nations can well bear, and with gestures equally violent, but of ten extremely natural and expressive.

And thus far, I dare say, Mr. Editor, we shall most heartily agree in admiring the polity of these people: but, when we go a little farther, and consider their wandering life, their precarious subsistence, their constant exposure to the extremities of weather, their being in themselves slaves to the most violent passions of cruelty and revenge, their barbarous superstitions and ceremonies, and the little rational consolation they can draw from the hopes of a future state, from their crude extravagant notions of religion, (if we admit, what the best men of all ages have admitted, the necessity of a fitness for divine enjoyments, by the rectification and purification of disordered nature from the influence of malignant passions,) we must, as men and as Christians, regret that so much good policy in their government should, in a manner, be lost to all the most valuable purposes of this life and the future, for want of civilization, the influence of right-reason, and the spirit of true religion, instead of wishing the civilized parts of the world degenerated again into the ferocious nature of the Indians, and under the influence of Areskoui,* or the god of war and cruelty.

Now

* Areskoui is, according to the Indians notion, the god of battle, and is invoked by them as the great god that presides over their affairs in war.

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Now to a view of the state of the inhabitants of this kingdom. It is granted, that there is a very great disproportion in their conditions, with respect to property and education; but, in the eye of the law, all are equally intitled to liberty and protection: and, though the lord, rich commoner, or wealthy tradesman, may riot in idleness, on the best of the flour, wine, and oil, and be clothed with the finest of the flax, as your correspondent complains, yet it does not follow from thence that he enjoys more real happiness than the labourer, who earns but six shillings a week, and has perhaps forty shillings or three pounds *per annum*, in rent and taxes, to pay out of it. Every person, at all acquainted with the world, must know, that happiness is not the attendant on any particular condition of life, but is as frequently found in the cottage as in the palace; and several essays in your Ledger have exemplified it in theory very judiciously. In a civilized country there always has been, and probably always will be, considerable diversity in the education, capacities, and circumstances, of its inhabitants; and it is the business of good government and all good men to endeavour so to harmonize this variety as to make it conducive to the good of the whole. No one wishes better to the interests of the poor than myself; yet I am confident, from having been a spectator of the fact, that, in the manufacturing parts of this kingdom in general, those poor artisans, that earn the most money in the shortest time by their labour, are far from being more happy in their families and circumstances than those, who, with moderate application, earn a little more than a sustenance. For, however desirable it might be to a philosophic mind, to be able to dedicate one half of its time to rational improvements, yet the number with this bias is very small; and the greater part of mankind, if not well employed, will find themselves ill employments; and this is the case with a very large part of the artisans that can get sufficient in three days to serve the week, they dedicate four days thereof to dissipation. The plan, adopted by sir Ambrose Crowley, for the government of his manufactory, in making a provision, out of the wages of all his artificers, for their comfortable support in age, illness, or accidents, does honour to his discernment, humanity, and memory, and is highly worthy of imitation by the principal manufacturers in every civilized country. It is much to be wished, that persons of very affluent fortunes could be excited or obliged to employ those fortunes in trade, the promotion of religion, arts, sciences, agriculture, or public institutions, that might afford a suitable provision for the ingenious, industrious, and contemplative, of every class, that are disposed to fill up the stations of useful members of society. That there is not such a regulation I attribute to an impolitic extent of liberty,

berty, and that defect of civilization which renders the many a prey to a few interested individuals. In the ancient civilized republics this policy was attended to: but in the present imperfect state of civilization, with us, (though superior to most in the world,) the law obliges every parish in the kingdom to provide the absolute necessaries for every pauper within its jurisdiction, if the parties are not in a condition to provide for themselves. And, as to the generosity of creditors, I believe it is not to be paralleled by any people now existing, or that have preceded, in the world, especially in the higher ranks of the trading community, wherein a too great indulgence on this hand has been an encouragement to a false policy and dishonesty, highly detrimental to both the general and particular interest. — On the whole, notwithstanding the strong affection that the Indians bear to each other, and their making a kind of common stock of all they possess, yet they go through incredible hardships, and can hardly be placed upon an equality with our paupers: neither are encumbered with property, and the sustenance of the latter is far less precarious than that of the former. And, although I very much disagree with Cato, in respect to the idea of natural right, I most cordially agree, that there is abundant reason for caution against arrogance and oppression among those who unmeritedly possess a larger share of the blessings of life; for pride does not become man, and is very expressively satyriized by the poet, where he says,

*What the weak head with strongest bias rules
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride:
For, as in bodies, so, in souls, we find,
What want's in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but, your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend — and ev'ry foe.* POPE.

The only equitable and reasonable way of reconciling the great difference we find amongst mankind here, is, in the belief of a future state, and that doctrine of Christianity which teaches that we are here only on a probationary stewardship, and shall, in the end, be judged by a righteous and just Judge, who is equal in all his ways, and will decide according to wisdom and goodness, without respect to persons. Even in the heathen world, it has been matter of much speculation, which was the

greatest

greatest character, the emperor Marcus Aurelius, one of the most respectable names in Roman story, who possessed a mind dignified with wisdom and humanity above the intoxications of the highest degree of earthly power and affluence, or Epictetus, a poor slave, subjected to the greatest endurable miseries of poverty and tyranny, but who bore them with a dignity and resignation that shewed a victory of mind over the worst of adversities: and, though general observation has rather decided it as a mark of the superior mind to sustain affluence and power with grace and true magnanimity, yet, in this instance, the light Christianity has thrown on the subject seems to have given the palm to the poor slave, whose writings and sufferings are an example of dignity and excellence the nearest to moral perfection of any thing the heathen world has produced. A sensible writer observes, "Truth, love, and greatness, are the same in heaven as on earth; but it is a constant observation, among men of the best sense, that the meanest spirits are best pleased with absolute dominion, respect of persons, and prerogatives of power." It is not among the least of the advantages of adversity, that it makes a just and nice discrimination between acquaintance and friends, which we have seldom sagacity enough to make in affluence. Those, that seek to gratify their own ambition or interest, will only pay their court to you while you stand in the world's sunshine, and will forsake you as soon as you are removed into the shade. But no man visits a hermitage but for the sake of the hermit. So that I do not know, Mr. Editor, but that adversities may be placed among the blessings even of this life, besides proving profitable as a preparation for the next: one thing, however, is pretty certain, that there are few instances of a great character that has not passed through a large share of their discipline. Therefore, let us endeavour to persuade men of the truth, in all things we write or speak of, and prefer it to women, the king, riches, power, honour, or wine; (but not to think degradingly of these, by any means). Then, when atheists would deprive the world of a creator, father, and superintendent, in the denial of God and his attributes, we shall be ready to demonstrate his existence; when deists write or speak against revelation, and would persuade us that our faculties and perceptions all deceive us, and that we have no way or means of judging concerning the existence of a God, or a revelation from him, we should be ready to shew forth the reasonableness of revelation, as consistent with that apparent power and wisdom that is demonstrable throughout universal nature, and from its own intrinsic evidence, as being worthy of a being of perfect wisdom, power, and goodness, to produce; as likewise to present, in the clearest point of view, the testimonies of

antiquity, from miracles, sufferings, and reasonable argumentation, in its favour, together with the evidence to be found in our own minds, bearing witness to it; remembering the declaration of scripture, that he that is obedient to the rectifying will of the supreme Lord, will know sufficient of his doctrine.

When fanatics and enthusiasts make too free with the name of the supreme Being, and would persuade us that declamation, confusion, absurdity, and the distortions of nature, are inspiration, perspicuity, grace, and truth, and that it is dangerous to reason against their heated reveries, let us endeavour to convince them, that what is most spiritual is most rational; and that no people have ever been against reason, but when the evidence of reason has been against them; and that, in such matters as they have a clear understanding of themselves, they will be likely to convey a clear idea thereof to others; and their testimony, of what is true, just, and proper, delivered in a becoming temper of mind, and with that reverence and modesty which should always accompany the use of the supreme Name, will never stand in need of apologies to any society of sound intellects. And, lastly, when the advocates for barbarism and ignorance write against the laws, literature, civilization, trade, arts, sciences, manufactures, and commerce, of their country, let us endeavour to persuade them to learn one of the seven wise sayings of the Grecian sages, *viz.* "KNOW THYSELF." And likewise that they would employ their time better, in acquiring proper distinctions between the use and abuse of things; and that to argue from the abuse, against the use, of any thing, is a kind of reasoning unworthy of man; and that it is still more so, to argue, from the abuse, for the annihilation of some of the most ornamental and useful attainments of our nature. Let us, therefore, endeavour to correct the abuses, and promote the uses, of civilization, riches, arts, sciences, and all human acquisitions, so as that, by the favour of divine Providence, they may not only tend to our advantage in this life, but assist us in making a suitable preparation for the next, by leading us to worthy conceptions and humble adoration of the supreme Father of us all, the fountain of every excellence and perfection.

JAMES FITZ-THOMAS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

This Day is published, SOMETHING NEW.

PROPOSALS for printing, in the MONTHLY LEDGER, without subscription, an entire new work, on an entire plan, never before attempted, nor perhaps thought of or conceived, by any author or bookseller whatever, a succinct history of

of a world of worlds, lately discovered in ONE WORLD, the compiling of which will cost a world of pains; and it is proposed to be published every month, or not so often, as the historian's maggot may bite, in a world of numbers, in your truly entertaining and instructive Ledger, for the information, benefit, and amusement, of every gentle, learned and unlearned, courteous and candid, reader, of every world.

To the perfecting of this amazing, ingenious, and elaborate, work, profound sages and philosophers, with the wits and wittings of every age and denomination in the world, are humbly desired to assist; for which they shall be entitled to eminent feats, (at the author's disposal, reserving the highest for himself,) belonging to the republic of letters, in the temple of fame, and be more than immortalized for their generous labours.

This mighty work, far surpassing all others, is *dedicated*, by *permission*, and in all humility with *submission*, to the *ancient, mighty, potent, and illustrious, prince*, vulgarly called TIME, who was born before Adam, and will endure till all his posterity shall make their exit, when he shall not die, but, to use the learned emphatical term of philosophers, shall be *swallowed up* by his successor, ETERNITY.

TO THE PUBLIC.

The doctrine of the *plurality of worlds*, of which the learned and ingenious monsieur Fontenelle has treated so largely, elegantly, and philosophically, in his Dialogues for the entertainment of *ladies and gentlemen*, is no more doubted of, by most of the literati, than a plurality of ecclesiastical benefices in the universal church, though they are not alike capable of proof, because philosophy (as Archimedes is no more, and his art lost) cannot yet invent a ladder long enough to reach them, nor an engine to move and weigh them, or a profound learned bishop and philosopher, well known for his *demonstrations*, would ere now, doubtless, have demonstrated them. We, without attempting to determine whether there are *lakes, volcanoes, or mountains, in the moon*, or whether any of the planets are inhabited, or whether the fixed stars are suns, placed in the center of a planetary system of their own, shall humbly attempt to demonstrate, by irrefragable proofs, that there is a *plurality of worlds*, distinguished by different names and characters, no less peculiar, in this planet which we inhabit. We shall, in the first place, give our readers a catalogue of them, and then proceed to a natural and artificial history of their climates, soil, temperature, productions, and manufactures, with the principles, manners, and customs, of their inhabitants, not omitting the religion of such as have any. And we shall divide our
work

work and history under the following heads and tails: The *learned world* and the *unlearned world*, the *trading world* and the *mercantile world*, the *busy world* and the *idle world*, the *maritime world* and the *earthly world*, the *military world* and the *medical world*, the *civilized world* and the *uncivilized world*, the *Christian world* and the *heathen world*, the *antiquarian world* and the *fashionable or polite world*, the *clerical world* and the *laical world*, the *social world* and the *recluse world*, the *thinking world* and the *unthinking world*, the *theatrical world* and the *gaping world*, with a world of other worlds, too tedious to enumerate. In the course of this work, due notice will be taken of the discoveries, both ancient and modern, of philosophers, travellers, historians, naturalists, antiquarians, &c. &c. and no pains shall be spared to make it rival every other work in the universe.

N. B. As this work is *determined already* to be comprized in a world of numbers, if it should exceed that number, the author engages to deliver the remainder *gratis*; and whoever shall not approve the first number, after perusing it, shall be at liberty to return it *gratis*, or otherwise dispose of it, at their pleasure; PROVIDED ALWAYS, that they will give security that it shall not be put to any private or public vile use; neither to wrap up *pastry*, or be made the vehicle of conveying *snuff, pepper, salt*, or any kind of commodity from *chandlers shops*. No plates will be given with this work, because no artist can be found that is capable of etching out or engraving the principal characters, which will be verbally delineated in it. The work will not be entered at *Stationers-Hall*, yet whoever presumes to *pirate* it may be prosecuted to the utmost rigour of the laws respecting literary property, which *are*, or shall *hereafter* be, made.

To the ancient, high, mighty, and illustrious, Prince, TIME.

THOU art represented in the form of an angel, having wings to denote thy swift flight, and an hour-glass to shew thy steady uniform progression.

Every dial tells us that *tempus fugit*. Thou makest up moments, minutes, hours, days, months, and years: by thy aid we compute every thing, and divide life into several stages.

Thou hast been, under Providence, the cause of every event in the world: thou hast raised and destroyed empires, set up and pulled down princes, revealed secrets, brought to light the hidden things of darkness, and hast buried in oblivion things which were once known.

The inhabitants of every world, who are made up of contradictions, (which the wit of every one attempts in vain to reconcile,) and who can scarcely agree about any thing else, do yet

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agree in acknowledging that thou art *precious*, while they as generally agree in treating thee as if thou wert *vile*.

We complain of thy swift motion, and yet call thee *lazy-paced*; and attempt, by every method which a licentious fancy can suggest, "to lash thy ling'ring moments into speed."

We implore thy aid, and yet neglect to improve by it when thou offereest it; nor are we of any thing more prodigal than of thy favours, which, once lost, are never to be regained.

We trifle with thee through life, and yet part with thee reluctantly at death: commend thee as our greatest friend, and use thee as if thou wert our most potent foe. Few, very few, suffer thy days to teach them wisdom. Thou holdest forth to us lectures of prudence early in the morning of life, pointest with thy hand to us all the day long, but we seldom attend to thee till the late evening of age or the twilight of death, when it may be too late to profit by thy counsel.

Thou hast given birth to all legislators, philosophers, historians, poets, to poor Robinson Crusoe, Tom Thumb, and to me. Heroes and conquerors, "drest up in a little brief authority, have played such fantastic tricks before high heaven as made the angels weep:" thou allowedst them to "strut their hour upon the stage," then didst let the curtain fall, badeest them retire into the shades beneath, and permittedst new races to succeed them.

To thee, illustrious prince, we dedicate, in all humility, the following work, (which by thy aid was composed, and is now brought forth to public view,) who only canst determine the issue of it and make its fate manifest. Grant it thy patronage and protection, if it be worthy of surviving the day that gives it birth; if not, erase it from thy register, and bring forth some other, that may be found to merit a place among thy records, and be remembered till thou thyself shalt be no more.

The P R E F A C E.

GENTLE READER,

HISTORY, which leads us back some thousand years, to take a view of men, manners, and things, in days of yore, and also informs us of what has been, as well as of what has not been, transacted in our own times, is peculiarly entertaining to the credulous reader, who has the fewest doubts hanging about him, and can go on, through thick and thin, over sea and land, continents and islands, from pole to pole, without stopping at a period in any page, to measure how many degrees of probability any remarkable story or narrative contains. It is to the good-natured, easy, credulous, class (the number of which, happily for me, upon casting up, would

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be a thousand times larger than that of the incredulous) that I intend to address myself; and I shall endeavour to accommodate my historical labours to their good sense, and to entertain them with nothing that is common, or that does not come under the appellation of the *marvellous, sublime, or beautiful*; for which purpose, I have read Longinus; Burke; lord Kaimes; bishop Burnet; Martinus Scriblerus; Don Quixote; Swift's History of amazing Giants and no less amazing Pigmies; with the most celebrated voyages and travels; St. Augustin, who says, *De Civitate*, l. 16. c. 8. "I actually saw, in the southern provinces of Ethiopia, a people who had but one eye, and that was in the middle of their foreheads;" the good bishop Simon Majolus, who saw another people, on the frontiers of Ethiopia, who have no voices, but whistle, and whose chins are so sharp that one would take them for the tip of the head of a serpent; Arismapes, who tells us of men in the Indies who have but one eye and one leg, and yet run with great speed; Pomponius Mela, who tells us of a people, in the Deserts of Egypt, some of whom have a tongue that renders no sound, others no tongue at all, and that some have their lips stuck close to one another, and have only a little hole, under their nostrils, by which they receive their food; which story is confirmed by Julius Solinus, who also writes that the Blemians have no heads, and that their whole face is in their breasts; of others who have dogs heads and always bark; of others, in the Scythian islands, whose ears are so long and large that they serve them for cloaths and bedding; others who were grey-haired in their youth and black in old age; the soles of whose feet were so large, that, by lifting up their legs, they serve as umbrellas to shade them from the sun. Another historian, too, has not escaped my reading, who tells us, "In England, there are entire families that have a tail, as a punishment for the scorn and derision with which their ancestors treated one Augustin, (who had been sent thither by St. Gregory, and who preached in Dorchester,) by sticking the tails of frogs to his robe." Hence it may and shall appear, in due time, that I am not meanly qualified for the undertaking I am about to embark in: but let it not be thought that the materials, which are to compose my historical superstructure, are to be drawn from the *History of the Earth and animated Nature*, (otherwise than figuratively, metaphorically, analogically, and hyperbolically,) nor from the *Philosophy or History of the Heavens*: I have no need to descend so low or ascend so high; for I have stores in abundance, laid up in castles in the air, and of which I am the sole proprietor.

[To be continued.]

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

JOHAN BUNYAN's *Vanity-Fair* is one of the largest in Europe, for it extends all over it: the species of its commodities are numerous, and the "grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce," have all, more or less, trafficked in it. *Authorlings* (but I mean no reflection on *Omicron*) go there to purchase fame, but that commodity is very scarce and very perishable, and generally costs more than it is worth. *Misers* go to this general mart to purchase securities and exemptions, but they are often cheated. *Fools* frequent it to buy wit; a few gain some, but they always pay very dear for it, and return home like the man who lost a guinea and found a halfpenny loaf. *Young women* attend it to acquire beauty; but they always return disappointed; for that and virtue are wares which *Vanity-Fair* cannot supply them with. *Pride* collects many trinkets at this fair, and often strains a point to monopolize the most brilliant, which are frequently seen, soon after, in a *pawnbroker's shop*, to the no small mortification of pride, for she has a delicate sensibility. *Old women*, especially *widows*, are seen at its stalls in quest of youthful husbands to flatter their dotage; and some few *silly ones* are to be purchased by them for a round sum, with whom they return abundantly elated, but they generally have cause to repent of their bargain, and can find no remedy for the evil. *Old men*, too, are sometimes seen hopping about sily, in crutches, *sans eyes, sans teeth, and sans every thing*, but money, looking out for young girls to nurse their infirmities: and they, too, meet with some one that pleases their eye who afterwards plagues their heart, whom they can neither be happy with while they are in sight nor trust out of their sight: nor is it to be wondered at; that people, who act contrary to the dictates of sober reason, should ultimately be disappointed in their expectations. When the follies of youth settle upon grey hairs, of four-score years standing, that head has put on a *fool's-cap* for life, and cuts one of the most despicable figures to be met with in the Travels of Don Quixote.

AROMANOCOPUS.

To APYREXIA, alias Dr. ***.

S I R,

I Have, with pleasure, read the essays with which you have favoured the public in the Monthly Ledger. You appear to have a considerable share of philanthropy, as well as medical abilities. And I am encouraged to request, as you have given us

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some well-approved rules, without a fee, for the recovery of health, that you would also, at your leisure, favour us, *gratis*, with some more, adapted to the preservation of that invaluable blessing, which might be of more general utility. N. A.

THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER II.

Monstrum, horrendum, informe, ingens, — de vitio nascitur.

This odious offspring, whom thou seest, is sin-begotten.

WHEN I take a view of the present race of writers, who endeavour to gain an immortal name by sending into the world performances which are a dishonour to virtuous principles, I am filled with an honest indignation; condemn, in anguish of heart, their degenerate offspring, and close the painful reflection with this conclusion, that, could our chaste countryman Addison revisit earth, he would either suppose himself unhappily conveyed to a globe where his name was never known, or that the glorious constellation of literati, which illumined our hemisphere in his day, had entirely exhausted every subject that could possibly conduce to amusement and edification.

The contemporaries of this great man, in conjunction with him, decked the temple of virtue with the choicest flowers of eloquence; purity dictated their expressions, and a true benevolence of heart pointed out the path which they trod for the good of mankind: and by how much the more they were ambitious of shining, as lights set up to assist the traveller in his journey to the haven of peace, by so much did they place their chief glory in those labours only which might afford them solid pleasure in future reflection. On the other hand, the present rank (except a few worthies) strip virtue of her most amiable colours, and “dash her deep with shade;” they delineate the path to her temple as covered with briars and thorns; and, indefatigable themselves in the pursuit of vice, endeavour to draw in the unwary multitude: even pretended nobility assumes this character; and the finest abilities, — parts, which, in the British senate, if properly exerted, would shine with amazing lustre, reflect the highest honours on their possessors, and prove blessings to their country, in settling its interests on the firmest basis, — even these are prostituted to the worst of purposes. *The poetical Pomona, or Orange-Girl at Foote’s*, employs an able pen: what a pity, that such talents should be so basely misapplied; and more especially at a time when advocates are wanted in the cause of religion and virtue!

tue! Productions of this nature are become numerous, and the heads of the people, following after the gratification of every sensual appetite, instead of setting examples worthy of imitation, peruse them with avidity, and commend them with all the warmth of cordial approbation. Here the contagion begins; from hence, through the prevalence of bad example, is it communicated with unremitting ardor; and, like an inundation, which rolls with rapidity, and increases in such a degree as to lay desolate not only the humble cottage but whole villages, it gathers strength each added moment, and spreads its baneful influence far and wide; it vitiates the morals of our youth, and brings back our old men to the follies of childhood.

If we take a view of those authors, compared with murderers and destroyers, with the conquerors of nations, who have barbarously and unfeelingly put thousands to the sword, shall we not find the latter comparatively innocent? Shall we not find that a profligate pen is a more dangerous weapon than the keenest sword? The one can but injure the body; whilst the other insinuates itself into the thickest ranks, under false colours, and endangers, perhaps works, the destruction of souls. If this is the case, what excuse can those unhappy men make for treating ludicrously matters of the last importance? I presume none. To address them in serious language, it is to be greatly feared, would fail of the desired effect; some of them have been too long conversant in the mysteries of such iniquity to hearken to a gentle reproof: but to you, the rising hopes of Britain, whether your situation leads you to aspire to the first honours of your country, or your virtues are doomed to grace the humble cot, (for each, who acts with propriety in his sphere, is of equal importance,) to you will I venture to recommend an early attachment to virtue and her steady adherents, which, as in time you will grow enamoured of, so will an abhorrence of every vice and irregularity be rooted in the mind, your ways become ways of pleasantness, and all your paths lead to peace. Ever remember, that, to converse with such works as have been mentioned, is the wrong road; and, by leading the mind the least unwary step from the sure guide, which would conduct you to the haven of rest, endangers an irrecoverable downfall.

The first introduction, to reading such authors, may perhaps appear to you only as a good-natured compliance with the taste of the times, of no consequence to your future good; and the erroneous sentiment, of its being absolutely necessary for a well-bred man to give into received customs, may have been inculcated: avoid this gilded bait, and know, that, on such a plan, every virtue will soon be reckoned amongst useless austerities, because an enemy to licentious pleasures and vicious inclina-

tions. Thus, in time, you may advance, from one step to another, till at last, so far from esteeming virtue as essential to happiness, you will term her the offspring of popular prejudice, kept alive by policy; a mere phantom, which you may lawfully quit when you can indulge your passions in secret: the consequence of this will be an infatuated understanding, bereft of the shield of virtue, and exposed to, and running into, the commission of every crime. Rather than give way to such allurements, reflect; — reflection will convince you of the strength of the stoic's beautiful argument:

——— *If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
In all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.*

Pursue virtue, then, and enjoy the rapturous consideration, that your lives are pleasing to the great God of nature, the father of the universe; that the Deity, whose will is all goodness and unmixed benevolence, looks down upon you with favour, and is preparing for you a better inheritance of real and substantial pleasures. Even if you admit an idea that hopes of this kind are delusive, or but as a dream, you must acknowledge that it is a delightful dream; a dream which would lead every virtuous man to wish there may be a future state; and, if there is, surely no greater inducement is necessary to make every wise man become virtuous.

THE SPECULATOR.

Some curious Anecdotes from De L'Esprit.

1. **A**N Arab, going to complain to the sultan of the violence committed by some unknown persons in his house, the sultan went thither, caused the lights to be put out, seized the criminals, had their heads wrapped up in a cloak, and ordered that they should be stabbed. The execution being thus performed, he ordered the flambeaux brought with him to be again lighted; and, having examined the bodies of the criminals, lifted up his hands and returned thanks to God. "What favour, said the vizir, have you then received from heaven?" "Vizir, replied the sultan, I thought my son had been the author of these crimes; therefore I ordered the lights to be put out and the faces of these unhappy wretches to be covered with a cloak. I was afraid lest paternal tenderness should make me fail in the justice which I owe my subjects: judge whether I ought not to thank heaven when I find myself just, without having taken away the life of my son."

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2. In the kingdom of Juida, when the inhabitants meet, they throw themselves down in the hammocks in which they are, place themselves on their knees, over against each other, kiss the ground, clap their hands, make their compliments, and rise.

3. The inhabitants of the Manillas say, that politeness requires that they should bow their bodies very low, put each of their hands on their cheeks, and raise up one foot from the ground, keeping the knees bent.

4. The savage of New Orleans maintained that we failed in politeness towards our kings. "When I present myself, said he, to the great chief, I salute him with a howl; then I run to the bottom of the cabin, without casting a single glance to the right side, where the chief is seated; there I renew my salutation, raising my hands upon my head and howling three times: the chief invites me to sit, by a low sigh; upon which, I thank him by another howl. At every question the chief asks me, I howl once before I answer him; and I take leave of him by drawing out a howl till I am out of his presence."

5. The Hottentots will neither reason nor think. "Thought, say they, is the scourge of life." The native inhabitants of the Caribbee Islands have the same aversion to both thought and labour; they would sooner die with hunger than prepare their cassava-bread or make their pot boil. Their wives do every thing. They labour only two hours a day, in cultivating the earth, and spend the rest of their time in their hammocks. If any person desires to buy their bread, they will sell it very cheap in the morning, for they will not give themselves the trouble of thinking whether they shall want it at night.

6. The inhabitants of Madagascar believe their is a good and an evil spirit. Before they eat, they make an offering to God and another to the demon: they begin with the latter, and, throwing a piece of meat on the right side, say, "This is for thee, my lord devil:" they afterwards throw a piece on the left, saying, "This is for thee, my lord God." They make no prayers to him.

7. A king of Persia, being exasperated, deposed his grand-vizir, and chose another in his room: however, as he was in other respects satisfied with the services of him, he bade him chuse whatever place in his dominions he pleased, where he might spend the rest of his days, with his family, in the enjoyment of the fortune he had acquired. The vizir replied, "I have no occasion for all the wealth with which thou hast loaded me; I therefore entreat thee to suffer me to restore it; and, if thou hast still any favourable thoughts of me, I ask not for a place inhabited, but earnestly entreat thee to grant me some desert village, that I may repeople it with my men, my labour,

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my care, and my industry." The king gave orders that such a village as he desired should be sought for; but, after a long search, those intrusted with the commission came to inform him that they had been unable to find one. This the king told to the deposed vizir; who then said, "I well knew that there was not one single ruined place in all the countries thou hadst committed to my care. What I have done was in order that thou, O king, mightst know in what condition I have placed thy dominions, and that thou mightst charge another to render thee as good an account."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A brief Account of the late SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, an eminent Minister of the Gospel, and one of the People called Quakers.

A tribute of unfeigned respect, due to the memory of a wise and good man, "who, being dead, yet speaketh." "They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they, that turn many to righteousness, as the stars, for ever and ever." Dan. xii. 3.

SAMUEL FOTHERGILL, of Warrington, in Lancashire, was the son of JOHN FOTHERGILL, late of Knareborough, in Yorkshire, and brother to Dr. FOTHERGILL, of London. A family well known, deservedly respected, and which has been no less distinguished for piety and benevolence, than for good sense and public service, in both religious and civil society. Several branches of it were planted on elevated ground, and have spread wide, flourished, and grown up to considerable eminence in the more public walks of life. Some of them still remain, and stand in no need of my commendation to procure them credit amongst mankind; and of whom (as we should be cautious of praising the *living*, who are still in a probationary state, as well as in speaking evil of the *dead*) I shall say no more, but hasten to do justice to the character of *one*, who is now numbered with the latter, and is far beyond the reach of human praise and human censure.

His parents gave him a liberal education; they housed the tender plant, attempted early to guard his youthful innocence from the noxious blast of vice, and, by their own example as well as precepts, to form his mind to virtue: but, their son being of a lively and active disposition, quick of apprehension, and endued with distinguishably-engaging natural abilities, his company was sought and delighted in by some of his contemporaries, whose vicious example allured him from the paths of virtue and

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corrupted his morals, while he turned a deaf ear to the voice of parental wisdom, which called to him, from time to time, *my son, when sinners entice thee, consent thou not*. His religious parents lamented his increasing defection, followed him in parental kindness, entreated him with tears, and endeavoured to reclaim him by wholesome admonition, and by every other method which natural affection and human prudence, under the direction of a superior principle, could suggest. The desired work of reformation, which they waited for, (though, at times, almost without hope,) appeared not so soon in him as they wished, yet they lived to see the *travail of their souls*. The *prodigal* at length returned, as it were, from a far country, in the most humiliating manner, girded with sack-cloth; his parents went forth to meet him, and received him with open arms, as a son who had been dead, but was *alive again*; had been *lost*, and was *found*; and, being duly impressed with a sense of his transgressions, and having an unfeigned repentance of the same, he was accepted in mercy of our *common Father*, who is in heaven. After having found a place of repentance, which, oppressed with the most alarming apprehensions, he had *sought carefully with tears*; and having also, through the riches of divine grace, experienced the remission of sins past, through the forbearance of God, the GREAT HUSBANDMAN instructed and aided him to work successfully in the rectification and cultivation of his *own vineyard*; a dispensation of the gospel was then committed unto him, and he was called forth to labour publicly in the society of which he was a member, and in the Christian world at large, for the edification of the churches and the gathering of souls unto God; in which he was a *workman who needed not to be ashamed*. He followed not the cunningly-devised fables of mere human tradition, nor preached up for doctrine the commandments of men, but the gospel, through the instrumentality of his ministry, came unto us not in word only but in power; and his great natural abilities being subjected to the direction of a divine principle, which, though in man, is not of man, but of God, his ministry was adorned and beautified with a grace beyond the reach of art.

He was, in stature, tall; in person comely; in carriage grave, but not austere; in address courteous; and in judgement deliberate and candid. He was courteous to all, though intimate with but few; he minded his own business, and interfered cautiously with other mens. His style was masculine, nervous, diffuse, and rhetorical; and his delivery graceful and peculiarly pathetic. But, with all these endowments, natural and acquired, he was still but a *man*, though a man distinguished above many of his fellows and contemporaries, amongst whom he had but few equals, in his station, and perhaps no superior. I mean not,

not, however, by any thing already said, or which may follow, that he was free from human frailties and imperfections, *though I cannot charge him with any.* And let it be ever remembered, as one means of preventing superstition and idolatry, (*for God is jealous of his honour, and will not give his glory to another, whether it be to an image carved out by human hands, or framed by the imagination of the human heart,*) that the *jewels*, with which he was adorned, were not his own: he was but a *star*, (though of the first magnitude in the church militant,) and not a *sun*: the most amiable ornaments of his character were not inherent, but derived from the *unspeakable gift that cometh down from above*, a gift which every man has received, and let no man *boast as if he had not received it*; a gift which is no part of *man's nature*, but of *God's free grace* dispensed indeed to all men, in *several measures*, though improved by too few in *any measure*; and, while many of us acknowledge we can do nothing without it, it must be acknowledged that we do but little, too little, with it.

He was *zealously affected in a good cause*, but his zeal was according to knowledge and tempered with charity; like lightning, which melts the sword without singeing the scabbard, it consumed only that which it was designed to consume, and there it burnt as a *torch amongst sheaves*; it distinguished between men and measures: but, while it sought the good of all, it spared not the vices of any.

He *preached and prayed with the spirit and with the understanding also*; and added not the mystery of unintelligible words to the mystery of things. His testimony at once addressed the understandings, and reached to the hearts, of his hearers: and, in treating of the divine attributes, he frequently commented upon the beautiful and sublime poetical imagery of the prophets, which is not to be equalled by any other scripture, *lifting up his voice like a trumpet*, in an extemporaneous effusion of rapturous eloquence, which (being attended with superior power and solemnity) at once captivated the ear and made contrite the heart; made libertines tremble; *stopped the mouths of gainsayers*, and *put to silence the ignorance of foolish men*. He set forth also the essential or fundamental doctrines of practical religion in such an amiable point of view, that many of the unprejudiced, of all parties, who differed from him in judgement about matters of less importance, could not be offended with his doctrine, but were sometimes much edified and comforted by his ministry. His whole conduct bespoke an inward piety toward God, and love, without respect of persons or dissimulation, to the whole rational world. He addressed mankind, without distinction, as his brethren by creation, the offspring of one common father,

who

who of one blood made all nations, to dwell upon the face of the earth. — With God there is no respect of persons, and it would be better if there were less amongst men.

Some well-meaning, though mistaken, Christians, will not allow of salvation to any man who is without the pale of their particular church; as if the SUN of TRUTH were hid or eclipsed to all that are not within its contracted horizon: but we are instructed that it *enlighteneth every man coming into the world*: the rays of the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS are not confined to detached countries and parties, (some of whom, upon certain *abstruse subjects*, may not clearly understand one another, nor themselves;) he shines universally upon all nations, kindreds, tongues, and people, and no man can trace him in the zodiac of his mercy. This doctrine S. Fothergill inculcated by *words fitly spoken*; he neither called for fire from heaven, nor attempted to kindle any upon earth; but cautioned mankind to beware of those sparks of contention which are too frequently produced by a collision of the passions, in controversies about subjects which no human being can comprehend, and about others which are, at best, but the *appendages* of devotion, and not devotion itself. But, whom he could not persuade or convince, he did not condemn: whom he could not inform or reform, he pitied: his charity, like God's grace, was extended to all; and the manner in which he expressed it was exceeded by none.

Having received the gospel *freely*, of *Christ*, he preached it *freely*; not for *filthy lucre*, but of a ready mind; communicating, in proportion to his ability, in common with the rest of his brethren, to the necessities of the poor: and, while he attempted to enforce the obligation of the social and relative, as well as the religious, duties, he was himself an example of patience, forbearance, brotherly kindness, and charity: he imitated the example of Christ, and *went about doing good*: — but I mean no indecent comparison; I would neither attempt to set the servant above the master nor to make him his equal: — The best of men have received but a *measure* of that spirit which the Author of the Christian religion possessed *without measure*. He condescended to call his disciples *brethren* and to *wash their feet*: it bespoke, indeed, great love and humility in him to stoop so low; but that act gave his disciples no superiority over him; nor did they imagine, that, by following his example, they became equal to him.

Being attended with many bodily infirmities, he experienced many pains; and, having passed through some other afflictive dispensations, he was not *unacquainted with grief*; he was therefore qualified to sympathize with the afflicted, whether in body or mind: he knew how to *mourn with them that mourned*, as well

as to rejoice with them that rejoiced; but experience had taught him that it is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of mirth. He cautiously avoided to turn the lame and the weak out of the way, or to grieve them in it; but attempted to strengthen that which was almost ready to die, and was made instrumental to the comforting of thousands, with that comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God.

His father, who was also an eminent and laborious minister, felt, without doubt, much joy in seeing his own son, who had formerly trampled upon the cross, take it up, and become one of Christ's disciples. But he must have felt still more, from the reflection that a son, who had been an enemy to the gospel, was become his father's fellow-labourer in it, and went hand in hand, in company with him, to the altar of God, and there attempted to promote it amongst men. The pious old man, full of days, and in a good old age, having finished his course, left his blessing with his son, fell asleep, and was gathered unto his father's in peace; and his son took up, as it were, the mantle of Elijah, and a double portion of the spirit devolved upon Elisha.

He travelled several times over most part of England and Ireland, was once in Scotland, and once on the continent of America; he was well received, and had large mixed auditories in most places where his lot was cast; but he affected not popularity; he was not puffed up with pride, by the loud plaudit of a following multitude, nor did he attempt to gather people unto himself, or exalt his own name, but endeavoured to gather them to a dependence on Christ, to exalt his name, which is above every name, THE UNIVERSAL SHEPHERD AND BISHOP OF SOULS. He had weighed the worth, and knew the vanity, of fame. — It is a fleet and short-lived vapour, an *ignis fatuus*, that has misled many reputed wise men, and utterly ruined some: it has drawn down, as it were, stars, from heaven to earth, but it never lifted up any of its deluded votaries from earth to heaven. The narrow regions of terrestrial and titular dignity circumscribe its empire: and of those, who have been borne up upon its gaudy wings to the very pinnacle of its aerial temple, many have fallen beneath its base, into indelible infamy, or, hapless, sunk into the abyss of oblivion. —

But here let my reader pause, and make a distinction betwixt the incense of adulation, offered up by the undiscerning many, and the approbation of the judicious few, who, considering the frailty of human nature in its altitude, cautiously commend those who deserve well. — To live and die beloved of such men is an object to which Christian humility allows us not to be indifferent. — He loved the unity of the wise and good, of all denominations,

denominations, whom he preferred, and desired to preserve an unity of spirit with them in the bond of peace. With whom a good name has been esteemed, by the wife and worthy of all generations, better than precious ointment. Even their seasonable reproofs, which inflict a salutary wound, are more desirable than the kisses of an enemy, which are deceitful, or the praise of fools, which is vain.

By the fatigue of long journies, in all seasons and in different climates; by being frequently exposed to the cold air, after being much heated and exhausted by the exercise of his gift, in crowded assemblies, his constitution became greatly enervated and impaired; and, after having laboured in word and doctrine, at home and abroad, near thirty-six years, his bodily infirmities increased, and the day of his dissolution appeared to be not far off. To some of his relations, who came to visit him a little before he died, he uttered many weighty sentences, some of which were to the following effect.

Our health is no more at our command than length of days: mine seems arawing fast toward a conclusion:— but I am content with every allotment of Providence; for they are all in wisdom, unerring wisdom.

There is ONE THING, which, as an arm underneath, bears up and supports me; and, though the rolling tempestuous billows surround, yet my head is kept above them, and my feet are firmly established.— O seek after it; press after it; lay fast hold of it.

Though painful my nights and wearisome my days, yet I am preserved in patience and resignation. Death has no terrors, nor will the grave have any victory. My soul triumphs over death, hell, and the grave.

As I have lived, so I shall close, with the most unshaken assurance, that we have not followed cunningly-devised fables, but the pure, living, and eternal, substance.

I feel a foretaste of the joy that is to come: and, if I be removed out of his church militant, where I have endeavoured to fill up my duty, I have an EVIDENCE that I shall gain admittance into his glorious church triumphant, far above the heavens.

After a painful and tedious illness, which he endured with true Christian patience, resignation, and fortitude, he departed this life on the 15th of the sixth month, 1772, at his house, at Warrington, in the 57th year of his age: and, after a wearisome pilgrimage, he doubtless entered into the joy of his Lord, and into his Master's rest. And as, while living, he was generally commended and respected, so his death was as generally regretted. But it becomes us to acquiesce with the dispensations of divine Providence, his counsels are unsearchable, and his ways past finding out.

He has paid the debt which millions have paid before him, and which all his relations, friends, and survivors, must shortly pay. But, though he is no longer numbered amongst the living, in this lower elementary sphere, yet *he is numbered with the children of God*, in one that is infinitely superior, and the lot of his inheritance is with the saints. — His day is over, but he worked while it is called to-day: the night closed in upon him, but his sun set in an unclouded horizon, the auspicious omen of a succeeding eternal fair day. His work was completed; *he is at rest from his labours, and his works follow him*. He has finished the voyage of human life; during which, it was not his lot to glide always along before a gentle breeze, upon “the smooth surface of a summer’s sea;” he endured adverse winds and tempestuous seasons; but, being on a good bottom, he did not founder in his passage, but, borne up on the waves of a troubled ocean, his shattered bark, richly freighted, arrived, at length, in the *haven of rest*, where *we would all be*: his cargo was safely landed, and he is now in the enjoyment of the fruit of his labours. — *For the work of righteousness is peace, and the effect of it is quietness and assurance for ever.*

The death of wife and good men, who have been of eminent service, in the most essential matters, to mankind in general, is an event which concludes their labours under the sun, and puts an end to their intercourse with the living, and cannot but deeply affect the sensibility of their survivors, who knew them, and are impressed with a grateful sense of their services: especially of those who were intimately connected with them, on the basis of virtue, which is the only foundation of true friendship. — We may be resigned, as Christians; while we feel, as men. — The most virtuous, on such occasions, can scarcely refrain from shedding, at least, one tear, nor does virtue forbid it. *They sorrow, but not like those that are without hope*: for, though ELIJAH is taken from them, the LORD GOD OF ELIJAH remains: with him there is *no variableness or shadow of turning*; he is the same to day, yesterday, and for ever.

We are advised, in holy writ, to behold the end of the upright; the end of whom is peace: it affords matter of encouragement to those, who are yet on their way and have not reached the goal, to hold on their way; and, laying aside every weight and burden, to run with patience the race which is set before them, in full assurance that they shall reap, if they faint not. It suggests also a lesson, containing profitable instruction, to the thoughtless and the indifferent, or lukewarm professors. Let us, who were attracted by his powerful and pathetic eloquence, which sometimes urged a heart-felt sigh, and drew from our eyes a silent solemn tear of contrition, remember the important truths which he

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asserted, whilst living, and which he sealed, by a heart-felt energetic testimony, in death; and, by suffering them to regulate our affections and influence our conduct, through life, that we also may have hope in death, and afterward enjoy with him, and the wife and worthy of all generations, a joy which is unspeakable and full of glory.

Though no monumental pile or sepulchral stone is erected to the memory of our deceased friend, yet he has left memorials of his worthy character and labours, as *epistles*, engraven on the hearts of those who knew him, and which will render his memory precious to the present generation, and transmit it, with real honour, to late posterity.

I have been diffuse upon the subject; but those, who feel the importance of it, will excuse me. While I am transported with so noble a theme, I am inattentive to the rules of literary composition: throwing off every restraint, I speak out spontaneously the real language of my heart. — But I will hasten to a final period.

Though the bodies of all men are made up of the same elementary materials, yet all men are not of equal strength, of the same size, or the same complexion; nor have they the same symmetry or the same disposition of features. And, though the souls of all mankind are of one species and have one common Father, *the God of the spirits of all flesh*, yet there does not appear in them the same proportion of faculties, the same elevation of genius, the same delicate sensibility, nor the same natural capacity for knowledge. — They differ no less than the stars in magnitude. Whether these intellectual phænomena are owing to the mere organization of matter, in conjunction with different modes of education, or to an inherent inequality amongst the species, I shall not presume to determine: but certainly there is an *apparent* peculiar natural strength of faculties, quickness of apprehension, greatness of soul, compass of thought, depth of penetration, and comparative vastness of comprehension, in some men, apart from the accessory aid of erudition and of a superior influence, that distinguish them under every garb and in every circumstance, whether they be mixed with the vulgar multitude, or are embodied with superior ranks of mankind; whether they are detached and solitary, or are united with kindred geniuses, and form a constellation; in their disordered and worst state, like the remains of ancient Gothic structures, their native grandeur appears even in their ruins: but when such men (*as did SAMUEL FOTHERGILL*) regulate their passions by the aid of a religious influence, and govern their conduct by the strict laws of virtue, they flame along like comets, at an immense distance in the ethereal space, describing a vast circle of action, animating

animating the general system, and exciting the admiration and astonishment of those who move along, less conspicuous, in inferior orbs. — We wonder; we admire; and then reflect, *how passing wonder HE who made them such.*

PHILO-VERITATIS.

P. S. S. Fothergill published but little in print. Two pieces, on the subject of the essential baptism of the Holy Ghost, (written with much temper, and having much force of argument,) occasioned by Matthew Pilkington's (prebendary of Litchfield) sermon, in which he treated on water-baptism, and mentioned the people called Quakers, and a Letter to the Inhabitants of the Island of Tortola, are the only public literary works which I have seen or heard of, having his name prefixed to them: but several of his sermons were taken down in short-hand, and published, (though without his consent,) which contain excellent Christian doctrine. As to what manuscripts he has left behind him, and whether any journal of his life, or other posthumous work, will hereafter appear, I am not able to determine.

N. B. The above sentences of our late worthy friend, S. Fothergill, occasioned some reflections, which I intend to communicate to the public, in the next number of the Monthly Ledger.

Cautions respecting the Use of Dr. James's Fever-Powders, from an Account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness. By William Hawes, Apothecary. Price 1s. Bew, Pater-noster-row.

I Hope it will not here be deemed impertinent, in an apothecary, to declare, that, in the course of his business, he has had the opportunity of seeing several cases wherein this noted *fever-powder* has proved highly injurious; which must generally be the consequence, when an antimonial medicine, very violent frequently in its operation, has become so universally fashionable, as to be administered in almost all feverish complaints, and in all stages of fevers, and too often suffered to be given at the discretion of old women, or, at least, by those who cannot have the smallest pretensions to medical knowledge.

At the same time, it would be a proof of the greatest want of candour, not to acknowledge that much good has arisen from the proper and skilful exhibition of Dr. James's powders, in many cases of fevers. From these considerations, I am firmly of opinion, that these powders (or indeed any other very powerful medicine) should never be taken, in any acute disease, but by the advice and direction of a physician, or, in his absence, an apothecary.

As a confirmation of what I have advanced, I refer to the practice of Dr. James himself, who always administers his fever-powders with great caution and circumspection, and desists from the exhibition of them, when he finds them not operate in the manner he wished or expected. Is it, then, proper to trust a remedy, frequently so very powerful in its operation, in the hands of the unskillful, who are incapable of forming a proper judgement of its good or bad effects?

I will here beg leave to lay before the public a circumstance which has happened more than once within my practice, and which, I doubt not, has likewise occurred to many of my brethren. A gentleman, whom I had been used to attend for many years, sent for me, after he had been ill two days, and informed me that he had taken Dr. James's fever-powders without finding himself any thing the better; some of the doses having caused him to vomit and purge violently, whilst others had a contrary effect. His servant, being an attentive man, brought me the remaining papers to look at, which I put in my pocket, and weighed as soon as I came home: one weighed three, another four, and the third upwards of six, grains. Now, as much depends on the exhibition of a proper quantity of this remedy, (and even with that advantage its action is extremely uncertain,) every reasonable man must be convinced, that, administering a medicine, so powerful as these fever-powders are, in so irregular a manner, must often be productive of the most serious consequences.

To those, who are prepossessed in favour of Dr. James's fever-powder, and take or prescribe it in too indiscriminate a manner, I would earnestly recommend to keep apothecaries scales and weights by them, and, whilst they are in health, weigh it out in proper proportions, according to the effects they wish it should produce, and have each parcel, of the same weight, wrapped up, and the quantity contained therein written on the outside: * or, if proper scales and weights cannot be readily obtained, to send the powders to a neighbouring apothecary, and mention, in writing, (not by a verbal message, by servants, in a circumstance of so much importance,) the quantities to be weighed out. Many gentlemen of the Temple, &c. whom I have not had the pleasure of knowing, have been so thoroughly convinced of the necessity of this caution, that they have applied to me to have Dr. James's fever-powders properly divided; which

* The above rules may, to some persons, appear trifling; but they will perhaps change their opinion, when they are informed that it is an undoubted fact, that many keep Dr. James's fever-powders constantly by them, when in health, in order to make use of when they are occasionally taken ill.

which I always performed with the utmost willingness, and do not in the least doubt but that my brother apothecaries, in a matter of so much importance, as the use of this very powerful medicine, will be equally ready, when application is made to them, to comply with a request of this kind.

In a case of so much importance, as the recovery of health, no person should depend too much upon his own judgement, or, what is still worse, implicitly rely on the judgement of such of his acquaintance as may accidentally drop in to visit him; and who, from being engaged in pursuits of a different nature, cannot be supposed to be possessed of medical knowledge. I have frequently, after reasoning with my patient, perhaps my friend, upon a subject so important as the use or abuse of Dr. James's fever-powders, by the arrival of an acquaintance, who, finding his friend's indisposition to be a feverish complaint, has immediately advised the taking of this active and powerful medicine, without asking any previous question whatever, which might lead to a knowledge of the propriety or impropriety of such advice.

ERRATUM.

In page 20, in the last number, line 28, for, Omiah was *born* at Otaheite, read, Omiah was *bred* at Otaheite.

A. G.'s sensible and candid letter was kindly accepted, and the remarks contained in it shall be attended to. The Essay on *Self-denial* either has not been received, or has been mislaid. The *Moral Tale* shall appear in the next number, and the Editor hopes for the aid of *A. G.*'s abilities.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Aug. 30.		Sept. 2.		6th		9th		13th		16th		20th	
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	40a51		40a51		44a54		44a54		44a54		44a54		49a55	
Ditto White	40a51		40a51		44a54		44a54		44a54		44a54		49a55	
Rye, —	25a26		25a26		25a27		25a27		25a27		25a27		26a27	
Barley, —	22a28		22a28		23a27		23a27		23a27		23a27		23a27	
Oats, —	16a21		16a21		16a21		16a21		16a21		16a21		16a21	
Sept. 23. Red and White Wheat,	49a55s. Rye, 26a27s. Barley,													
	23a27s. Oats, 16a21s.													

POETRY.

N. B. The following piece, on Spring, which may be deemed unseasonable, is inserted at the particular request of our correspondent.

P O E T R Y.

SPRING, a Pastoral.

ON those green plains, where Avon's
silver flood
Transparent rolls, a humble mansion
flood:

Rural and artless, rose the clay-built pile,
Crown'd with the honours of a reedy isle.
Within its confines dwell two gentle swains,
Whose flocks are rear'd upon th' adjacent
plains.

Soon as the sun the purple East illumines,
Each wakeful swain his pleasing task re-
sumes:

Forth from th' inclosing fold they drive the
lambs,

To crop the grass, and wanton round their
dams;

And while fierce Phœbus fires the car of
day,

Reclin'd beneath the shade, on tuneful
pipes they play;

In notes responsive, thus they play, or sing,
The op'ning beauties of the rising spring.

First Damon sang beneath the beaching
shade,

While on his oaten pipe Menalcas play'd.

DAMON.

Now rose-lip'd springs all-beauteous gems
untold;

The wild broom blooms with tufts of li-
ving gold;

The smiling meads are cloath'd in living
green,

And flowers unnumber'd decorate the
scene.

MENALCAS.

Now springs the primrose—see the cow-
slips rise,

And breathe sweet incense to the balmy
skies;

The purple thyme its fragrance spreads a-
round,

And king-cups bright, and pansies deck
the ground!

DAMON.

The bursting buds and op'ning leaves dis-
play

Their tender breasts, to catch the genial
ray.

MENALCAS.

The whit'ning hawthorn now protrudes
her bloom,

And furze their yellow honours now as-
sume:

VOL. II.

Sweet honeysuckles round the elms en-
twine;

And swelling buds adorn the ling'ring vine.

DAMON.

Vi'lets and daisies beautify the ground,
And pinks expand, and woodbines flaunt
around:

The sweet bee-orchis, animated flower,
Leads the eye captive with deceptive
pow'r.

MENALCAS.

When Sylvia comes to take the sweets of
morn,

These in a garland shall her brows adorn;

Fixt in her hair the brightest flow'rs shall
shine

Bound with the tendrils of the flowing
vine.

DAMON.

When Thyrsa comes, (the pride of all the
plain,

The joy or grief of ev'ry am'rous swain,)
To grace her hand, a crook with flowers

I'll deck,
And twine a necklace for her snowy neck.

MENALCAS.

To charm my Sylvia's ear, see, larks a-
rise

And bear sweet notes of music through
the skies;

The blackbirds warble in the hazel shade,
And linnets echo through the woodland
glade.

DAMON.

When Thyrsa roves by Cynthia's silver
light,

Beneath the star-deck'd canopy of night,
Harmonious Philomela tunes her lay,

And rivals all the music of the day.

MENALCAS.

To please my Sylvia, I'll a bull-finch
tame,

And teach the bird to speak her much-lov'd
name;

To please my fair a dappled thrush I'll
bring,

And with my pipe instruct the bird to sing.

DAMON.

To shade my Thyrsa, I'll an arbour raise,
Whose living arch shall screen the noon-
tide blaze;

Around

Around its sides the sweetest shrubs shall
grow,
And in the arch above shall bright La-
burnums blow;

MENALCAS.

But hold, fond swain, — 'tis spring invites
the lay;
The rising spring's best sung at rising day;
When ev'ning shades invade the choral
grove,
Again we'll sing of Sylvia, Thyrsa, love!

DAMON.

Turn then thine eye to where yon wildling
blows,
Or mark the blushes of yon crimson rose;
See yonder hare-bells ting'd with mildest
blue,
And purple v'lets moist with morning
dew.

MENALCAS.

Behold! the num'rous ranks of beings
rise,
All hail the spring; all, all, its blessings
prize:
The insect tribes their wint'ry cells for-
sake;
The bright-scal'd serpent rustles through
the brake.

DAMON.

Now ring the groves—the vocal plains re-
joice,
And echoing hills return the grateful
voice:
Pleas'd with thy sweets, O spring, our
lambkins play
And skip and gambol in the flow'ry lay!

MENALCAS.

The plume tribes, pleas'd with thy sweets,
O spring!
Air's pathless regions range with nimble
wing;
Or, fir'd by love, in pleasing dalliance play,
And chase their consorts through the
blooming spray.

DAMON.

When mutual fires inflame each little
breast,
And cares domestic early wake from rest;
The faithful pair a secret mansion raise,
By leaves defended from the school-boys
gaze.

MENALCAS.

Hence rise the warblers of a future year,
From danger guarded by their parents
care;

Until their infant pinions can sustain
The task of flight, and wing th' ethereal
plain.

DAMON.

Now cease, Menalcas—let's unfold our
lambs,
And lead to pastures fresh their bleating
dams:
At eve's approach, beneath yon holly's
shade,
Again this valley shall be vocal made;
Again we'll tune the reed, again we'll
sing
Of Sylvia, Thyrsa, and returning spring!

PHILO-MUSÆ.

*Arabian Elegy. From Jones's Commentaries
on the Asiatic Poetry.*

ARE these heav'n's slight'ning that il-
lume the day?
Or are they Leila's lovely looks more
gay?
From burning groves do these bright splen-
dors rise?
Or are they beams from Solima's fair
eyes?
From Hager's nard, from Mecca's violets,
flow
These sweets? or these do Azza's locks
bestow?
O mem'ry dear! that former scenes ex-
plores,
Lost in long exile, and on foreign shores!
Where now the loves that languish'd in
the shade?
The fond appointment, and the faithful
maid?
Secure, while o'er the mountain's murrin-
ing head
The long slow voice of distant thunders
sod;
Secure, while down that mountain's wound-
ed side
In the strong torrent roll'd the show'ry
tide:
As late, when morning led the glowing
day,
My thirst, O Izib, shall thy springs allay?
O plains below'd! to joys that once ye
knew,
Sad, sweet, rememb'rance fights her last a-
dieu!
Shall Nagid's groves, shall Tuda's pa-
tures, bear
The am'rous shepherds hope, the shep-
herd's fear?
From Sala's vale does no companion send,
To Cadem's hills, fond witness for his
friend?

Yet

Yet smile your myrtles, unrepres'd by cold ?

Yet bloom's your *lotus* where it bloom'd of old ?

Love your low tam'risks yet their funny hills ?

Far be each eye that blasts, each storm that kills !

Still are we dear to soft Alegia's fair ?

Still waste they wishes on the empty air ?

Still, unpursu'd, along the flow'ry lawn
Leaps the light kid, and flies the bounding tawn ?

Those sylvan wilds shall I behold again,

Where gay Noama leads her happy train ?

Still deign your banks the *arbutus* to rear,
Ye streams of Dareg, swell'd with many a tear ?

Who now shall near your lov'd retreats repair,

Ye shades of Amri, favour'd of the fair ?

Yet shall ye, swains of Mecca's happier vale,

Not long your absent Solyma bewail ?

Gay youth again shall form the festive choir,

Lead the light dance, and wake the sprightly lyre :

Again shall love our gentle cares employ,
And music breathe the living strains of joy.

The uncommon elegance of the above poem will render it pleasing to every reader of taste.

Written at Newmarket, during the Thunder Storm, July 7, 1774. By a Traveller on a Journey.

SEE from the West, in black battalion,
rise,

The gloomy clouds, and veil the azure skies ;

High in mid air th'approaching tempest sings,

Borne on the whirlwinds sweet impelling wings !

The light'nings flash,—the distant thunders roar,

Like sounding billows on th'ionian shore !

One sable dome the frowning sky appears,
And nature's face unusual darkness wears !

In copious streams descends the driving rain.

And show'rs of hailstones whiten all the plain !

Again,—the thunder, with an awful sound,

Reads the dark bosom of the vast profound ;

Quick, and more quick, in convulsions bright.

Darts the keen flash of momentary light !

Loud, and more loud, the pealing thunders roll,

And shake th'aerial vault from pole to pole !

Behold ! where Ely's tow'ring minster stands,

And proudly overlooks th'adjacent lands ;

The red-wing'd light'ning, hissing from on high,

Rends the thick gloom, and opens half the sky,

Illumes the "cloud-capt tow'r" with ruddy light ;

A moment seen—then lost in shades of night !

O awful scene ! yet leading to survey,
By all who own not *superstition's* sway ;

By all who, *reason* chusing for their guide,
Within the confines of her light reside ;

By all, who seek in nature's page to find
Those sacred laws that all creation bind :

Laws form'd by him, whose all-pervading eye
Sces earth and all the shining worlds on high !

These, in th'*effect* the secret *cause* explore,
And the great Ruler of the skies adore !

To a young Clergyman, on the perusal of one of his first Sermons.

LET the gay world of Bramins, monks,
complain,

Or rigid ills and voluntary pain ;

How the old dons, eternal foes to ease,
Dam up the streams of joy, and court dis-ease.

Begone, ye terms severe ; come, pleasure, rise ;

Come, love, come, joy, and waft us to the skies !

Enraptur'd come ! the fields of fancy stray,

And cull the blooms of Milton, Young, and Gray ;

Whate'er Dan Pope, Dan Thomson, taught to grow ;

Or, still more florid, what thou bidst to blow.

Persuasive preacher, oh ! to thee 'tis giv'n,
To lead up langour on a dance to heav'n !

With merry lutes and tuning tab'rets rise,
That angels drop their harps, and testify

surprize.

Methtinks within Shandean walks I range,
Where learn'd transition sanctifies the

change ;

Amidst their mazy tracts delighted lost,
And, where I least can find, am charm'd
the most.

Thy flow'rs of rhetoric captivate the eyes,
And the charm'd Christian hopes to gain
the prize!

But finds alas! they're but a tawdry boast:
"Fortruth, when unadorn'd, 's adorn'd the
the most."

Poets may please in gorgeous habits drest,
The Christian priest of these should stand
divest,

And find his emblem in his Saviour's vest,
Thus Barrow, Tillotson, acquir'd a name,
And live illustrious in the roll of fame;
They sacred truths with nervous sense con-
vey'd,

Inforc'd the plain, and lent the doubtful
aid.

Such clear exemplars keep within thy view,
Still eye their track, not ferviely pur-
sue.

Then shall we hail thee, in succeeding
time,
Succinct and with simplicity sublime;
Inforcing truth without luxuriant sense;
And nobly dropt to simple eloquence.

W.

*To COQUETILIA, on the Refusal of her
Lover's Address.*

FALSELY endearing, why that art,
Why all that kindness shewn;
Why sedulous to gain a heart,
When mistress of thy own?

To science prone, th'intentive youth
No female charms could move;
Till thy sweet guise of love and truth
Had taught his heart to love.

The learned page no more turn'd o'er,
Resign'd to love and thee:
Ah! think how much thou would'st de-
plore,
If once his heart was free.

Thus see thy Tab, with subtle wile,
Th' unwary mouse betray:
The heedless wanderer knew no guile,
And falls a cruel prey.

Panting beneath the savage paw,
The little rover lies;
But, while she sports, eludes her claw,
And in an instant flies.

With what a louting grimace,
She rues her hapless fate!

Thus pensive care may shroud that fact,
When pining is too late.

Then let a gen'rous passion move
Soft pity for his pain:
Give and retake superior love,
To that bestow'd in vain.

Superior love thou need'st not fear,
Of the firm youth possest:
The honest youth, with heart sincere,
Who woos to make thee blest.

The Editor, having mislaid Publi-
cus's letter on the sowing of wheat, will
think himself obliged by the author, if
he would send him another copy as early
as possible, that it may appear in the next
number.

On asking Charity of the Rich.

WHEN at their doors, by hunger
and by grief
Oppress'd, with suppliant voice, I sought
relief;—

Relief I sought, alas! but sought in vain,
With poignant taunt rebuk'd and scold'd.

The batt'ning priest, with supercilious
face,
Infer'd, from indigence, the want of
grace:

The lawyer, in quaint terms, with look
demure,

Gave hints of statutes against vagrant
poor;

Unmov'd and cool, the garter'd statesman
cry'd,

For me fit refuge colonies supply'd.
I sigh'd in secret; and to heav'n my
heart

Ascending, heav'n, in pity, took my
part.

THE following scripture sentences, as
also a copy of verses, &c. are on a
tomb-stone, erected by one Mr. Oliver,
miller, on Haydown-hill, near Arundel,
in Suffex, which he intends for the recep-
tion of his body after death.

These sentences are on the top of the tomb.

1 Cor. xv. 22. For as in Adam all
die, even so in Christ shall all be made a-
live.

John i. 17. For the law was given by
Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus
Christ.

John

John iii.
veth in him
ternal life.

Ecclesi.
that ther
man shall n
that is his
him to see
2 Pet.
I must put
our Lord

The under
moral,

Why sh
Whole go
'Tis at m
(A gen'r
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Wherein
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John iii. 15. That whosoever believeth in him should not perish; but have eternal life.

Eccles. iii. 22. Wherefore I perceive that there is nothing better than that a man shall rejoice in his own works; for that is his portion: for who shall bring him to see what shall be after him.

2 Pet. i. 12. Knowing that shortly I must put off this my tabernacle, even as our Lord Jesus Christ hath shewed me.

The underwritten copy of verses, with the moral, are on the east side of the tomb.

Why should my fancy any one offend,
Whose good or ill on it does not depend?
'Tis at my own expence: except the land
(A generous grant!) on which my tomb
doth stand.

'This is the only spot that I have chose
Wherein to take my lasting long repose.
Here, in the dust, my body lieth down:
You'll say, it is not consecrated ground!
I grant the same; but where shall we e'er
find

The spot that e'er can purify the mind;
Or to the body any lustre give? —
This more depends on what a life we live.
When the last trumpet shall begin to
sound,

'Twill not avail 'em where the body's
found.

THE MORAL.

BLESSED are they, and only they,
Who in the Lord the Saviour die;
Their bodies wait redemption's day,
And sleep in peace where'er they lie.

The Hieroglyphic of Death and Time, with the following lines, are on the west side.

Death! why so fast? Pray stop your
hand,
And let my glass run out his sand.

As neither death nor time will stay,
Let us improve the present day.

Why start you at that skeleton?
'Tis your own picture which you shun:
Alive it did resemble thee,
And thou, when dead, like that shalt
be.

But though Death must have his will,
Yet old Time prolongs the date,
Till the measure we shall fill,
That's allotted us by fate.

When that's done, then time and
death,
Both agree to take our breath.

The above gentleman has also his coffin in his own house, which he takes a view of every morning as soon as he rises.

SIR,
BY inserting the following, in your
Monthly Ledger, you will oblige
Yours,
AMICUS.

On Miss L—— B——.

FORGIVE, should we presume to say,
Or point out where thy beauties lay;
A form so fair, so fine a mind,
Good nature, sense, and beauty, join'd;
A form adorn'd by every grace,
That in a female can have place;
A mind within, that is replete
With sense and learning, quite complete:
A temper easy, smooth, and free
Either from pride or vanity.
Shortly to sum her graces I'm inclin'd
A perfect beauty, with a perfect mind.

TAMEN MORTUUS
ADHUC LOQUITUR.

September 26.
1774.

* * The letters signed *A Happy poor Man, Eumenes, Philo-Pietas, Investigator, E. R., Eusebius, Maria, Rebecca Trueman, W.'s* to Curio, and several other anonymous pieces, are received.

Liberty, a poem, translated from Metastasio, and the Essay on Hatred, in our next.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From September 12, to September 17, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	16	3	3	1	3	0	2	6	3	3

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	5	—	—	3	4	2	7	3	10
Surry,	6	6	3	7	3	4	2	7	4	1
Hertford,	6	7	—	—	2	9	2	4	3	11
Bedford,	6	10	4	8	3	4	2	3	3	9
Cambridge,	6	3	3	2	2	9	2	2	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	6	—	—	3	8	2	3	3	7
Northampton,	7	8	5	1	4	0	2	2	3	11
Rutland,	7	8	5	0	4	4	—	—	—	—
Leicester,	7	11	5	10	4	4	2	4	4	1
Nottingham,	7	1	5	6	4	0	2	3	4	1
Derby,	8	1	—	—	—	—	2	8	4	3
Stafford,	8	0	5	5	4	1	2	2	4	7
Salop,	8	1	6	0	4	1	2	6	—	—
Hereford,	6	6	—	—	—	—	2	7	—	—
Worcester,	8	2	—	—	4	5	2	7	4	8
Warwick,	8	3	—	—	—	—	2	9	4	11
Gloucester,	8	4	—	—	—	—	2	4	4	4
Wiltshire,	7	3	4	4	3	5	2	7	4	6
Berks,	7	0	5	1	3	4	2	6	3	10
Oxford,	7	9	—	—	3	9	2	7	4	1
Bucks,	6	11	—	—	3	8	2	6	4	0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	5	10	3	4	3	4	2	4	3	5
Suffolk,	5	8	2	11	3	0	2	1	3	1
Norfolk,	5	10	3	1	2	9	2	1	—	—
Lincoln,	6	8	4	2	3	7	2	2	3	9
York,	6	11	4	9	3	5	2	3	3	9
Durham,	6	11	4	3	3	7	2	4	4	0
Northumberland,	6	6	4	4	3	5	2	6	4	1
Cumberland,	6	11	4	7	3	8	2	9	4	7
Westmoreland,	7	9	5	0	4	0	2	6	4	0
Lancashire,	6	3	—	—	3	3	2	4	4	2
Cheeshire,	7	2	—	—	4	3	2	3	—	—
Monmouth,	7	8	—	—	4	0	2	2	—	—
Somerset,	7	1	—	—	3	0	2	2	4	0
Devon,	6	6	—	—	3	4	1	10	—	—
Cornwall,	6	3	—	—	3	5	1	10	—	—
Dorset,	6	9	—	—	2	9	2	1	4	6
Hampshire,	6	3	—	—	3	0	2	3	4	0
Suffex,	5	7	—	—	2	10	2	3	3	6
Kent,	6	4	3	3	3	7	2	3	3	2

From September 5, to September 10, 1774.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	5	9	5	9	3	1	2	7	5	4
South Wales,	8	6	6	8	4	7	2	3	3	9

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	6	7	4	2	3	5	2	11	3	7	3 4

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For August, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	lo.	hi.	Therm.	Weather.
1	W.N.W. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	60	64		Morning early, and evening, rain.
2	N.N.W. calm	30 ¹ / ₁₀	59 ¹ / ₂	66		Brilliant day.
3	N.N.E. fresh	30 ¹ / ₁₀	59	66		Ditto. [rain, with some thun. & light.
4	E.N.E. fresh	29 ² / ₁₀	61	63		Mor. early rain, after. & night heavy
5	N.N.W. calm	29 ² / ₁₀	61	63		Forenoon rain, afternoon fair.
6	W. little	29 ³ / ₁₀	60	68		Brilliant day.
7	W. little	29 ² / ₁₀	63	71		Ditto.
8	S. little	29 ¹ / ₁₀	64 ¹ / ₂	70		Cloudy and sultry, very slight rain.
9	W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	65	73 ¹ / ₂		Sultry.
10	W.N.W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	61	63		Afternoon thunder and heavy rain.
11	W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	58	65		Fair.
12	W. little	30	61	65		Ditto.
13	W. little	30	60	66		Ditto.
14	W. fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	60	65		Heavy rain in the evening.
15	SS.W var. strong	29 ¹ / ₁₀	60 ¹ / ₂	65		Showers, intervals fair,
16	W.S.W. strong	29 ¹ / ₁₀	60	64 ¹ / ₂		Frequent showers.
17	W. strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	59	64		Cloudy.
18	W. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	58	63		Ditto.
19	W var. to E. little	30	60	64		Sunshine.
20	E.N.E. little	30	61	72		Ditto.
21	N.N.E. fresh	30	63	69		Ditto.
22	E. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	69	66		Ditto forenoon rain.
23	E. fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	63	68		Fair.
24	N. variable little	29 ² / ₁₀	60	63		Ditto.
25	N. little	29 ¹ / ₁₀	59 ¹ / ₂	66		Ditto, night heavy rain.
26	W. little	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	62	64		Cloudy.
27	W. little	29 ¹ / ₁₀	58	61		Heavy rain, with hail and thunder.
28	S. fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	58	60		Almost constant rain.
29	S.W. fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	56 ¹ / ₂	58 ¹ / ₂		Heavy showers.
30	S. fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	58 ¹ / ₂	62		Ditto.
31	S.W. strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	62	68		Slight rain.

PRICES

BANK		E. India		South Sea		Old S. Sea		P R I C E S		F S T O C K S		1 per Cent		1 per Cent		1 per Cent		Long		Ind. Bonds	
Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Annuit.	Reduced.	Confs.	An. 1726.	An. 1751.	An. 1758	Confs.	An. 1758	Confs.	Annuit.	prem.	Na. Bld.	diff.	
—	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	26	57 1/2	—	—	
29	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
30	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
31	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
1	144 1/2	148	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
2	Fire of	London.	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
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4	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
5	144 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
6	144 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
7	144 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
8	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
9	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
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11	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
12	144 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
13	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
14	144 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
15	145	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
16	145 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
17	145 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
18	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
19	145 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
20	145 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
21	145 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
22	145 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
23	145 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
24	145 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	
25	Sunday	148 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	89 1/2	86 1/2	—	—	—	93 1/2	—	—	—	58 1/2	—	—	



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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Observations on a Variety of Subjects, literary, moral, and religious ; from a Series of original Letters, written by a Gentleman of foreign Extraction, who resided some Time in Philadelphia ; revised by a Friend, to whose Hands the Manuscript was committed for Publication, in Philadelphia.

LETTER IV.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount P——, at Oxford.

MY LORD,



N my last, I furnished your lordship with as particular an account as I have been able to obtain of the many astonishing improvements which a very few years have produced in this elegant and growing city. Common justice calls upon me to inform you that some of the best institutions, that regard its internal police, are under the direction and management of the people called Quakers ; whose general disapprobation of all fashionable amusements and diversions gives them leisure and opportunity of embarking in, and prosecuting,

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such schemes as are useful, as well as ornamental, to human society. These sober virtuous people generally engage with caution, but execute with the most persevering firmness and assiduity. The Hospital and House of Employment are standing monuments of their labours. And the period seems to be fast approaching, when the cause of literature will receive no small services from their attention and zeal. A philosophical society, for the encouragement of science, arts, and manufactures, hath been lately instituted in this city, which numbers many of the most sensible of this denomination among its fellows. My friend, the merchant, assures me that the thirst of knowledge increases much among them; that they begin to discover the subserviency of human learning to many valuable purposes; and now think it no more a crime, to send their children to school, to learn Greek and Latin, mathematics and natural philosophy, than to put them to merchants or mechanics, to be instructed in the several arts and mysteries that are become necessary for the support of the present temporal life; wisely judging, with respect to the spiritual life, (which comes from, and is to be supported by, another world,) that human learning has no more to do with it, and can no more awaken or promote it, than the art of making clocks and watches. If I remember right, Baker, who has written so ingeniously upon the uses of learning, seems to put it upon the same footing; and our tutor, at Magdalen-Hall, has frequently told us, that all the acquirements of human knowledge, though highly necessary for the improvement and embellishment of civil society, can never impart to us one single ray of that which is truly divine.

I am no stranger to your lordship's sentiments upon this interesting subject. You well know when to pronounce the *hitherto shalt thou go, and no farther*. As a citizen of heaven, and a traveller through this world, you know what is necessary not only to make your journey pleasing and comfortable, and to furnish you with proper accommodations on the road, but to secure to yourself a happy reception among your fellow-citizens, when your pilgrimage shall be at an end. A liberal education, under the direction of a heaven-taught mind, has stood your lordship in good stead on many important occasions. It gives the Christian scholar a free access into circles of conversation where the illiterate would never be admitted, and furnishes him, when he is there, with a becoming confidence and manly freedom of speech: it enables him to fight the infidel with his own weapons, and to avail himself of the whole magazine of ancient and modern learning, in the defence of religion. For the very same armour, that is weak and ineffectual in the hands of the unbeliever,

unbeliever, becomes strong and of heavenly temper, when worn or wielded by the champion of gospel truth.

Upon these principles, my lord, I cannot but look upon it to be the duty of the real Christian to patronize and encourage every well-formed scheme for the advancement of literature: and I was particularly pleased to hear, from my friend, who is himself a fellow of the Philosophical Society, that the Quakers had stepped forth, and joined the votaries of science: for their well-known industry and application cannot fail, in all human probability, of ensuring it success.

What I have here said of the Quakers, your lordship must not consider as the least disparagement or diminution of the other religious societies. The members of our communion, as well as those of the Presbyterian and other dissenting denominations, have engaged warmly in every scheme that has been proposed for the general good; though they all candidly confess, that no institutions have been carried on with so much spirit, and crowned with so much success, as those in which the Quakers have had the lead and direction. — Penn engrafted an excellent policy upon their religious principles; and Barclay has given these principles all the advantages which can be derived from throwing them into the form of a system. These authors your lordship has carefully read: and I remember once to have heard you drop an intimation, that Barclay's book had never been answered in such a manner as to weaken the force of his arguments.

I dined the other day with an eminent physician, of this place, who professes himself a Presbyterian. There was a mixed company; and the conversation turned upon religious subjects. A clergyman of the established church, who appeared to be very infirm and much advanced in years, undertook to reconcile the seeming differences that prevailed among the professors of Christianity. He very ingeniously distinguished the things essential, from those which are not essential, to salvation; and, with a truly benevolent Christian spirit, declared, that, as religion was a life, manifested by good tempers and dispositions within, and correspondent actions and offices without; as it did not depend upon any particular set of doctrines or opinions, much less upon any particular modes of worship or outward church discipline; so he found his own heart intimately drawn to, and united with, good men, of every denomination. — You, sir, said he, (turning to the physician,) are a Presbyterian; — thou art a Quaker, (addressing himself to another of the company); — and I am a Church-man. — Suppose, now, whilst we are disputing about religious principles, a servant should rush into the room, and eagerly inform us, that a neighbour's house was on-fire, that the master of the family was abroad, that the

poor wife with two or three little ones were screaming out for help, and that all their goods must perish, if they could not have immediate assistance. My Quaker friend, there, and myself, unmoved at the melancholy tidings, gravely continue the debate. My Presbyterian friend forgets all his zeal about opinions and doctrines, starts from the table in an instant, and hastens to the scene of distress. Pray, now, gentlemen, continued the venerable old man, which of us, in such a case, would be the Christian? I, most assuredly, cried out the physician: and, though I really find myself much attached to Calvin's system, yet I am sure, in the case you mention, or any other similar one, neither Calvin's opinions, nor the opinions of any other man, could rouse my compassion and urge me to the benevolent act: nothing but a power, superior to all opinion, which carries its own evidence and motive along with it, and which, I trust, is *the Divinity that stirs within me*, could accomplish this; and, if I should resist its powerful call, merely to indulge my own humour, in an idle and unprofitable debate, what would it be, but throwing away my proper and natural food to live upon the wind? nay, losing heaven for the sake of a syllogism!

I think your lordship, had you been present, would have pronounced this to be good divinity: and, for the honour of the Philadelphians, I do assure you that these sentiments generally prevail among them; and that there is less religious bigotry here than in any place I have yet visited. The only circumstance, in which the Presbyterians seem to be less catholic than others, is, their violent opposition to the proposed establishment of a bishop or bishops in America. But, indeed, I cannot think they are so much to blame, in this matter, as our church-friends would insinuate; for, were I to settle in America, I should never say a word, in favour of an established episcopate, till the powers of the intended bishop were accurately defined, and a satisfactory security given, by act of parliament, against any future encroachments. Could this be done, I think no reasonable dissenters, upon their own principles, would promote any farther opposition.

The Quakers have three places of worship in this city, the English Presbyterians three, the Scotch Presbyterians two, the German Lutherans two, (one of which is very large and elegant,) the German Calvinists one, the Baptists one, the Roman-Catholics two, and the Methodists one. I have visited most of these places, and have been introduced to many of the clergy, and find them generally moderate, quiet, and charitable. They are all warmly attached to the British constitution; and, whilst their civil and religious liberties are secured to them, will remain as affectionate and obedient subjects as any in his majesty's dominions.

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Our friend Charles engaged to furnish your lordship with all the materials he could collect, relative to the city and province of New-York: I hope he is fulfilling his promise. But I had a hint from a gentleman, who lately saw him there, that he had been sadly taken in by a set of people, under the mask of religion. You know his honest heart has ever been too susceptible of impressions from your pretenders to extraordinary sanctity. However, I am sure, if their tenets or practices lead to any thing that is narrow or uncharitable, his liberal and generous turn of mind will soon shake off the deception.

I send your lordship the first volume of the Transactions of the New Philosophical Society, which will afford no small entertainment to yourself and my other Oxford friends. I am much obliged to you for Gustavus Vasa and the Farmer's Letters to the People of Ireland. I have a strong partiality for all the writings of that excellent author, and now want but one book to complete my collection of his works. I am, my lord,

Your lordship's most sincere friend and devoted servant,

Philadelphia,

T. CASPIPINA.

Sept. 4, 1771.

[To be continued]

The Oeconomy of Nature: by Isaac F. Biberg, Upsal. Amanitat. Academ. vol. ii. Continued from P. 69.

§. 3. *The Fossil Kingdom. Propagation.*

IT is agreed, on all hands, that stones are not organical bodies, like plants and animals; and therefore it is as clear, that they are not produced from an egg, like the tribes of the other kingdoms. Hence, the variety of fossils is proportionate to the different combinations of coalescent particles, and hence, the species in the fossil kingdom are not so distinct as in the other two. Hence, also, the laws of generation, in relation to fossils, have been, in all ages, extremely difficult to explain. And, lastly, hence have arisen so many different opinions about them, that it would be endless to enumerate them all. We, therefore, for the present, will content ourselves with giving a very few observations on this subject.

That clay is the sediment of the sea is sufficiently proved by observation, for which reason, it is generally found in great plenty along the coast.

The journals of seamen clearly evince, that a very minute sand covers the bottom of the sea, nor can it be doubted but that it is daily crystallised out of the water.

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It is now acknowledged by all, that testaceous bodies, and petrifications resembling plants, were once real animals or vegetables; and it seems likely that shells, being of a calcareous nature, have changed the adjacent clay, sand, or mould, into the same kind of substance. Hence we may be certain that marble may be generated from petrifications, and therefore it is frequently seen full of them.

Ragstone, the most common matter of our rocks, appears to be formed from a sandy kind of clay; but this happens more frequently where the earth is impregnated with iron.

Freestone is the product of sand, and the deeper the bed where it is found, the more compact it becomes; and the more dense the sand, the more easily it concretes. But if an alkaline clay chances to be mixed with the sand, the freestone is generated more readily, as in the freestone called *cos friatilis*, *particulis argilla-glarenfis*, (S. N. 1. 1.).

The flint (S. N. 3. 1.) is almost the only kind of stone, certainly the most common, in chalky mountains. It seems therefore to be produced from chalk. Whether it can be reduced again to chalk I leave others to enquire.

Stalactites, (S. N. 33. 1.) or dropstone, is composed of calcareous particles, adhering to a dry, and generally a vegetable, body.

The incrustations (S. N. 32. 5, 6, 7, 8.) are often generated where a vitriolic water connects clayey and earthy particles together.

Slate, by the vegetables that are often inclosed in it, seems to take its origin from a marshy mould.

Metals vary according to the nature of the matrix to which they adhere: *e. g.* the *pyrites cupri Fablunensis* contains frequently sulphur, arsenic, iron, copper, a little gold, vitriol, alum, sometimes lead ore, silver, and zinck. Thus gold, copper, iron, zinck, arsenic, pyrites, vitriol, come out of the same vein. That very rich iron ore at Normark, in Vermelandia, where it was cut transversely by a vein of clay, was changed into pure silver. The number, therefore, of species and varieties of fossils, each serving for different purposes, according to their different natures, will be in proportion as the different kinds of earths and stones are variously combined.

§. 4. Preservation.

As fossils are destitute of life and organisation; are hard, and not obnoxious to putrefaction; so they last longer than any other kind of bodies. How far the air contributes to this duration it is easy to perceive: since air hardens many stones, upon the superficies of the earth, and makes them more solid, compact, and able to resist

resist the injuries of time. Thus it is known, from vulgar observation, that lime, that has been long exposed to the air, becomes hardened. The chalky marl, (which they use in Flanders for building houses,) as long as it continues in the quarry, is friable; but, when dug up and exposed to the air, it grows gradually harder. In the same way, our old walls and towers gain a firmness, in process of time, and therefore it is a vulgar mistake, that our ancestors excelled the modern architects in the art of building, as to this point.*

However ignorant we may be of the cause why large rocks are every where to be seen split, whence vast fragments are frequently torn off, yet this we may observe, that fissures are closed up by water, that gets between them and is detained there, and is consolidated by crystal and spar. Hence, we scarcely ever find crystal but in those stones which have for some time, in their chinks, water loaded with stony particles. In the same manner, crystals fill the cavities in mines, and concrete into quartz, or a debased crystal.

It is manifest that stones are not only generated, augmented, and changed perpetually, from incrustations brought upon moss, but are also increased by crystal and spar: not to mention that the adjacent earth, especially if it be impregnated with iron particles, is commonly changed into a solid stone.

It is said, that the marble-quarries in Italy, from whence fragments are cut, grow up again. Ores grow, by little and little, whenever the mineral particles, conveyed by the means of water through the clefts of mountains, are retained there; so that, adhering to the homogeneous matter a long while, at last they take its nature, and are changed into a similar substance.

§. 5. Destruction.

Fossils, although they are the hardest of bodies, yet are found subject to the laws of destruction, as well as all other created substances: for they are dissolved in various ways, by the elements exerting their force upon them; as by water, air, and the solar rays; as also by the rapidity of rivers, violence of cataracts and eddies, which continually beat upon, and at last reduce to powder,

* Too great stress ought not, I think, to be laid on this observation of our Author, though it may be in part true: for, without supposing that our ancestors had more skill in building, we may suppose, (what was likely to be the case,) that they used more care in the choice of their materials, and had them wrought up with more labour, which must add considerably to the firmness of their cement. Where these circumstances have happened to be wanting, time alone has not been able to produce the same effect. I have seen a house, about fourscore years old, where one might rub out the mortar from between the bricks without scarcely using any force.

powder, the hardest rocks. The agitations of the sea and lakes, and the vehemence of the waves, excited by turbulent winds, pulverise stones, as evidently appears by their roundness along the shore. Nay, as the poet says,

*The hardest stone insensibly gives way
To the soft drops that frequent on it play.*

So that we ought not to wonder that these very hard bodies moulder away into powder, and are obnoxious, like others, to the consuming tooth of time.

Sand is formed of freestone, which is destroyed partly by frost, making it friable, partly by the agitation of water and waves, which easily wear away, dissolve, and reduce into minute particles, what the frost had made friable.

Chalk is formed of rough marble, which the air, the sun, and the winds, have dissolved; as appears by Iter. Goth. 170.

The slate-earth, or *humus schisti*, (Syl. Nat. 511.) owes its origin to slate, dissolved by the air, rain, and snow.

Ochre is formed of metals dissolved, whose fæces present the very same colours which we always find the ore tinged with, when exposed to the air. Vitriol, in the same manner, mixes with water, from ores destroyed.

The *muria saxatilis*, (Syl. Nat. 14. 6.) a kind of talky stone, yielding salt in the parts that are turned to the sun, is dissolved into sand, which falls, by little and little, upon the earth, till the whole is consumed; not to mention other kinds of fossils. Lastly, from these there arise new fossils, as we mentioned before; so that the destruction of one thing serves for the generation of another.

Testaceous worms ought not to be passed over on this occasion; for they eat away the hardest rocks. That species of shell-fish, called the razor-shell, bores through stones, in Italy, and hides itself within them; so that the people, who eat them, are obliged to break the stones before they can come at them. The *cochlea*, (F. S. 1299.) a kind of snail that lives on craggy rocks, eats, and bores through, the chalky hills, as worms do through wood. This is made evident, by the observations of the celebrated de Geer. [*To be continued.*]

A Description of the Lake at Keswick, communicated, in a Letter to a Friend, by the late Dr. Brown.

—IN my way to the North, from Hagley, I passed through Dovedale, and, to say the truth, was disappointed in it. When I came to Buxton, I visited another or two of their romantic scenes; but these are inferior to Dovedale: they are but poor

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poor miniatures of Kewick ; which exceeds them more in grandeur than I can give you to imagine, and more, if possible, in beauty than in grandeur.

Instead of the narrow slip of valley, which is seen at Dovedale, you have at Kewick a vast amphitheatre, in circumference above twenty miles : instead of a meagre rivulet, a noble living lake, ten miles round, of an oblong form, adorned with variety of wooded islands. The rocks, indeed, of Dovedale are finely wild, pointed, and irregular ; but the hills are both little and unanimated ; and the margin of the brook is poorly edged with weeds, morafs, and brushwood. But at Kewick you will, on one side of the lake, see a rich and beautiful landscape of cultivated fields, rising to the eye in fine inequalities, with noble groves of oak, happily dispersed, and climbing the adjacent hills, shade above shade, in the most various and picturesque forms. On the opposite shore, you will find rocks and cliffs, of stupendous height, hanging broken over the lake, in horrible grandeur, some of them a thousand feet high ; the woods climbing up their steep and shaggy sides, where mortal foot never yet approached. On these dreadful heights the eagles build their nests. A variety of water-falls are seen pouring from their summits, and tumbling in vast sheets from rock to rock, in rude and terrible magnificence ; while, on all sides of this immense amphitheatre, the lofty mountains rise round, piercing the clouds, in shapes as spiry and fantastic as the very rocks of Dovedale. To this, I must add the frequent and bold projection of the cliffs into the lake, forming noble bays and promontories : in other parts they finely retire from it, and often open in abrupt chasms or clefts, through which, at hand, you see rich and cultivated vales, and beyond these, at various distances, mountain rising over mountain ; among which, new prospects present themselves in mist, till the eye is lost in an agreeable perplexity :

*Where active fancy travels beyond sense,
And pictures things unseen. —*

Were I to analyse the two places into their constituent principles, I should tell you that the full perfection of Kewick consists of three circumstances, *beauty, horror, and immensity*, united ; the second of which is alone found in Dovedale. Of beauty it hath little, nature having left it almost a desert : neither its small extent, nor the diminutive and lifeless form of the hills, admits magnificence. But to give you a complete idea of these three perfections, as they are joined in Kewick, would require the united powers of Claude, Salvator, and Poussin. The first should throw his delicate sunshine over the cultivated vales, the scattered cots, the groves, the lake, and wooded islands ;

islands; the second should dash out the horror of the rugged cliffs, the steep, the hanging woods, and foaming water-falls; while the grand pencil of Poussin should crown the whole with the majesty of impending mountains.

So much for what I would call the *permanent* beauties of this astonishing scene. Were I not afraid of being tiresome, I could now dwell as long on its *varying* or *accidental* beauties. I would sail round the lake, anchor in every bay, and land you on every promontory and island. I would point out the perpetual change of prospect; the woods, rocks, cliffs, and mountains, by turns vanishing or rising into view; now gaining on the sight, hanging over our heads in their full dimensions, beautifully dreadful; and now, by a change of situation, assuming new romantic shapes, retiring and lessening on the eye, and insensibly losing themselves in an azure mist. I would remark the contrast of light and shade, produced by the morning and evening sun; the one gilding the western, and the other the eastern, side of this immense amphitheatre; while the vast shadow, projected by the mountains, buries the opposite part in a deep and purple gloom, which the eye can hardly penetrate. The natural variety of colouring, which the several objects produce, is no less wonderful and pleasing; the ruling tincts in the valley being those of azure, green, and gold, yet ever various, arising from an intermixture of the lake, the woods, the grass, and corn-fields: these are finely contrasted by the grey rocks and cliffs; and the whole heightened by the yellow streams of light, the purple hues, and misty azure of the mountains. Sometimes a serene air and clear sky disclose the tops of the highest hills; at others, you see clouds involving their summits, resting on their sides, or descending to their base, and rolling among the vallies, as in a vast furnace. When the winds are high, they roar among the cliffs and caverns like peals of thunder; then, too, the clouds are seen in vast bodies, sweeping along the hills in gloomy greatness, while the lake joins the tumult, and tosses like a sea: but in calm weather the whole scene becomes new; the lake is a perfect mirror, and the landscape in all its beauty, islands, fields, woods, rocks, and mountains, are seen inverted, and floating on its surface. I will now carry you to the top of a cliff, where, if you dare approach the ridge, a new scene of astonishment presents itself, where the valley, lake, and islands, seem lying at your feet; where this expanse of water appears diminished to a little pool, amidst the vast immeasurable objects that surround it; for here the summits of more distant hills appear before those you had already seen, and, rising behind each other in successive ranges and azure groups of craggy and broken steep, form an immense and awful picture, which can only be expressed

expressed by the image of a tempestuous sea of mountains. Let me now conduct you down again to the valley, and conclude with one circumstance more; which is, that a walk by still moon-light, (at which time the distant water-falls are heard in all their variety of sound,) among these enchanting dales, opens a scene of such delicate beauty, repose, and solemnity, as exceeds all description.

The fishery of this delightful lake is let to an inhabitant of Keswick for a guinea a year.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS there is not any thing, in the following piece, that can give a just occasion of offence, to your most virtuous readers, I desire you would give it a place in the next number.

A SUBSCRIBER.

An Essay on Nothing.

*The poet's eye, in a fine phrensy rolling,
Glances from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.*

NOTHING was before something; and, when something shall be annihilated, *nothing* will remain: *ergo*, (or, as I lately heard that word pronounced, *here-I go*,) *nothing* is eternal, and eternity is *nothing*. — Is not this a logical proof? — The universe, which, we are told, rose out of *nothing*, is suspended by *nothing*, has *nothing* about it, contains *nothing* in it, and yet it is something. Philosophers tell us that *nothing* is essential to motion; and that there is an *extended nothing** and an *unextended nothing*, called *vacuum within bodies*, and *vacuum without all bodies*. Without *nothing*, every thing, it is supposed, would remain *in statu quo* it was created: plants could not vegetate, eyes could not see, ears could not hear, and feet could not walk, nor could any member be moved. *Nothing*, therefore, (*ergo* again,) is the secondary cause of all changes of the seasons, and of every event and fleeting phenomenon in the universe. The late good bishop Berkeley would have persuaded the world that *nothing* is the

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substratum,

* It would be worth while for our philosophers to consider whether a *vacuum*, which is *nothing*, can have any properties.

substratum, or support, of all qualities and properties, which are created every moment, have but a momentary existence, and when they are not perceived, are nothing: of course, (or *ergo*,) the philosopher himself, who is no longer perceived, is *nothing*. *Nothing* exists, says he, but the present perception; and that existence, too, is but an idea, which is *nothing*. There has been *much-a-do*, in the world, about *nothing*; but the world seems to be *nothing* the wiser for it.

Many people know *nothing* about interesting matters, which they ought to know; while they attempt to manifest much knowledge about others, which amount to *nothing*, and are good for *nothing*. An *abstract general idea*, which has no particular properties or qualities, is *abstract nonsense* to me; a *nonentity*, or *nothing*, and can be like *nothing* but *nothing*. And this knowledge is the *ne plus ultra* in metaphysics. For who can go beyond *nothing*, which, like pure space, (incautiously called the *sensorium of God*,) is illimitable?

There is *nothing* to be done in the world, it seems, without *nothing*; and *nothing* is done to the purpose with it. It is found in most *systems of philosophy*, and in some *systems of divinity*, which give us an idea of a God, with *nothing* godlike to be found in them. Little or *nothing* is to be met with, amongst some people, but riddles; and, when they are unriddled, they mean *nothing*, or *something* worse than *nothing*.

Nothing, which is *no figure*, is made use of as a *figure in speech*, by orators, to denote *nothing*, or something, but nobody knows what; and, like empty vessels, such figures of *nothing* make a great sound, which *nothing* can silence.

Nothing can exceed the potential influence of *nothing*. Sounds, which are themselves *nothing*, and which carry along with them *nothing* intelligent, the unthinking part of mankind swarm after, like a hive of bees after the tinkling of a fire pan, and, without suspecting any artifice, settle on the object which has allured them with its *nothingness*, and are carried about with it, at pleasure, fearing *nothing*. A *nothingling* of a patriot, who has *nothing* of *patriotism* in him,* collects, like a snow-ball, numerous hoists around him, wherever he goes, who yet know *nothing* about the merits of the dispute in which they are become parties, and are sure to get *nothing*, which way soever it be ultimately decided. When the purposes of private ambition are answered, the poor tools of it are disbanded, and left to subsist upon *nothing*, as if they merited *nothing*, and their leaders care *nothing* about them.

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* The author means not a general reflection on those who stand forth in the common cause, some of whom are *respectable characters*: let those only wear the *knave's cap* whose heads it may fit.

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Nothing is more common than to hear people talk of *seeing nothing*, of *hearing nothing*, of *wishing nothing*, *dreaming nothing*, *doing nothing*, and *intending nothing*: though there is *nothing* of literal truth in these declarations, yet the abuse of words is become so familiar, that we make *nothing* of it and think *nothing* about it. *Nothing*, indeed, is more harmless and inoffensive than those errors which carry *nothing* of harm along with them: though to speak more correctly and properly would better become our speakers and writers, especially upon the *sublime* and *beautiful*, who set up their works for standards of literal propriety and grammatical orthodoxy, or, as they came from *nothing*, and are built upon *nothing*, like castles in the air, they will come to *nothing*, and be looked upon as *nothing*.

Some people, too, boast of *nothing*, and think they merit by *nothing*. I knew a parson (and his word deserved to be credited) who said he could preach forty sermons on one text, and make *nothing* of it.

The works of poets, above all other mens, are distinguished for their *nothingness*. *Nothing* is easier, to some bards, than to sing about *nothing*; and *nothing* is more common, than for mankind to be better pleased with *fiction*, which is *nothing*, than with *truth* or *reality*, which is *something*. The *muses*, which they invoke, are *nothing*; and the mount, which belongs to the *nine nonentities*, or *nothings*, with the *never-fading flowers*, that grow upon it, are *nothing*. Poetry is also one of the most unprofitable employments to be met with: many of those who follow it are distinguished for *nothing* so much as their poverty and wretchedness. They have *nothing* but mountains of gold in their heads, and *nothing* but copper (if any of that) in their pockets: *nothing* but holes in their coats, and a *vacuum*, called an *aching void*, in their *stomachs*: they imagine every thing and can realize *nothing*.

The time is come when there is *nothing* but *drunkenness*, *tumults*, and *uproars*: our gentlemen, clergy, and freeholders, and worthy liverymen and freemen, are called upon for their votes, and, unless they become perjured, (and perjury is *nothing* uncommon,) must give them freely, too, for *nothing*. But I will hasten to conclude, as you will perhaps think I have already said too much about

NOTHING.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

— — — *Quid enim ratione timemus
Aut cupimus?* JUVENAL.

Our hopes or fears doth reason raise or quell?

WHEN we contemplate the delicate structure of the human frame, and the nice dependencies of its various parts, we may justly exclaim, with the psalmist, "How wonderfully man is made!" Nor is our internal constitution less worthy our attention, or less adapted to excite our admiration.

The grand springs of action are the passions; and these are so deeply interwoven in our nature, that they are, in some sense, a part of ourselves. Their gratification takes, therefore, no improper general term, when it is called self-love. This is frequently termed the active, and reason the restraining, principle. Thus Pope:

*Two principles in human nature reign;
Self-love to act, and reason to restrain.*

But, with due submission to so great an authority, it may surely be questioned, whether reason hath, of itself, any restraining power over the passions. A slight examination, into the conduct of mankind, and the motives by which it is influenced, will evince, without any long induction of argument, the truth of this position, "that reason is merely the power of comparing ideas, of discerning their relations, and from thence of selecting means suitable for attaining a proposed end; which end is always proposed by the more active principles, and the selection made in obedience to them." Thus, the covetous man employs it in the selection of means proper to accumulate riches; the ambitious man makes use of it in his progress towards power; and the sensualist in procuring the indulgence of his particular appetites. It is equally subordinate to the desired end, whether that end be good or evil; and is as strongly exercised under the influence of fear, jealousy, and revenge, as of hope, love, and benevolence. If a man be restrained from present enjoyment, by the prospect of future good or the dread of future pain, he is under the restraint of hope or fear, and not of reason, any farther than as it is exercised in subjection to those passions. Thus reason is, in all instances, pliant to the dominion of the affections; and, if self-love be the predominant principle of action, it is not, strictly speaking, unreasonable for a man to prefer the destruction of the universe to suffering the least injury himself. For why should he not? If it be said that a regard to

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the interests of his fellow-creatures should prevent such a preference, we recur then to another principle, which is not reason nor deducible from reason.

This principle is an internal feeling of the mind, a certain immediate impulse, by which we are incited to the approbation and pursuit of that which is right, becoming, and useful, in actions, and to an abhorrence of that which hath a contrary tendency. This is the particular end to which it points, and reason is, in its turn, subservient to this end, by investigating the means proper to attain it. It is the parent and nurse of the social affections, and inspires that regard for truth, that aversion from injuring others, that extensive philanthropy, which carries the mind beyond the narrow bounds of self-interest, and establishes the foundation of all true religion. It is this *divinæ particula auræ*, this particle of divine breath, whose salutary influence, penetrating the inmost recesses of the soul, curbs the fury of the passions, and retaliates wilful transgressions of its dictates by the bitterness of subsequent remorse. An habitual indulgence of those passions, it was intended to restrain, may, indeed, stifle its monitions; it may be overwhelmed by superstition or perverted by enthusiasm; but, whilst the benevolent wish for another's welfare remains to be esteemed amongst men, the energy of this inward principle will be virtually acknowledged by the general language of all nations.

It is, perhaps, difficult to define, with precision, the limits of this moral principle; but it is no less difficult to define exactly the other affections of the mind. Who can ascertain the line which separates tortitude and obstinacy, frugality and avarice, emulation and envy? These distinctions are better felt than described; and the evidence of their existence may fairly be left to every man's own consciousness.

But to pursue our investigation of reason. — We have already found, if I mistake not, that it includes within itself no governing principle of action, but that it is merely the compass by which we steer our course. The direction of the voyage is committed to another power; and, to whatever port the vessel tends, the compass affords equal assistance. Let us proceed to examine how far reason is complicated with instinct.

If we survey the œconomy of the brute creation, we find in them a power of selecting proper means to reach a designed end, which is, indeed, generally, the preservation of themselves and their offspring and the propagation of their species. This power we chuse to denominate instinct: but wherein doth it differ from experience? A bird, for instance, chuses the materials proper for building its nest and rejects the improper: we say it is taught by instinct. A man chuses bricks or wood to build his

his house with, and never thinks of making use of grafs or water for that purpose: by what means did he learn the necessary distinction? We say that reason taught him; but we mean experience. For, could a man be supposed to come into the world at once with his reasoning faculties mature, he would never be able to infer, from a mere survey of the objects around him, without the help of his own experience or that of others, that any one thing was more adapted than another to any particular purpose. Or, to bring a more possible instance, suppose a man, on entering some distant and unknown country, to meet with a fruit, the produce of the climate, different from any which he had ever seen or heard of; it is certain that he never could determine, by any powers of reasoning that he is possessed of, without making the experiment himself, or receiving information from others, whether it would nourish or destroy him, whether it were food or poison. Man is, then, indebted to experience for these wholesome and necessary instructions. And how doth experience teach him? It teaches him to infer the future from the past. If the fruit of a particular tree has nourished him to-day, he concludes, with safety, the fruit of the same tree will nourish him to-morrow. This, then, is the argument drawn from experience, "That which hath been shall be." But is not this syllogism defective in an essential branch? Is the conclusion logical? In fact, we know it to be false in many instances. We are totally ignorant of the secret operation of causes, and can never, from thence, predict the effects which will follow. For this we rely upon experience. And experience, the great foundation of human wisdom, and surest guide in all human concerns, will be found, on a close analyzation, to resolve itself not into reason but instinct.

On experience is founded analogy; which, from a similitude, or supposed similitude, in objects, infers those which are unknown from those which are already known. Thus, in the foregoing instance, of a man thrown upon a strange coast, if the fruit, which he saw, resembled such as he was accustomed to see, and knew by experience was fit for food, he would be apt to form the same conclusion respecting it. He might, however, be deceived; and, indeed, conclusions, drawn from this source, have less firm dependence than those drawn immediately from experience, and hardly reach beyond probable conjecture. On this basis stand theories in medicine and systems in philosophy.

A few self-evident propositions, which are assented to, by every man, as soon as the terms, in which they are conveyed, are understood, furnish a third source of reasoning. Such are the propositions, that two and two are equal to four; that the whole is greater than its part; that between two points only one

right-

right-line can be drawn; and other fundamental axioms, on which reason, in subordination to the desire of knowledge, has raised the whole superstructure of geometry. But this kind of reasoning is limited to its particular science; and mathematical demonstration is only to be expected in the mathematics. Even here the definitions and demonstrations seem to be at some variance. A point, say the geometricians, hath no parts; that is, is indivisible. But the angle, formed by the contact of a right-line with a circle, affords a palpable demonstration that all material substance is divisible *in infinitum*.

Our estimate of reason, thus stripped of those ideal properties which vulgar opinion hath attributed to it, must be regulated accordingly. In truth, this boasted faculty, esteemed the distinguishing characteristic of man, and magnified, by some writers, into the sole standard of moral rectitude, amounts to nothing more than a limited power of comparing ideas, of perceiving their relations, and of selecting such as experience hath heretofore told us lead to the end which the passions or the moral principle now propose to us.

But man is ever curious to pry into the hidden counsels of the Almighty, and, finding the insufficiency of unassisted reason for that purpose, hath recourse to imagination, rather than confess his ignorance. This faculty, substituting its illusions as intuitive truths, not to be disputed, obliges reason, from thence, to form inferences which are only erroneous, as proceeding from mistaken premises. This is the foundation of enthusiasm, and hence arise visions, raptures, ecstasies, which exalt man to such a degree of spiritual favour as makes him ample amends for the humiliation of his reason. The most useful and substantial part of knowledge is to know our own weakness and blindness. A light is afforded us just sufficient to discover the path which we ought to pursue; but he, who pushes his enquiries farther, will find his curiosity repressed by the obscurity which extends all around him, or will be misled by some false and wandering meteor. So just are those lines of the poet:

*Not deeply to discern, not much to know:
Mankind was born to wonder and adore.*

S.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**On Hatred.*

THIS most pernicious passion of the human mind is not only productive of injurious treatment, to the object of its resentment, but is likewise a continual torment to itself, from the many disappointments its malicious and wicked designs meet with:—a passion, malignant, cold, pernicious, and deadly, which is ever brooding some wicked purpose, out of which it produceth infinite disasters. It hath some similitude with choler; but there is as much difference as between pieces engraved and those painted; the one easily defaced, the other more lasting. Choler is more sudden, particular, ardent, and more easily removed and cured; hatred more radical, general, extended, sad, and more remediless.

Hatreds of interest, which concern property or worldly honour, are, many times, incurable. — It is a thing very remarkable, that the Saviour of mankind would not undertake the agreement of two brothers, upon the partition of their patrimony. — There are some, so greedy, violent, and impatient, upon the least appearance of loss, that, for a finger's breadth of land, they would oppose Christ himself, if he should personally appear to reconcile parties. Yet some of these men profess to be followers of him in a holy and self-denying life, and are not ashamed to call themselves the elect; and, being void of charity, are for excluding those, who oppose their arbitrary and wicked practices, from any share in the merits of Christ, deeming all such in a reprobate state: after a thousand reasons, which these alledge for peace and good correspondence, they derive but one conclusion, which is, to have their will. It is almost as hard, to preserve charity in a suit of law, whose origin is hatred, as to maintain fire in water. He, who will persist in a conscience indifferently Christian, must never descend into suits but with a leaden pace, and come out of them with the wings of an eagle. Suits are the sons of chaos and night, and there is nothing but confusion and darkness, a mixture of all evils, containing the heat of fire, the threats of roaring thunder, the tempests of the air, and all the malignity of poisons, in them; by their side, deceit, revenge, injustice, falsehood, and treachery; and, after them, repentance, poverty, shame, and ignominy.

Hatred brings forth another mischief, that of duelling; a true sacrifice of Moloch; and which has caused much blood to be spilt; mothers and wives many tears; filled families with sorrow; friends with grief; ages with horror; and hearts, the most susceptible of good, with the detestation of such a crime.

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Would we effectually eradicate hatred, we must learn not to love ourselves so passionately as we do; but, instead thereof, embrace the love of God; nor take offence at every word that seems to be let slip against us, many times not on purpose, nor with intention to offend us. If an unhappy soul will still persist in hatred, his inheritance will certainly be banishment from the presence of God: behold his deserved inheritance; since, being mortal, he makes his enmities immortal; and, with implacability, persecutes the children, after the death of a parent whom he hated.

The strongest enmities are sometimes appeased at the sight of a death or a tomb; as Josephus relates of Alexander, who was extremely hated by the Jews, as having ruled over them with a rod of iron; but, when death had closed up his eyes, and the queen his wife had sorrowfully presented herself, accompanied by her two young children, and exposed the dead body of her husband to the view of his enemies, the most savage spirits were so softened, by this act, that their hatred turned into pity.

Yet, barbarians like, there are those, in this age, who persist to hate a man after his death, to persecute him in a part of himself, and tear him to pieces in his living members. There is a hatred that cometh from equals, another from inferiors, and a third from superiors. That which proceeds from equals lasteth long, and wasteth wretched souls in the search after a cruel revenge, which drowns pleasures in great anxieties, and, many times, life in blood: we must instantly labour a reconciliation, by a just satisfaction to the offended party, or stand upon our guard, that the enemy may not prevail. The hatred of inferiors oftentimes remains long shut up in silence; and, as the impetuous current of a river, kept in by a wall, so soon as it hath liberty, by a breach therein, with fury overturneth all in its way, so these men, when an opportunity offers to put in execution their diabolical designs, satiate themselves with revenge, or in revolutions overwhelm families, princes, and whole countries, with the utmost rage and cruelty. The hatred from superiors should be prevented by avoiding all occasions of intermeddling in their concerns, and more especially not eagerly to pursue the favour of great men, who are often very ungrateful in repaying the services of their inferiors; treating those under them as vassals and slaves. A just reprehension is motive sufficient, to such men, for a lasting enmity, making them avowed enemies; who, shutting up all passages to reason, do only open an ear to slander and cruel revenge. If the object of their hatred, by a timely retreat, escapes their merciless hands, and finds repose in a harbour of safety, their unrestrained rage is let loose to slander and vilify his actions, and they employ the most

wicked agents, the father of lies is capable of furnishing them with, to disturb his repose.

Other sorts there are, who are endeavouring to hide their hatred under a cloak of religion, who make pretensions to hold the truth in its greatest purity, and, under the sanction of the highest profession of Christianity, apprehend their rancour and malice of heart sufficiently hid from the eyes of the world. These may not deviate from humanity so far as to become the authors of black slander, but content themselves to fall upon some defects, sometimes slight, and sometimes sufficiently apparent: yea, they seem to be reserved in slanders, for they proceed as the spies of the Land of Promise, who first extolled its beauty and excellence, before they mentioned its monsters: they flatter the person before they bite; they enumerate his virtues and perfections, saying, the man is sober, witty, temperate, &c. nevertheless, there is always a conclusion which, in the end, marks all. Some, likewise, of this sort, cover the praises of others under a sad silence; others punctually decypher all the defects of a good action, with seeming great candour; others, who say they have compassion on his imperfections, of whom they speak, would have supplied them at their own charge, if it had been in their power; to conclude, all such have an honest cloak for their passion. But what shall be said of those men, in whom hatred has so far prevailed, as to exclude all amity; and who give ear to the race of calumniators, without restraint, and with malevolence brand the reputations of persons most innocent, and, many times, most virtuous? One cannot fully describe how detestable this vice is, for it would proceed to extirpate all human society, and the most endearing connections therein. If there be a disposition of mind that deserves the abhorrence of all men, this stands in the first place; and those, who lend their ears to receive the calumnies of such, do easily let in a belief of the verity of such suggestions, without hearing the justification of the person accused: they offend against the divine majesty, and shew they have a vitiated, or a very superficial, judgement. Now, if this worst of dispositions can be carried to such pernicious lengths, by an individual, what havock and devastation must it be productive of, when embraced by a body of men of the last class, to oppose whom, as monopolists, may expose a person to the resentment of the wickedest of men? The same may be said of those as Tertullian relates of the pagans in his time, who were so enraged against the Christians, that all their comforts were entirely overlooked, and seemed nothing to them, in comparison with the pleasure they took to hate and persecute them. May mankind be so happy as to adhere to virtue, persist

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in hating vice, and discountenance vicious men; yet love the image of God in them, and the resemblance of human nature!

A. K.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Some Reflections, occasioned by the weighty Sentences delivered by the late Samuel Fothergill.

THE sorrow, which we feel on the loss of any thing, is, in general, proportionate to the value we have set upon it. The more the possession of objects conduces to our happiness, the greater misery we feel when we are either taken from them or they from us: and, seeing that the choicest blessings, found beneath the sun, are of but short duration; that they may be wrested from us by open violence or secret fraud, or by a thousand natural events taken from us, if we were not to be taken from them; how pertinent, wise, and rational, is the sacred injunction, "Set your affections upon things that are above, and not upon things that are beneath!" The scriptures speak of a period when the elements shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be no more. But, before that period, we, of the present generation, it is probable, shall be silent in the grave, forgotten of men, and mouldered into dust. The dissolution of an individual is the end of the world to him; his intercourse and connection, with sublunary objects, is dissolved for ever; he is entered on a new and untried mode of existence; in spheres of which we can form no adequate ideas; and of whose state we can say nothing, unless it be that he is happy or miserable, according to the equitable final decision of the Judge of the whole earth, on his merits or demerits, who deals with his creatures according to the perfection of his own wisdom, and not according to the imperfection of ours. We express our affection and sympathy, to a relative, neighbour, or friend, in sickness, and agonize, as it were, with him in the hour of his dissolution; but, when death has done his office, the beloved spirit escapes from its tenement of clay, and is taken up beyond the reach of our communication; we conduct his senseless corpse to the margin of the grave, the general sepulchre of all flesh, and the tragic scene is concluded; we neither see nor hear more of, nor derive any future aid from, him: *Cloſe ſhuts the grave, nor tells one ſingle tale.*

The general uncertainty of life's choicest blessings teaches us, if we would learn wisdom, that we ought not to place our affections on them, as the superior good, nor to consider them as a perpetual inheritance, of which we are proprietors: they

they are lent to us for a few moments only; and, though all such gifts should be received with thanksgiving, they ought not to be made our idols. Of all the blessings, (next to those which the necessities of nature require,) the blessing of friendship is the most pleasurable and the most desirable. The man, who should possess the riches of Cræsus, without a friend, would be poor indeed. But this, like all others, sometimes maketh to itself wings and flies away. It is at our peril that we place an entire confidence in any human being whatever. We are frail by nature; subject to many changes, as to our views, hopes, fears, and dispositions; our resolves are weak as the spider's attenuated web. Events, seemingly the most trivial, have lit up a flame of domestic contention, divided a house against itself, parted the nearest friends, and converted them into enemies. And such enemies are generally the most inveterate; the most to be dreaded; as they are generally the most potent; and, like soldiers who desert their post, carry over their arms to the enemy. Friends promise much; and some of them perform but little, when the most is wanted. In the day of prosperity, when the aid of friendship is the least called for, its hand is continually opened; but, in the day of adversity, it is often shut. In that day, many have solicited its aid, and have, hapless, solicited it in vain: they have called, but friendship has turned a deaf ear. Let us, therefore, *set our affections on things that are above*, or that relate to permanent felicity in a future world.

Both reason and revelation evince, that the soul of man is infinitely superior to the body which it informs and the elements around it. The most barbarous tribes, who think but little, have some rude notions of an *hereafter*, or *future existence*: and, amongst the civilized nations, those only, who *think not at all*, and those, who *think too much*, doubt of it. — Let the libertine and sceptic enter into the chamber of the virtuous dying man, that school of wisdom: — let them attend to the soliloquy of a *Fothergill's* soul, about to take its flight to the mansions of the blessed. — What an instructive lesson! To behold a man triumphantly manifesting an unshaken confidence, that, in following the laws of virtue, he had “*not followed cunningly-devised fables*,” and having an humble assurance that he shall survive the dissolution of his body, and enjoy unmixed happiness in regions “*far above the heavens*.” The joyful sensation, which such a man must possess, what language can describe!

I compare a man in this situation to a veteran, who has endured a series of campaigns in an inhospitable clime, and survived the dangers of the field, from which he has returned, with the trophies of victory, to the borders of his native country, and

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is about to receive the honour of a *public triumphant* entry into its capital. The man, who has engaged on the side of virtue, braved the perils of the day, and come off victorious in the eve, feels that complacency of which conquerors cannot boast, and is graced with honours which are not like the phantoms of an hour, that vanish and are no more; he inherits an *eternal substance*. Death, to such a man, is disarmed of every instrument of terror; and he turns his thoughts, undaunted, on the grave, which, though it may be shortly opened to swallow up his body, will gain no conquest over his soul, by that acquisition. To obtain this assurance, is to obtain the "*one thing needful*:" all others, in comparison of it, are very vanities. RICHES and HEALTH are precarious goods; they are made up of perishable materials, and "*they shall perish*." RELATIONS and FRIENDS are connected to us (at least, in this world) by slender threads, that not only burst before the storm, but sometimes break from us at a breeze. The removal of friends, who gave us the greatest pleasure while living, produces in us the greater pain when dead: the stronger they are connected to our hearts, the greater violence is offered to our peace when they are torn from us by death; and a greater still, if they themselves, which is too often the case, detach themselves from us by their own voluntary act, while living, and leave us like solitary figures on the stage of life, unavoidably lamenting our loss and disappointment. — On earth we can find no place to rest upon with security; no permanent felicity: its greatest comforts too frequently bear within them a hidden sting; and at the end of many of our fond pursuits is found not only *vanity*, but *vexation of spirit*.

I mean not, however, to insinuate that the blessings of this life are not to be duly esteemed, gratefully received, and properly applied. The forming of chimerical hopes and expectations of them, as if they constituted the supreme good, is the theoretic error I attempt to correct; and the misapplication of them is the practical abuse which I attempt to reform: and, without admitting these distinctions, the best gifts of heaven would be brought under the appellation of evils; the author would appear to us neither wise nor good; of course, the main foundation of moral obligation would be annihilated, and religion itself an absurdity.

The voluntary abuse of a thing impeaches not the wisdom or goodness of its author, nor does it evince that it is necessarily evil. The logicians, in every school of philosophy, admit this proposition in its utmost extent; and empirics in learning only hesitate a moment about it. Every gift of God is good; and the power of applying it is good also. But that, which was designed for food, may be converted to poison; and the best moral

moral gifts, improperly exercised, are productive of the worst consequences. The grace of God itself, designed to work out our salvation, may also prove our condemnation; and the wisest human institutions, perverted, defeat the end they were meant to establish, and, like medicines injudiciously taken, aggravate the disease which they were designed to remedy.

Without attempting to ascertain the real essence of any species, it is evident that the human is superior to every other visible creature in the mundane system. Man constitutes the first link in the chain of animal existence: no other species of animals appears capable of contemplating the general laws of nature, or of perceiving the order and harmony of the universe; no other appears capable of the abstract ideas of moral virtue and vice; and he only appears capable of hope or fear, in regard to a future mode of existence. These superior endowments qualify him at once either for superior enjoyments or for greater misery than any other inferior creature can possess or endure; and, by inverting the designed order of his rank, he brings upon himself numerous evils, which render sometimes even the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air the objects of his envy, and at others, in the moments of serious reflection on his superiority, the instruments of his censure. The ant reproaches him for his indolence, and the ass for his ingratitude: — but say not *heaven's in fault; that God has placed him wrong.*

— *Whatever wrong we call,
May, must be, right, as relative to all.*

In the tumult of the passions, the voice of reason is seldom heard; but, when the tumult subsides, the succeeding calm brings along with it a testimony which acquits the Deity. — Conscience is importunate; she will be heard; and guilt is charged home upon the creature, where guilt only can be found. Men are qualified to know a little of some things, but the whole of nothing but their duty; a science which but few people study, and fewer still practise; Democritus, Epicurus, Strato, Anaxagoras, Alphonsus of Castile, and Spinoza, manifested nothing but their ignorance. Of the many, who live like a Rochester, not one could be found that would not wish to die like a Fothingill. — The refinement of artificial logic, mistaken for reason, though it is but a misapplication of it to subjects which it cannot comprehend, gives a momentary elation of spirits, by an apprehension of security; but the necessitarian theist, as well as blind fatalists, have their hours of sanity, when conscience resumes her seat, and they feel as other men. Then the Stoic's apathy kindles into flame; his boasted peace is annihilated by the consuming fire lit up within him by conviction,

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tion, and which his stoical pride would, were it possible, conceal. The advocate for vice may form a specious theory, but it is like an edifice built upon sand; let him appeal to his own heart, and his feelings will contradict it, by opposing a real evidence to a notional one, conceived by his lusts and fostered by his imagination. The light of truth, like that of the sun, may be eclipsed, it cannot be extinguished: but, if we neglect to retain its impressions, they pass from us like a guest that tarrieth but one hour.

The sceptics and the infidels, whether patricians or plebeians, who boast of *enjoying life*, are cut off from a source of pleasure infinitely preferable to the gratification of corporeal appetites. Hope travels on with the virtuous through life, nor quits them when they die, and renders them not less sensible of human felicity, while it supports them under every species of human misery: it gives them an earnest of a perpetual inheritance in a future better country. The hope of the former, in their best estate, is for a mere negation of sensibility, and annihilation; that of the latter, in their worst, is for the fruition of joy which shall never end. What a contrast! How great the disparity! But, while I mean to advance the cause of virtue and true religion, I would distinguish between superstition and real piety, as well as between a rational faith and philosophical presumption.

Superstition is produced by a sense of our own ignorance and weakness, added to a high-conceived opinion of particular peoples wisdom and strength, which prompts us to take every thing they say upon trust; *philosophical presumption*, by entertaining too high an opinion of our own wisdom, and too mean an one of other peoples, which shuts up every avenue of the heart from receiving information from them. Those, who have reasoned, or rather *cheated*, their understandings out of the belief of a divine Providence, who superintends and governs universal nature, and of a future state, which urges the strongest motive to virtue, compliment themselves on the supposed discovery, which is but an illusion; and appear sometimes, in a state of health, armed, as with a triple shield of adamant, against what they call *idle* and *superstitious fears*: but, follow them to their closets, whither some disappointment has driven them; or to the bed of sickness, where they lie expecting every hour will be their last; dismal doubts and alarming fears, with conviction and despair, alternately usurp dominion, and subdue their *philosophical intrepidity*: a retrospect of their pleasurable scenes excites painful reflections; and the anticipation of (at least, a *may be*) *futurity*, fills their souls with a species of anguish

that wants a name. *Affliction* holds up to them a mirror, which represents every former vicious object inverted, and themselves *monstrous*: but the harbinger of death opens to them an immense space, in which every thing appears not only *monstrous* but *horrible*!

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER III.

*Nil dictu fœdum visuque hæc limina tangat,
Intra quæ puer est.* — — —

Maxima debetur puero reverentia. JUV. Sat. 14. v. 44.

*Suffer no lewdness, no indecent speech,
Th' apartment of the tender youth to reach.
E'en boys, from parents, may this reverence claim.*

IN my last speculation, I mentioned, as one cause of general depravity, the countenance which is given to immoral productions; but there is another, that appears to me of far worse consequence, and may be traced much higher; I mean, the little regard which is paid to the education of youth. If the first of these causes tends to vitiate our morals, the latter may confirm our progeny in the faulty course, and future ages feel the bad effects of our unnatural inattention to a matter of such high importance, which not only concerns the happiness of the individual, but also the public welfare: for it is an obvious truth, that our laws, on this plan, will be less attended to than they ought to be: the multiplicity of them, added to a remissness in the executive power, may operate strongly in their disfavour: but the real source of the little regard paid to them, in my apprehension, lies much deeper, and may be found in our manner of education.

Solon, who has evidenced an extensive knowledge of human nature, ordained, (in imitation of Lycurgus,) that the council of Areopagus should superintend the education of children; being well convinced that the most perfect laws upon earth would avail very little, except the mind was early trained up to a just observance of, and veneration for, them; and, therefore, that the state might never want able men, nor society useful members, the Athenian youth were first initiated into all those kinds of knowledge which help to correct natural propensities and to

fortify

fortify reason; taught to form a proper judgement of things, and to esteem virtue for her real worth: shewn the fatal consequences of a vicious course, not only as it regarded themselves, but society also; and formed to moderation, even in lawful pleasures. At a riper age, the study of the laws, policy, and history, with the rise and fall of empires, and the causes thereof, were strictly attended to.

Thus we see of what importance the education of youth was esteemed in the Athenian state; not to mention the Spartans, amongst whom Plutarch informs us it was the business of the most experienced and wisest men. How widely different is our practice! And how absurd is it to expect that virtuous principles should be manifested in future life, if we neglect to form the mind in younger years. With an equal appearance of reason, might we look for a graceful carriage or true politeness in a hardy Spartan. As the latter would not attain the graces of genteel behaviour without the utmost difficulty, so the former, having already received a pernicious impression, would, with equal difficulty, be stamped by the seal of good principles. This light of the matter leads me to free the gentleman from any imputation of ill-judged fondness for his child, in excusing him for having struck his tutor; the reason is obvious, he attributed such ill behaviour to the tutor's neglect; rightly judging, that no boy is naturally so ill-disposed, but that he may, if taken in time, be formed to obedience and all the virtues, whether religious or social.

But perhaps we may go so far back as the nursery, for a view of one principal mismanagement of children. If we examine this, we shall generally find the child, at an age most pliant, under the care of a menial servant, whose only attention is to put the tongue and legs in motion; permitting a full swing to the rank growth of all those infant passions which, in advanced life, spread so forcibly. Pride, obstinacy, and resentment, proceed from this course, and exert themselves powerfully, whilst the child is surrounded by persons of low conceptions and weak minds; besides which, experience hath evinced, beyond all controversy, that, to transfer the care of children to such people is, in fact, instilling into them low ideas, inculcating prejudices, and forcing upon them corrupt manners. For instance, is little master peevish, and refuses the offered dainty? he is told, that miss, his sister, shall have it: she immediately asserts her claim, is probably somewhat more engaging than her brother in the eyes of the maid, and of course gains the prize. But mark the consequence; not only a selfish and envious disposition is, by these means, nourished, but master is also led to dislike his sister, and his sister looks upon him, in return, with

an air of conscious superiority : so that, at this early period, we find them placed under every disadvantage of situation, instead of having the affections rightly tempered, and the mind prepared to receive just sentiments.

There are few but will allow, that both the happiness of the individual, and the public welfare, depend, in a great measure, on the passions being well regulated. Nature herself hath pointed out to us who are designed and most proper for this important task ; and who ought to watch, with unremitting care, for the first buds, that the valuable ones may be attentively nurtured, and the hurtful subdued in time : but it is evident that many, instead of being so laudably employed, are too much like the " ostriches of the wilderness." When the child is placed in the nursery, their part is discharged ; the sweets of domestic life and the happiness of their offspring seem to be trifling considerations, when compared to the more important giddy maze of a gay intercourse, and the empty, though fashionable, amusements of our over-refined age.

It is generally agreed, that children are quick at imitation ; can any thing, then, be more absurd, than to permit them to associate with grooms, cooks, and chambermaids ? Children will be familiar with their vices and manners, as well as with their persons ; and the servants, in return, will encourage in them a proud and haughty disposition. It often happens that parents themselves are the worst companions for their children, whose natural bent, to imitate what may appear a higher part, renders dangerous examples more prevalent.

Lorenzo returns home reeling, kicks his footman, storms at the maids, (it is well if his wife escapes,) and swears with full-mouthed eloquence : his boy, an admirable mimic, plays the part to the astonishment of the kitchen-gentry, who probably reward him for this unhappy power of imitation, in order to gain young master's favour, and make him a partner in all their plots and artifices, laid with a plentiful share of low cunning. But perhaps he has been before well guarded against such a set, and taught to behold them with disdain, as a rank of beings much inferior to him ; in that case, he will assume his father's airs in reality, hiss an oath, and storm at his maid, when she has offended him, with the utmost violence of provoked passion : so that, at any rate, we may expect to find him hereafter either a rude blusterer, or, under all his lace and embroidery, deeply tinged with servile manners.

Lucinda is a woman of quality ; amidst all her amusements, she has spared time to hand into the nursery a numerous race, but not a moment can be spared to watch over their infancy : hours of dissipation leave not a blank ; and her gay companions,

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with the alluring language of "haste to pleasure, haste away," gain her over effectually to a thorough dislike of domestic cares. Something better may perhaps be expected from her children than from Lorenzo's; but still will their *noble blood* lose that *innate virtue*, which a late dignified writer hath ascribed to it, in *base manners*.

We see how the children of this rank of people are employed in the first stage of life; after which, we find them under the care of a French tutor, whose chief recommendations are a tolerable address and a ready tongue at flattery. Here, also, the mind is neglected: to chatter a few French phrases, dance gracefully, and be versed in the best method of adjusting the outward form, crown their qualifications and make the finished coxcomb. Thus we find them equipped for life and its various duties: wretchedly equipped indeed!

Another class, of more consequence to society, claims our attention, I mean, the lower rank of people; under whose management it is to be expected that children will suffer in the first years, but, when fit for school, I cannot but think that they might be, in a great measure, if not wholly, relieved from the many inconveniences attending their education. I would not have it understood that the state should take the charge hereof: a commercial one, like ours, could not do it. But surely government might have an eye to teachers, not only in inspecting into their qualifications and morals, but also in fixing salaries adequate to the nature of their employment. We should then have more able men of this profession, instead of many an illiterate pedant, whose chief aim is bread for the day. Is there a petty tradesman, or even a cobbler, who fails in his own business? has he a tolerable voice, can write a fair hand, and bluster well? he commences schoolmaster, and meets with encouragement: nay, there have been such as have made their fortunes in this situation. To prevent such impositions is a public concern; and therefore, in my apprehension, calls seriously for a reformation in every part of the kingdom.

After having mentioned that a state like this cannot, in imitation of the Spartans, take upon them the care of children, yet I am of opinion that there is one particular body (not to mention more) which might do it; and I have often been surprized, that so wise and so well-policed a society, as the Quakers are well known to be, have never taken this matter more immediately into their consideration. It is true, and to their lasting honour, that the children of their poor members receive instructions, in reading, writing, and arithmetic, *gratis*; to acquire which, they are put under the care of a diligent, and probably a religious, man; but, withal, a man who thinks his part properly discharged,

discharged, provided the boy has made a commendable progress in his learning. This is not sufficient; the children of illiterate parents (at least it appears so to me) call for better, for wiser, instructions; for abler men, who can give them useful lessons in morality, explain, in a language adapted to their tender capacities, the nature of civil and religious duties, and, in particular, instruct them in the articles of their own faith, taking care, at the same time, to guard them against all narrowness of sentiment, and to root up unchristian prejudices. These, it must be allowed, ought to be the principal objects of education; compared to which, learning should ever be esteemed a secondary consideration: — how much the one is attended to is evident. — The means for remedying the neglect I shall not presume to point out to so wise a body of people: but I may venture to give this, as my firm belief, that, were the society to take the necessary steps, and establish such men as are wanted, in the capacity of schoolmasters, on a liberal and extensive plan, the good effects would soon appear; there would not be so many amongst them who can give no account of the hope that is within them, or assign any other reason for following one mode of worship, in preference to another, than that their fathers trod the same path.

I am apprehensive, that, with many, these loose hints will not have much weight; yet I hope they will, here and there, awaken a serious regard, and lead some parents to believe, with me, that they can never be better employed than in watching and improving the first dawn of infant reason: for surely an object so important, and so highly valued by the Spartans and Athenians, deserves particular attention from British parents, who are blessed with every advantage, in their form of government, opportunities of improvement, and, what is of still greater moment, a sounder philosophy and a purer religion than many others. Let them, then, banish every kind of inattention, and examine, as becomes men of sound judgments, into the errors of our modern plan of education, and not only be diligent in searching them out, but also resolute in exerting a manly spirit to reform them.

THE SPECULATOR.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IT is a well-known truth, that many men and bodies of men have become the objects of, and even fallen victims to, popular clamour, for pursuing schemes, laudable in themselves, and, in their consequences, highly beneficial to the whole community. Whim, caprice, or, at best, a superficial way of thinking,

thinking, agitates the giddy multitude, blind to their true interests, and incapable of that investigation that would unveil latent truth and detect concealed error. To such, all remonstrances would be vain. But there are men of good understandings, and with the best intentions, that sometimes join the general cry; to whom I beg leave to address myself, on behalf of a set of men, the objects of their resentment; I mean, what are called monopolizers, forestallers, and regraters, in the article of provisions.

I intend just to cast before them a few observations on the subject; and all I request is, that they would hear impartially and judge candidly.

Speculators in, or monopolizers of, corn, serve the same purposes as public granaries, and keep such a stock of corn in the kingdom as is a security against a famine. At this time, the price of wheat is so high that no bounty is allowed. Let us suppose the present harvest affords us a produce just sufficient for our consumption; it is very well known, that, notwithstanding there are some opulent farmers, who can keep their corn in hand till the latter end of the season, the generality of them are obliged to bring some to market immediately, in order to raise money to pay their Michaelmas rents: hence it follows, that a larger quantity is then brought to market than the regular consumption requires; this will make a temporary glut; and, if we suppose all buyers excluded the market but those whose immediate business it is to deal in it, the price falls, the bounty takes place, and great quantities are exported. As the summer approaches, a sufficiency is not brought to market for the regular consumption; the price advances; it is soon discovered there is not wheat enough in the kingdom to supply us with bread till the next harvest; and it is obliged to be imported at a great advance of price, if it can be procured at all. This has been, and I apprehend would frequently be, the case, were the speculators in grain totally restrained. On the other hand, this set of men (purchasing the surplus-grain, brought into the market in the early part of the season, at a moderate price) stores it in warehouses at home, where it lies ready to be produced when the public occasions call for it: the idea of a combination amongst them is absurd; a sufficient number will always be found ready to return their commodity, whenever it will afford them a decent profit: and, at the worst, it is desirable to have a stock in hand, at home, as the opportunity of importation (if the price advances extravagantly) will always be a sufficient check upon the avarice of holders. This state of the case is founded on the present situation of the trade, and the operation of the bounty on exported corn, by which our neighbours have
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been frequently supplied with our wheat cheaper than our own industrious poor : the chief argument in favour of which is the encouragement it gives our shipping ; but, were the trade left intirely free and open, our shipping, I conceive, would meet with tenfold more encouragement ; corn would be continually coming into, and going out of, our ports ; a large stock would, at all times, be found in our merchants warehouses ; we should become (what the Dutch now are) the granary of Europe ; and, whenever the legislature judged proper, in times of scarcity, might easily secure ourselves from a famine, by stopping the exportation.

The clamours against forestallers and regraters of meat, and other provisions, have as little foundation in reason as those against monopolizers of corn. Our ancestors, from the same erroneous principles as are now imbibed by many well-meaning persons, enacted very severe laws against this set of dealers ; which laws, if strictly put in execution, would have the most pernicious tendency. There are, I apprehend, in all the capital towns in this nation, numbers of carriers, country butchers, and other dealers, who bring provisions from sixteen to thirty miles distant, and who cannot attend the market, to retail them out to the consumers, on account of other avocations, or the distance they reside at, which would render it impracticable to return back to their habitations in the compass of a day ; they are therefore obliged to sell their commodities to other dealers, on the spot, to whom they can afford to make an allowance adequate to their trouble, and yet less than the expences of a detention so long from home would amount to. And what injury does the public suffer from hence ? On the contrary, were this harmless trade prevented, it would not answer the end of many of these people to attend at all ; much of the provisions would be kept at obscure markets, in the counties ; the rest (and the greater part) of the poultry, pork, &c. would no longer be reared up by the distant farmers, when they had lost such an easy mode of disposing of it.

I am of opinion, that it may safely be admitted, as a general principle, that the more unincumbered and free all trade is left, the more beneficial it is to the public, as it opens an easier intercourse from place to place. A multitude of dealers makes a ready sale for provisions ; a ready sale is the strongest inducement to the raising them : this alone can beget plenty ; and plenty only can produce cheapness. A multitude of dealers is also useful to the public in another point of view : the greater the number, the less danger of a combination : for, as they are rivals in trade, their contending interests will always be a security against the impositions of avarice.

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Much more might be advanced ; but I meant only to communicate a few loose thoughts, as they arose spontaneously from the subject.

ZENO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IF we consider how precarious health is, to almost every individual, the solicitude mankind shew, upon a subject so interesting to them, is by no means surprizing. But, as I have frequently observed that those, who are most addicted to medical enquiries and family receipts, enjoy no better health than such as never think about the means of curing diseases till necessity compels them, I would give a caution against the indiscriminate use of family medicines and *safe things*, as they are called, which, if they do no good, are said, as an appendage to their virtues, to do no harm ; under which notions the lives of many have been sacrificed ; for, although the administration of an useless remedy may not excite any active injury, yet it may negatively prove injurious, by anticipating and preventing the exhibition of suitable assistance ; whereby a remediable disease may acquire such a degree of violence as to baffle the most judicious attempts afterwards. The *principiis obsta*, which, in medical English, implies the obviating diseases at their commencement, is of the most serious moment to the health of mankind ; and therefore, as a guardian of this invaluable blessing, whose pen is not actuated by the fordid motive of private interest, I shall occasionally offer to your readers such cautions respecting health, and such observations respecting disease, as I hope may produce some salutary effects upon some, without infusing the spirit of quackery in any.

I know there are many well-meaning nurses and good women, whose benevolence and humanity lead them to the distribution of medicines, to the poor in particular : the design is, doubtless, very laudable, but the event does not always prove so. It may, indeed, be asked, what shall be done till medical assistance can be procured ? Neither consult Tissot nor Buchan, nor any other writers upon family medicines, but supply the patient with what nature dictates, supply his cravings, and injury will seldom result from indulging them. The good women themselves will support my advice, under certain circumstances of their own sex, and I hope their good nature will induce them to be equally attentive and partial to the desires of the other sex, when labouring under disease. The examples I could relate, of the recovery of the sick, by escaping from their chambers, and indulging their inclinations, when contrary to the iron hand of

their nurses, would fill more sheets than I have leisure to relate, or your readers patience to peruse.

Unless a person be well acquainted with the principles of medicine, remedies can only be exhibited at random: for, however regular and uniform symptoms of diseases may appear, unless the cause is ascertained, the disease cannot be rationally and successfully treated. This I shall more fully instance in a succeeding paper, in the complaint called a cough, from which few are long exempt, and for which there are numerous family remedies. But, simple as this disorder may appear, I shall shew how various are its causes and combinations, and consequently how differently the treatment should be conducted.

At present, as I have more particularly directed myself to good women and nurses, I shall conclude this piece with the relation of a fatal case, to which I was lately called, and which, I presume, is not too trivial for insertion here.

The general good health and firmness of constitution of the present generation afford a pleasing proof of the improvements adopted in the domestic department of nursing.

We are indebted to the celebrated Rousseau§ and the late Dr. Gregory† for many excellent remarks upon the nurture of our helpless species. Bisset|| and Paul,† in France, and Armstrong,* with other English writers, have of late considered their medicinal treatment: but Cadogan on nursing, and Buchan, in his domestic medicine, have been more particular on that part of nursing which immediately concerns the management and cloathing of the child. In some of the foregoing authors, we meet with many judicious observations on the custom of confining the bodies and limbs of children; but I do not recollect to have seen any cautions respecting the head-dress. Nurses usually fasten on the cap by means of a fillet, called a stay, which pins under the chin; and, as the heads of infants are liable, in the earlier months, to take different positions, for want of strength and firmness in the neck, the greatest caution should be used in fitting on the stay, before the nursing is taken to bed; for, I fear, many of our helpless species are sacrificed through negligence in this respect. Many, who are said to have been overlaid, or to have expired in fits, I have reason to suspect have been actually strangled by the tightness of the stay. A melancholy instance of this kind having lately occurred to me, I cannot be too earnest in recommending mothers, who wish to

§ *Emilius.*

† *Comparative View between the brute and rational Creation.*

|| *Medicinal Education of Children, translated.*

† *Des Enfants.*

* *On the Diseases of Children.*

raise their offspring, carefully to examine the part of dress I have mentioned, every night, before, or soon after, their babes go to sleep. It may be remarked, that, after the child is put to bed and acquires additional warmth, by lying in the arms of its parent or nurse, the neck enlarges, from the rarefaction of the blood in the vessels; and to which we may add, that, as the cap and stay become moist, by the perspiration which usually attends an infant when in bed, they also contract; and therefore a fillet, which, when first put on, does not appear tight, may prove so some hours afterward: and thus a child, who, at bed-time, was the darling, and only hope of succession, in a family, may, by a slight neglect in dress, be found, in the morning, the cold monument of woe.

HYGEIA.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

S I R,

THE inclosed was extracted from the Dictionaire Encyclopedique, and given to a young gentleman, at a school near town, to translate. If you think proper to offer it, as such, to your readers, by inserting it in your collection, it will be an inducement for the person who sends you this to fill up a page or two of your Ledger with translations of the like kind; if not, you are very welcome to omit inserting it. Yours,

RAMINGO.

Modern Geography and History.

THERE is, in Africa, a people called Azuags; they are scattered over Barbary and Numidia. Their whole employment is tending their flocks or making woollen or linen cloth. Some are tributary, others free. They dwell chiefly in the provinces of Tremecen and Fez; but the most warlike occupy the country between Tunis and Biledulgerid; from whence they have sometimes had the boldness to attack the sovereigns of Tunis. Their chief bears the title of king of Cuco, and they speak the language of the Bereberes and the Arabian. They reckon it a great honour to be descended originally from Christians, and have a great aversion to the Arabs and other nations of Africa. To distinguish themselves from them, they let their beards and hair grow long. From time immemorial, they have made themselves a blue cross, with sharp iron, on the cheek or the hand. This custom is attributed to the franchises the Christian emperors formerly granted to those who embraced the faith, on condition that they should give a public

proof of it, by the impresson of a cross on their face or hands. There were other nations of Africa who likewise bore the sign of the cross; but, by degrees, this sign altered, and at last degenerated into other marks, which now bear not the least resemblance to it. It is said that the daughters of the Arabs pretend to ornament themselves by pricking, with a lancet, different sorts of marks upon their breasts, hands, arms, and feet.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Have just been reading, in the last number of the Monthly Ledger, an extract from a pamphlet, entitled, "An Account of the late Dr. Goldsmith's Illness," containing some remarks on Dr. James's celebrated fever-powders. These remarks seem to claim attention more from the great public importance of the subject on which they treat, than from any particular force or ingenuity in themselves.

The author tells us, that, in the course of his business, (*viz.* that of an apothecary,) "he has had an opportunity of seeing several cases, wherein this noted fever-powder has proved highly injurious; which must generally be the consequence, where an antimonial medicine, very violent frequently in its operation, has become so universally fashionable, as to be administered in almost all feverish complaints, and in all stages of fevers, and too often suffered to be given at the direction of old women, or, at least, by those who cannot have the smallest pretensions to medical knowledge." I do not know with what conviction such reasoning may strike the generality of readers, but, to me, it does not seem likely to promote much the apparent design of the pamphlet, *viz.* lessening the credit of Dr. James's medicine. I grant, that, in matters of mere *taste*, we do not always find things rational or useful in proportion as they are "fashionable;" but, in cases where the lives of mankind are immediately concerned, I apprehend *utility*, in medicine, is the general, nay, the constant, object of regard; and that it is far from being probable, a medicine, allowed to be "violent in its operation," should "become so universally fashionable, as to be administered in almost all feverish complaints, and in all stages of fevers," without having, almost as universally, proved itself efficacious. For it cannot be supposed that people, in general, set so little value upon their lives as to sport them away to promote the interest of Dr. James; or that the sick are generally so unhappy in their connections as to have such a kind of brutes about them. If it be objected, that many have been known to die of fevers after having taken Dr. James's powders, I grant the objection, if it

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be one, without hesitation : but, at the same time, I must observe, it would be a wonder, little short of a miracle, if the case were otherwise. The *panacea* of physicians, any more than the philosophers stone, is not yet found ; and it would be next to madness to suppose it ever shall. If all diseases, or even all fevers, (which make up the majority of diseases,) were curable by human means, the great end of creation must be reversed, and the most prevailing principles of nature must be changed, or mankind would soon be constrained to commence cannibals and devour one another. But, if there is a medicine which has deserved the notice of the public, on account of its superior efficacy in fevers, a medicine which has been the means of raising thousands from the brink of the grave, and restoring them to their mournful relatives, I cannot help thinking it is Dr. James's powder. The author himself condescends to acknowledge what he thinks it would be want of candor in him to deny, and what most of his brethren are also obliged to acknowledge, viz. " that much good has arisen from a skilful exhibition of Dr. James's powders, in many cases of fevers." (I suppose, by the way, that the word in *Italics* is either very " fashionable" or very gallipotical, as I find it *exhibited* no less than three times, in the course of the short extract before me.) But he is not willing, it seems, that the powders should be taken, in any acute disease, without the advice and direction of a physician or an apothecary ; and refers to the " practice of Dr. James himself, who always administers" them " with great caution and circumspection, and desists from the *exhibition* of them when he finds them not operate in the manner he wished or expected." But, as the public cannot be supposed to be generally acquainted with Dr. James's " practice," would not this writer have evinced more candor, had he referred his readers to the doctor's *Treatise* on the subject, in order that every one might form his own judgement of that practice, from the doctor's sentiments, repeatedly given to the world ? — There the reader will find not only a multitude of well-authenticated cases, in which the powders have been administered with surprizing success, but also very particular directions for the use of them.

It is well known what a general dislike prevails, in the medical world, to the use of the powders in question : and, under the disadvantage of such a general prepossession, I cannot think that an application to a physician or apothecary, for consent to have the powders used, would very often prove effectual. What, for instance, would a physician think of me, were I to send for him, and acquaint him that I have a fever, and desire his aid just so far as to tell me whether it be proper I should take Dr. James's powders ? A physician might, indeed, take his fee, and

and go off smiling at the oddity of such a question, but I fear an apothecary would think I intended to insult him, especially if I had used the precaution of preparing the powders myself, which the advocates for them mostly choose to do. If, in an advanced stage of a fever, I should first propose to my medical attendant, or my relations should propose for me, the taking of these powders, as a medicine from which more relief might be expected than from any thing I either had taken or expected to be furnished with, (and this would be justly considered as the influencing motive,) would not such a proposition be regarded, by those physical gentlemen, as an impeachment of their skill and integrity? I fear it would: nor can I suppose that my chance, for gaining their concurrence, would be more than in the proportion of one to a hundred.

I am not a stranger to the happy effects of Dr. James's powders, administered *without* the advice of a physician or an apothecary, in very alarming circumstances. — The large family of one of my intimate friends was sorely afflicted, last year, with a fever, which prevailed much in the southern counties of this nation. The assistance of a very respectable apothecary was immediately called in, and soon after that of a physician, whose medical abilities and distinguished probity have procured him a deserved reputation. The latter approved of the means which had been used by the former; and, accordingly, little alteration was made in the medicines; but they proved ineffectual to check, in any apparent degree, the progress of the disorder: its malignity seemed, in several instances, to be superior to the healing art; and small expectation of recovery remained. What, in these circumstances, could the master of the family do? He well knew his medical friends had too much integrity, not to have administered Dr. James's powder before, had their judgement been in its favour: and, under this assurance, what could induce him to say a syllable about it to them? A fine girl, of fifteen, the daughter of an absent friend, (a circumstance which still added to his anxiety,) was the foremost on the list of danger, and was scarcely expected to survive the day. My friend had heard several surprizing accounts of the success of the powders, in the most critical emergencies, and, his wishes for her preservation having got the better of his fears of death from a "quack medicine," he gave her six grains. He set aside her other medicines, and, with some short solicitude, waited the event of this. Short, indeed, it was; for its favourable effects became apparent in less than two hours, by throwing the patient into a fine sweat, and abating much that discomposure under which she had laboured, having been delirious several days. At the end of six hours the perspiration began to abate, and, according

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according to Dr. James's directions, he repeated the dose, which operated in the same manner, and also procured, in the succeeding night, very copious evacuations of a different kind. During the operation, particular care was taken to assist the medicine, by giving frequent draughts of those warm diluting liquors which Dr. James recommends. Early the next morning the physician saw her, and pronounced her in a fine way for recovery. A few more small doses were given, of about three grains each, in the course of three or four days; at the end of which time she was able to sit up and converse with her friends cheerfully, and I am fully persuaded the powders saved her life. An infant, about three years old, was, at the same time, cured of a very acute fever, of the same kind, by a few small doses of the powders. This success encouraged my friend to administer the same remedy to several more of his children, who afterwards sickened of the same disorder, apparently with symptoms equally unfavourable; and each of those children recovered in about half the space of time which others, in the neighbourhood, who lived through this fever, were observed to be afflicted.

This short testimony, to the credit of the powders, I give from my own observation, and think it a tribute due to Dr. James, for the discovery of so useful a medicine: a medicine, which, I think, has suffered some ungenerous animadversions from the writer beforementioned. But his remarks discover rather a *disposition* to alarm the public than *ability* to advance any argument of weight, on the subject on which he has undertaken to write. The following passage may serve as a proof of it.

"A gentleman, whom I had been used to attend for many years, sent for me, after he had been ill two days, and informed me, that he had taken Dr. James's powders, without finding himself any thing the better; some of the doses having caused him to vomit and purge violently, while others had a contrary effect. His servant, being an attentive man, brought me the remaining papers to look at, which I put in my pocket, and weighed as soon as I came home: one weighed three, another four, and a third upwards of six, grains."

From this gentleman's account of himself, it seems evident he had his senses, and was capable of knowing whether he took a proper or an improper quantity, even if he had no other person than an *old nurse* to attend him, which is seldom the case with a "gentleman." And I cannot suppose so great a difference in those papers to have arisen from inattention; in the person who weighed or divided them, but, on the contrary, that they were judiciously proportioned, and designed to be given, in diminished quantities, as the fever should abate; and it is obvious, the largest quantity of the three would not have been

been *dangerous* to a lad of only twelve years old: so that I cannot see what the writer of the extract intended, by giving this anecdote, unless it was to proclaim the *attentiveness* of the gentleman's servant; which, however, I cannot but think was of the *officious* kind, deserving rather reproof than commendation.

The writer's cautions, respecting the proper *weighing* of the powders, seem particularly trifling, at a time when almost every family is furnished with grain-weights, which, to persons who often use the medicine, are rather unnecessary, as they well know the weight of the genuine papers, and can easily divide them, with sufficient accuracy, into the usual dose, with the blade of a penknife.

I hope, for the credit of the writer, some error of the press has crept into the last paragraph, otherwise I should tenderly advise him to study more cloiely the art of arranging words, before he presents the world with any more of his ideas.

ARISTARCHUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Anecdotes of the famous Roger Bacon.

THIS gentleman was born near Ilchester, in the year 1214, and began his studies very early, at Oxford. Afterwards he went to Paris, where he learned physic and mathematics. On his return to Oxford, he applied himself to languages and philosophy, in which he quickly made so great a progress, that he wrote a Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, grammar, and improved the latter to such a degree as is scarcely credible. Friar Bacon improved several tracts, relating to chemistry, some of which are to be seen in the Bodleian library and in that of the earl of Oxford. He has treated of most metals and minerals, and thinks mercury and sulphur the chief principles of them all. He speaks of almost every operation *now* used in chemistry, and describes the method of making tinctures and elixirs. He also mentions the incineration of fern, from which the English made glass. He was the miracle of the age he lived in; and perhaps the greatest genius, for mechanical knowledge, that ever appeared in the world since the days of Archimedes. He understood and explained the nature of concave spherical glasses, of which he wrote a treatise, shewing their force in burning things at a distance. How far he advanced optics, in all its branches, is sufficiently evident from his book of perspective, where he discourses of the reflection and refraction of light, and describes the *camera obscura*, and all sorts of glasses which magnify or diminish any object, bring it nearer to the eye, or remove it farther

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farther off. Among the rest, the use of the optic tube, or telescope, thought to be a modern invention, was plainly known to him. His mathematical instruments cost 300*l.* and he says, that, in twenty years, he spent 2000*l.* in them and books. A prodigious sum for such expences in those days !

Roger Bacon was almost the only astronomer of that age. Accordingly, he took notice of an error in the calendar, in relation to the quantity of the solar year, which had been increasing ever since the time of Julius Cæsar ; and proposed a plan, to pope Clement IV. in 1267, how it should be corrected. And, above three hundred years after, pope Gregory XIII. followed that very plan, in the reformation of the Julian calendar ; with this difference only, that R. Bacon would have it begun from the birth of Christ, whereas the Gregorian correction reaches no higher than the Nicene council. His penetrating genius did not stop here : he entered into the depth of mechanical sciences, and was so well acquainted with the force of elastic bodies, that, in imitation of Archytas, who contrived a wooden dove that could fly, he, as we are told, could make a flying chariot, and had an art of putting statues into motion, and producing articulate sounds out of a brazen head. He hit upon the secret of gunpowder ; he describes the materials of its composition, and the amazing effects of its noise and light. These, says Dr. Friend, are amazing discoveries in so ignorant an age, especially considering he had no master to teach him. But it is still more wonderful, that such discoveries should lie so long concealed, till others should start up, in the next centuries, and lay claim to those very inventions to which Roger Bacon only had a right.

He went on in those studies, with indefatigable application, for above forty years ; and was a very learned man in a very illiterate age ; and, performing *extraordinary* things, by the help of mathematics, he was suspected of *magic*, and persecuted by his own fraternity : they would not receive his works into their libraries, and, at last, got him imprisoned. Such was the gross ignorance of people, in those ages, that whatever extraordinary actions were done, by the knowledge of the arts and an insight into the powers of nature, were, by them, deemed the effect of conjuration ; and, accordingly, they deemed this great man neither more nor less than a conjurer or magician.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Character of Queen Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH, who was raised from a prison to the throne, filled it with a sufficiency that does great honour to her sex, and with a dignity essential and peculiar to her character. Though her passions were warm, her judgement was temperate and cool; hence it was that she was never led or over-ruled by her ministers or favourites, though men of great abilities and address. She practised all the arts of dissimulation for the salutary purposes of government. She so happily tempered affability and haughtiness, benevolence and severity, that she was much more loved than feared by the people, and was, at the same time, the delight of her own subjects and the terror of Europe. She was parsimonious, and even avaricious; but these qualities were, in her, rather virtues than vices, as they were the result of a rigid economy, that centered in the public. Her treatment of the queen of Scots (the most censurable part of her conduct) had in it more of policy than justice, and more of spleen than policy. This wise princess, who had never been the slave of her passions at the time of life when they are found to be most powerful, fell a victim to their violence at an age when they are commonly extinguished.

X. M.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Have somewhere read the sentiment, that but few philosophers make good husbands; and my own observations lead me to conclude that the sentiment is founded in truth. I know a widow who has survived two husbands, both worthy men, and I have no doubt but that they are at rest. The first was an assiduous tradesman, who made it his study to accommodate himself to the supposed frailties of our sex, and was what the world calls a *woman's man*. His leisure hours were devoted to such a kind of conversation as renders a husband agreeable to his wife; never attempting subjects above the level of her capacity, and, at the same time, not descending to vulgarity, but maintaining a happy medium betwixt abstruse matters and the lowest familiar topics. They passed four years together very happily, and then Providence saw meet to separate them. About three years after his decease, a person, of equal personal accomplishments, and of superior mental abilities, engaged her heart, upon principle and affection. She proposed to herself, it seems, much happiness with a man of his good sense and great learning: but how

illusive

illusive are our fondest hopes! She had not been long married, before he sequestered himself in his library, where he mostly spent fourteen hours out of the four-and-twenty. Knowing that he was peculiarly fond of books, she did neither desire nor expect that he would not occasionally pass an hour in some favourite study; and therefore, for a time, she did not interrupt him, and avoided intruding into the *sanctum sanctorum*: but she soon found her husband's attention so much taken up with books and experiments in philosophy, that a wife was looked upon, by him, as a mere ornamental piece of household-furniture. She endeavoured, however, still to accommodate herself, as much as possible, to his humour; and, at the same time, attempted to engage his conversation, by all the winning address and vivacity of which she was capable; but they proved ineffectual. If he vouchsafed to leave his studies for half an hour, she found he did it more to oblige her than from inclination, or more from condescension to her weakness, than from any pleasure he expected to reap from her company. Every topic she introduced appeared trifling to him; and, as she was not capable of conversing with him about *geometrical figures, triangles, innate ideas, existence in the abstract, occult qualities, liberty and necessity, centripetal and centrifugal force*, all her innocent arts had not force sufficient to engage his attention. She found herself, therefore, soon bereft of a man's company, from which she expected to derive much happiness, and was obliged to mingle with her servants, or, at least, pass her days alone, unnoticed by him who ought to have taken the most notice of her. When she prevailed on him to go out with her, on a visit to any friend, (which was very seldom,) they had not passed many yards from the door, before he forgot she was with him, and he either gazed stedfastly on the heavens, or had his eyes fixed on the earth; and, lost in deep philosophical reveries, he would not speak a word in a mile, but, *sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound*, ran against posts without seeing them, and sometimes stood stock still, as if he had been seized with a fit, or had lost his senses. He took no more notice of who passed him than if they had been so many puppets; and, had she not been at his elbow, he would have been run over by carriages; for his attention was so absorbed, that he did not hear the rattling of a coach and six at his heels, nor see a day till the wheel of it passed within an inch of his shoulder.

Indeed, he was so much of the *child*, as well as the *philosopher*, that it was not safe to trust him alone any where but in his study; for he discovered so much of the absent man, as to suggest the strongest temptation to *pick-pockets*. He could not pass a book-seller's shop without stopping to read the label of every book in

the windows; nor the ruins of any old house, without poring over its brickbats, in hopes of finding some valuable relic of antiquity to bring home with him, which he valued more than new gold. A friend of his once caught one thief with his hand in his pocket, and another going to snatch off his hat and wig, while he was attempting, about the dusk of the evening, to read, through his glass, an inscription on an old pedestal; which scene was afterward humorously set forth in a print, called *the contrast*. Gloves or handkerchiefs he left at almost every place he stopped at, and sometimes came home without his cane and his pocket-book; and, upon the whole, the tenor of his conduct and disposition was so extravagant, that a stranger would have taken him for an idiot or a lunatic. — “Let no such man be trusted” with a wife, say I. — Such philosophers are unsocial souls; and, if they cannot be cured of this philosophical delirium, they would be better companions of bedlamites than of women who are *compotes mentis*; for who, in her senses, could be happy with such a *thingling*, called a man? — What a pity, that such abstract philosophical geniuses should ever marry! Our sex naturally expect to find, in a husband, every source of connubial and domestic felicity: dry and tedious lectures, on metaphysical subjects, on soul and body, matter and spirit, appear to have no soul nor spirit in them to a wife; however profound, they afford no entertainment to her, nor can they possibly contribute to the edification of a family, where the more useful strictures, on social life and manners, are expected. When a man, therefore, thinks of taking to him a female partner for life, let him divorce *Malebranche*, *Berkeley*, and *Leibnitz’s best of all possible Worlds*, and determine to act like other men, in a world that is common to both sexes, where his wife can accompany him in his peregrinations, and he be a little social with a body.

TABITHA OBSERVER.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Summary of the Commencement, Progress, Manner, and Utility, of planting or setting of Wheat.

THE planting of wheat seems to have been frequently suggested by setting a certain number of grains in a garden: and many have expressed their admiration at the number of ears that have arisen from a single seed. But these seem to have been people of mere curiosity, that had no thought or opportunity of extending it to a lucrative purpose: and I cannot recollect any ever attempting it upon a larger scale, till a little farmer, near Norwich, about six years since, began it upon less than an acre.

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He was succeeded, for two or three years, by a few imitators, who were generally the butt of their neighbours merriment, for adopting so singular a practice. But their saving and success (for they had better and larger crops than their neighbours) engaged several more to follow; while some speculative persons, observing its great advantage, recommended it particularly, or published its utility in a public paper. These recommendations and advertisements had their effect: the curiosity and enquiry of divers farmers were excited, who found a sufficient incentive for their own experiment: and, last year, many of these, in various parts of Norfolk, (peculiarly, in the vicinity of Norwich,) began setting. Amongst whom, was the largest occupier of land in this part of the country, who set fifty-seven acres; with which he is so well satisfied, from the visible superiority of quality and quantity, that this year he is setting, and proposes to set, all his lands in condition for wheat, (not less, I believe, than 300 acres,) without a reserve of a single acre for sowing. And it is likely to be adopted by the most intelligent and largest occupiers of land, in a large district of country, West and South-West of Norwich. Its first opposers are silenced; a new accession of supporters to this provident and public scheme is arisen. As the last year's probable produce has best vindicated the method, and given an undoubted propriety to the practice, it is now an appeal to common-sense; for the set crops of last year were not less thick on the ground, the ears were indisputably larger, without any dwarfish or under corn, the grain of a larger sathom, and specifically weightier, *per bushel*, than the sown; and no doubt is to be entertained but the produce is commensurate with the appearance, which was experimentally manifest the preceding year. The quantity and quality thus increased and improved, the first saving certain, there can, at present, no doubt be suggested but of its future enlargement. Therefore, to indulge the curious, and for the benefit of such as may be disposed to the practice, I shall relate the manner of its performance.

The lands, on which this mode is peculiarly prosperous, are either after a clover stubble, or on which trefoil and grass-seeds were sown the spring preceding the last, and on which the cattle have been, from time to time, pastured, during the summer. These grounds, after the usual dunging, are only once thrown over by the plough, in an extended flag or turf, about ten inches over; along which a man, who is called a dibbler, with two setting-irons, somewhat thicker than ram-rods, though much thicker towards the end, and pointed at the extremity, with cases of wood for their handles, which resemble those of common spades or shovels, steps backward, along the turf, and, at every

every step, makes two holes, about four inches asunder every way, and about one inch deep; into each of which, the droppers (women, boys, or girls) drop one, two, or three, grains; but two are esteemed preferable to one, or more. After which, a gate, with thorns drawn through its ledges, or rails, is drawn, by one horse, and fills up the holes. By this mode, three pecks and a half, or less than one bushel, of seed, if the droppers are heedful, is sufficient; not a grain of which seems lost, but, buried, as related, it seems equally removed from the prey of vermin or the power of frost, while the regularity of its rising gives facility to the removing any weeds which spring up. At its first appearance, it necessarily seems thin on the ground, but, when the spring has made some progress, it branches out, and looks almost equal to the sown; and thence, from time to time, acquires new strength, till it becomes, as already mentioned, more prosperous than it. In a few words, this improvement is the most promising, and replete with the greatest utility, of any lately made in the agricultural art. In a parochial view, it will lessen the rates, by employing the aged and children: it saves to the farmer and the public, in every acre, six or seven pecks of wheat; which, if nationally adopted, without considering the superior produce, would afford bread for near half a million of people.

N. B. The extraordinary expence, for setting, was about 10s. or 10s. 6d. *per acre*; but this year the farmers sons and serving-men supply the place of hired dibblers, which saves the outgoing of more than half that sum. It is usual to mix the seed with lime, as it gives a roughness to it, and prevents too many grains slipping from the fingers.

Norwich, October 15, 1774.

PUBLICUS.

To the EDITOR *of the* MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Was greatly pleased with a proposition from a gentleman, exploring the coasts of Africa, to a communicative friend of the Editor's, proposing a society for natural history, and a researching into the works of nature. I cannot conceive any institution could be accompanied with much more solid advantage; as the investigation of the œconomy of Providence inspires the mind with the most elevated sentiments, and is as steps, in the glorious ascent, towards the great Author. Much is known; more remains to be known; and, though many things are unquestionable, in the arcana of the divine council, ever impenetrable to man, still there is an ample field, and a worthy

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exercise for the enquiring mind, which, though delighted, is yet humiliated, as the objects of its recognition unfold the adorable wisdom of the first Former, to whom all the efforts of art and parade of science are but as dust upon the balance. Pride was never made for man; though, indisputably, there is a knowledge which puffeth up. But, the more we truly know ourselves, and contemplate God's perfections, in his works, proportionately, scepticism, (which is generally the result of knowing but a little,) and its concomitant arrogance, lose ground. The wonderful mechanism of nature discovered, and some of its secret clues unravelled, elevate the interest of the passions, and enlighten the understanding; which, thus enlarged, lets not out a line into unfathomable depths, but cultivates her proper powers, equally remote from a neglect of contingent causes, as from the wild soaring in the unprofitable regions of metaphysics. The God of nature is not ever obvious, but sometimes is concealed, in his works: to disclose the latent powers which actuate these, and develope from difficulties which infold them, is, perhaps, best effected by a society emulatively formed upon such an intention: similarity of pursuit and the efforts of united endeavours would throw a light on many obscure subjects, and illustrate the difficult to less penetrating minds. Such a society I should be glad to find forming, and presume its commencement is not remote. In the interim, I should be glad of an answer, from some obliging correspondent of the Monthly Ledger, to the following queries.

Norwich, October 18.

PHILOMATHES.

QUERY I.

The atheistical opinion, of anomalous production, has been satisfactorily obviated by the researches of late naturalists; still some unfurmounted difficulties remain; among which, none appear to me more hard to get over than the generative production of eels: the semen and ova of other fishes are obvious, though the instrumentality of generation is unknown: but, in these fish, even those seem wanting. Requested, some remarks or theory on their mode of propagation.

QUERY II.

It has been asserted, by an author of great celebrity, that, on the continent of America, no aboriginal animal was or is discovered, absolutely of the same species with any known to the old world. Quære, is this real, or is there any exception?

QUERY

QUERY III.

There is a perfect uniformity of plumage in the various species of birds and wild-fowl, except very rarely a casual sport of nature, which seems always to revert back again, in a subsequent generation, to the specific colour of the species; but our domesticated fowl are almost as various as they are numerous; which is accounted for, by a modern naturalist, as a designation of providence in order for distinction, but, that not being satisfactory, a better reason is requested.

QUERY IV.

Submitted, whether the partial failure of some of our hop-plantations doth not arise from the too industrious eradication of the male, or unbearing, hop: most of our hop-planters seeming ignorant of the œconomy of nature in this plant; viz. that the seeds of the female never can be fecundated without the vicinity of the male.

W. to the peerless hypercritical Curio, greeting.

IT was the remark of a critic, only inferior to the incomparable Curio, that there were geniuses that could direct commas and points to the unerring place of rectitude; but what would he have said to thee, reserved genius for future ages, that couldst discriminate the exact point where the obtuse cone of a steeple lost its spiry distinction! Verily, he must have left their definable virtues, to attempt a justice to the unlimited powers of thine, scientific philologist!

Master of the mighty theme! thy accumulated criticism falls also on the random compositor for the press, who has changed the flowing A for the harsh aspirative H, and eradicated the introductory vowel for the last on the list. Paragon of genius! in the plenitude of thy wisdom, oppose these barbarous innovators in the world of letters; then, not the susceptible Furiosa nor the Knight of the woeful Countenance shall stand in competition with thee. But forgive me, poor censured consonant; take me under thy protection; but soften the insufferable splendor of thy virtue, and let me only partake of its reflected glory,

*“ Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark, attendant, sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?”*

Let me not render myself unworthy thy regard; and, in dutiful compliance with thy direction, give thee the altitude of that steeple thou hast, in thy prowess, combated with.

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'Tis high in air as thy fastidious mind,
 Rais'd by conceit, and rock'd by ev'ry wind.
 Its top, symbolic of thy clouded head,
 Enwapt in gloom, and cas'd around with lead;
 Receptacle of air and empty sound,
 That throws its tuneless, meanless, jangling round:
 While the crack'd bell, the chasm of thy brains,
 And jarring, grating, rumbling, thoughts, explains.

W.

SEVERAL persons, from different quarters, have applied for complete sets of the first volume of the Monthly Ledger; but some of the numbers are out of print, and therefore their orders could not be served. But, though some of the numbers are out of print, yet a few copies of the 1st, 4th, 6th, 7th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, and Supplement, are still in hand; and such as want any of those numbers, to complete the first volume, may be supplied with them by the EDITOR, or RICHARDSON and URQUHART.

* * Any person, who takes in the Monthly Ledger, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the *Reviews*, and any other periodical work, by sending his orders to the Editor of the Monthly Ledger, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

ERRATA.

Page 105, l. 27, first column, for, Now rose-lip'd *springs*, read, *spring s.* P. 107, l. 38, first column, for, *battalion*, read, *battalions*. In the same page, l. 44, first column, for, *sweet*, read, *swift*, impelling wings.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Sept. 30.		Oct. 4.		7th		11th		14th		18th		21st
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, Red	44a55		44a54		44a54		44a54		44a54		44a53		44a53
Ditto White	44a55		44a54		44a54		44a54		44a54		44a53		44a53
Rye, —	26a27		25a26		25a26		25a26		25a26		24a25		24a25
Barley, —	23a29		25a29		25a29		25a29		25a29		24a28		24a28
Oats, —	16a21		16a21		16a21		16a21		16a21		15a19		15a19
Oct. 25. Red and White Wheat, 44a53s. Rye, 24a25s. Barley, 24a28s. Oats, 15a19s.													

P O E T R Y.

*The GUDGEON'S COMPLAINT:
A Moral Tale.*

LOW in the gentle stream, that steals,
With silent lapse, through Tempe's
vales,

A little fish, with grief oppress'd;
A sager brother thus address'd:

"Alas! how happy once, and gay,
We pass'd the painless time away!

No storms disturb'd our shelter'd stream;

No sorrow to our bosoms came,

None but the soothing tear that flows

In pity for another's woes:

When, from the terrors of the main,

Some rash adventurer, scap'd again,

Has told his brethren where he's been,

And all the dangers he has seen:

Where the fell tenants of the sea,

Murderers, on each other prey.

But now no more we hear the moan

For others' griefs; we mourn our own.

Last night the dusk was more profound,

The mill-gave forth a deadlier sound;

The stream almost forgot to flow,

And all bespoke approaching woe.

From haunts unseen, into our stream,

Delicious showers of viands came;

All with the baneful gift were pleas'd,

And vainly thought our hunger eas'd.

Vainly alas! for as they haste

In crowds to share th' unfriendly feast,

At once they feel convulsive pain,

And madness fires their turning brain.

Some plunge into the depths below,

And strive to shun th' insidious foe,

While others more imprudent rise,

And tempt the unpropitious skies:

But scarce had they the surface gain'd,

Ere, by entangling cords constrain'd,

They mov'd reluctant to the shore,

And thence, alas! return'd no more.

Twice twenty times the chains descend;

As oft I mourn'd some parting friend;

I too the specious guile partook;

When light my swimming eyes forsook,

And, through each fibre of my frame,

I felt the fierce pervading flame;

'Till kind Eliza's pitying eye

Beheld me faint and struggling lie:

With gentlest hand, she eas'd my pain,

And gave me to the stream again.

But (say, for years have made thee wise,

In things unseen by common eyes,) Say from what angry cause can flow,

From Heaven above, or man below,

The dire misfortune of our race?

When shall the vengeful ruin cease?

Shall the relenting pow'rs grow kind,

And we their yielding mercy find?

Or are we only spar'd to see

The fulness of their hard decree;

To see each friend resign his breath,

Then be the last to sink to death?"

The mourner spoke; and, ending, sigh'd:

His grave companion thus reply'd:

"Presume not, with advent'rous tongue,

To blame Heaven's ways, nor think them

wrong;

Even then, when most it seems severe,

We're yet the objects of its care.

Think not those ills to us confin'd,

'Tis just the same with human kind:

Then humbly to thy lot resign,

Nor at the gen'ral fate rep'ne;

Temptation spreads her net for all,

And man, as well as fishes, fall:

Chloris sees, beaming from afar,

The blaze, and dies for Florio's star;

Poor Florio's self implores for quarter,

The silken slave of Celia's garter;

'Tis thus the tide alternate flows,

That swallows sparkling belles and

beaux:

And fishes, so 'tis doom'd by fate,

A fly endangers, or a bait.

Obvious to all the cop is plac'd,

And pleasure courts them all to taste:

These snares the wise, with caution, shun;

Th' unwary only are undone."

IT would give me pleasure to contribute something towards the support of the Monthly Ledger, and as well chosen variety is the greatest recommendation to periodical publications, I have sent the following, translated from the celebrated Italian poet Metastasio, as a contrast to the generality of our love-stories, which I conceive the Editor will not think improper to be inserted in his valuable collection; though by no means applicable to

A DISCONSOLATE LOVER.

LIBERTY.

THANKS, Nice, to thy treach'rous
arts,

At length I breathe again!

The pitying Gods have ta'en my part,

And eas'd a wretch's pain:

I feel! I feel! that from its chain

My rescu'd soul is free,

Not

Nor is it now I idly dream
Of fancy'd liberty.
Extinguish'd is my ancient flame;
All calm my thoughts remain;
And artful love in vain shall strive
To lurk beneath disguise.
No longer, when thy name I hear,
My conscious colour flies;
No longer, when thy face I see,
My heart's emotions rise.
I sleep, yet not in ev'ry dream
Thy image pictur'd see;
I wake, nor does my alter'd mind
Fix its first thoughts on thee:
From thee, far distant when I roam,
No fond concern I know;
With thee I stay, nor yet from thence
Does pain or pleasure flow.
Oft of my Nice's charms I speak,
Nor thrills my steadfast heart;
Oft I review the wrongs I bore,
Yet feel no inward smart.
No quick alarms confound my sense,
When Nice dear I see;
E'en with my rival I can smile,
And calmly talk of thee.
Speak to me with a placid mien,
Or treat me with disdain;
Vain is to me the look severe,
The gentle smile as vain.
Lost is the empire o'er my soul,
Which once those lips possess'd;
Those eyes no longer can divine
Each secret of my breast.
What pleases now, or grieves my mind,
What makes me sad, or gay,
Is not in thy power to give,
Nor canst thou take away.
Each pleasant spot without thee charms,
The wood, the mead, the hill;
And scenes of dullness, e'en with thee,
Are scenes of dullness still.
Judge, if I speak with tongue sincere;
Thou still art won'rous fair;
Great are the beauties of thy form,
But not beyond compare:
And let not truth offend thine ear,
My eyes at length incline
To spy some fault in that lov'd face,
Which once appear'd divine.
When from its secret deep recess
I tore the painful dart,
(My shameful weakness I confess,)
It seem'd to split my heart.
But, to relieve a tortur'd mind,
To triumph o'er disdain,
To gain my captive self once more,
I'd suffer ev'ry pain.
Caught by the bird-time's teach'rous
twigs,
To which he chanc'd to stray,

The bird his fasten'd feathers leaves,
Then gladly flies away.
His shorten'd wings he soon renews,
Of snares no more afraid;
Then grows by past experience wise,
Nor is again betray'd.
I know thy pride can ne'er believe
My passion's fully o'er,
Because I oft repeat the tale,
And still add something more:
'Tis natural instinct prompts my tongue,
And makes the story last,
As all mankind are fond to boast
Of dangers they have past.
The warrior thus, the combat o'er,
Recounts his bloody wars,
Tells all the hardships which he bore,
And shews his ancient scars.
Thus the glad slave, by prosp'rous fate,
Freed from the servile chain,
Shews to each friend the galling weight,
Which once he drag'd with pain.
I speak, yet speaking, all my aim
Is but to please my mind;
I speak, yet care not if my words
With thee can credit find;
I speak, nor ask if my discourse
Is e'er approv'd by thee,
Or whether thou with equal ease
Dost talk again of me.
I leave a light inconstant maid,
Thou'st lost a heart sincere;
I know not which wants comforts most,
Or which has most to fear:
I'm sure, a swain, so fond and true,
Nice can never find;
A nymph like her is quickly found,
False, faithless, and unkind.

The Farmer and Wheat-Ear.

A Farmer view'd, 'twas in July,
His fields, with this soliloquy.
"My corn's full ripe, and shall go down
To-morrow;" (here he scratch'd his
crown;)
"Lo! scarce an ear can upright stand;
All bow to meet the reaper's hand."
One wheat-ear, taller than the rest,
Heard, and the farmer thus address'd;
But first it stood as near upright,
As possible; it could not quite.
"I meet the reaper's hand, not I,
Like man's, my forehead meets the sky;
So, good now, send no reaper here,
But let me stand quite round the year."
"You shall," the farmer cry'd, and there
He sets his mark, the reapers spare:
It stood, it saw his brethren fall,
Before the sickle, one and all;

It stood, but not as preconceiv'd,
 With joy, of all its friends bereav'd;
 It stood alone, and lonely state
 Must needs a thousand fears create;
 And more than fears: it felt, some days,
 The sun's intolerable blaze:
 From stalk and grain the moisture fled,
 And, languishing, it hung the head;
 Unprop'd by others of its kind,
 Some days it suffer'd by the wind:
 Besides it suffer'd twenty ways,
 And suffer'd more than twenty days.
 One day, as by the farmer went,
 Thus warmly beg'd the penitent.
 "At my request, (I own 'twas wrong,)
 You spar'd me, but I've stood too long:
 I've borne till I can bear no more;
 Convey me to your threshing-floor."
 The farmer view'd, pick'd out a corn,
 And thus reply'd with taunting scorn.
 "To threshing-floor convey thee, no!
 Thou'rt neither fit to sell nor sow:
 The year's not out by many a day:"
 With that he whistling went his way.
 That night the wheat-ear, fall'n to
 ground,

A hungry crow, next morning found;
 At his lean breakfast much repin'd:
 The chaff, was scatter'd by the wind;
 Such this ear's fate, could worse betide?
 From theirs, the sickle reap'd, how wide!
 Of these enow to cross the fields;
 One sixty grains, one seventy yields:
 And ev'ry grain, the following year,
 Produc'd as much as parent ear.
 The wheat-ear was a type of man,
 He longs to stretch his scanty span;
 Disease arrives, when death is best,
 "O let me live!" is his request:
 He lives, for what, too soon he'll know,
 He lives to sink from bliss to woe;
 Lives, till ev'n life become a pain,
 He can't get rid of, can't sustain;
 He lives, a heavier curse than all,
 To worthlessness, from worth, to fall:
 He drops, the felt destroyer's prey,
 Who might have liv'd another day;
 Liv'd and a gayer season found,
 Replanted on celestial ground:
 Me, with, or e'en without, my leave,
 When ripe for Heav'n, may Heav'n re-
 ceive.

E. H.

Epitaph for a Beggar.

WITH thee the same original I
 claim,
 One common parent, and one common
 name:

And the like period does our lives await;
 Whate'er our fortunes, yet the same our
 fate.

Pray, titled pride, the difference descry?
 Say, canst thou boast a nobler birth than
 I?

ZENO.

Inscription for a Hermitage.

SAY, dost thou sigh in solitude to
 dwell,
 The hoary hermit of this humble cell?
 First, still the tumults of thy troubled
 breast,
 Hush the loud storms, the warring winds,
 to rest;
 Bid heav'n-born peace her sacred influ-
 ence shed,
 And calm contentment hover o'er thy
 head.
 So, in thy cell, the virtues shall be seen,
 Led by soft silence and by joy serene.

AUTUMNAL REFLECTIONS.

IN fading grandeur, lo! the trees
 Their tarnish'd honours shed;
 While ev'ry leaf-compelling breeze
 Lays the dim verdure dead.

Erewhile, they shot a vigorous length
 Of flow'rs, and fruit, and green;
 Now, shorn of beauty and of strength,
 They stand, a shatter'd scene.

Ere long, the genial breath of spring
 Shall all their charms renew;
 And flow'r, and fruit, and foliage, bring,
 All pleasing, to the view.

Thus, round and round, the seasons roll,
 In one harmonious course;
 And pour conviction on the soul,
 With unremitting force.

Not such is man's appointed fate. —
 One spring alone he knows;
 One summer; one autumnal state;
 One winter's dead repose.

Yet not the dreary sleep of death
 Shall e'er his pow'rs destroy;
 But men shall draw immortal breath,
 In endless pain or joy.

Important thought! — O, mortal! hear
 On what thy peace depends:

The

The voice of
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The voice of truth salutes thine ear,
And this the voice she sends.

"When virtue glows with youthful charms,
How bright the vernal skies!
When virtue, like the summer, warms,
What golden harvests rise!

When vices spring, without controul,
What bitter fruits appear!
A wintry darkness wraps the soul,
And horrors close the year.

Let youth to virtue's shrine repair,
And men their tribute bring:
Old age shall lose its load of care,
And death shall lose its sting.

Borne upwards, on seraphic wing,
Their happy souls shall soar:
And there enjoy eternal spring,
Nor fear a winter more."

THE GREYHOUND.

TWAS when the winter's hoary train
Had silver'd ev'ry spray,
The sacred source of light again
Pour'd forth the streams of day.
No East wind whistled o'er the hill,
Or swept along the dale;
No torrent swell'd the tinkling rill,
Or delug'd half the vale.
New joy, as clear keen ether glow'd,
The vital system found;
Fresh health and sprightly vigour flow'd
The whole creation round.
Young Trimmer did the pleasure share,
As o'er the lawn he pac'd;
And Trimmer had a form as fair
As ever greyhound grac'd.
Him oft his cautious master taught
Of warrens to beware:

For tabby nations made resort
And form'd their caverns there.
But the fresh vigour in his veins
His active youth inspir'd;
He, silent, seeks the peopled plains,
With lust of rapine fir'd.
Alas! unconscious of deceit,
The harmless people play;
Some trac'd the lawn, with erring feet,
Some wrapp'd in slumber lay.
As forked lightnings, from on high,
Fall'n on the mountain's brow,
From rock to rock, rebounding, fly,
Till sheath'd in earth below;
So Trimmer swept from place to place,
To chase the timid train;
And doom'd the inoffensive race
To dye the purple plain.
But fate forbade. — A wily fire,
Who mark'd his savage way,
Stood forth, and seem'd to dare his ire,
Then sily slipp'd away.
Trimmer with all the fury threw,
His utmost strength supply'd;
Against a rising mound he flew,
Snapp'd the neck-joint, and died.
Nought could the faultless form avail;
The gently-rising loin,
The shoulder thin, the taper tail,
Whose just proportions join;
The skin, as soft as cygnets down,
And white as driven snow;
The speed, that skimm'd the heath alone,
Or fertile fields below.
Hence, youth, though fortune fans thy
fires,
Of lawless joys beware:
The bitter fruits of loose desires
Are want, disease, despair.
Though folly, for thy youthful brow,
May weave the wanton wreath,
And pleasure's goblet overflow,
Death watches underneath.

ZENO.

The letters signed *Ignotus*, *Amicus*, *Sketch*, *P. P.* with several anonymous pieces are received.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN, From October 17, to October 22, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	5	10	3	1	3	3	2	3	3	4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	7	—	—	3	4	2	6	3	6
Surry,	6	9	3	5	3	4	2	4	4	0
Hertford,	6	8	—	—	3	5	2	4	4	3
Bedford,	6	11	4	8	3	4	2	2	3	9
Cambridge,	6	3	3	5	3	4	2	2	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	9	—	—	3	4	2	4	3	8
Northampton,	7	6	5	0	3	11	2	3	3	11
Rutland,	7	5	—	—	4	1	2	3	2	10
Leicester,	7	9	5	3	4	3	2	3	4	3
Nottingham,	6	10	5	0	4	0	2	3	4	2
Derby,	7	4	—	—	4	1	2	9	4	6
Stafford,	7	9	5	1	4	3	2	3	4	10
Salop,	7	5	5	8	3	9	2	1	—	—
Hereford,	7	5	—	—	3	6	2	5	—	—
Worcester,	7	9	4	10	4	5	2	7	4	10
Warwick,	8	9	—	—	4	3	2	10	5	5
Gloucester,	8	7	—	—	3	11	2	4	4	6
Wiltshire,	7	5	—	—	3	6	2	7	5	0
Berks,	7	0	5	1	3	5	2	5	3	9
Oxford,	7	8	—	—	3	5	2	8	4	5
Bucks,	7	2	3	11	3	6	2	2	3	11

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	1	3	8	3	6	2	4	3	6
Suffolk,	5	8	2	11	3	0	2	8	3	2
Norfolk,	5	8	3	7	2	10	2	0	3	3
Lincoln,	6	7	4	2	3	7	1	11	3	9
York,	6	5	4	11	3	4	2	0	3	10
Durham,	6	2	4	4	—	—	2	2	4	3
Northumberland,	6	1	4	0	3	1	2	4	4	0
Cumberland,	6	0	4	1	3	1	1	11	5	4
Westmoreland,	6	7	5	3	3	2	1	11	4	5
Lancashire,	6	2	—	—	3	0	2	2	4	3
Cheshire,	6	8	4	11	3	11	2	1	—	—
Monmouth,	7	6	—	—	3	7	1	11	3	11
Somerfet,	7	8	3	10	3	5	2	1	3	10
Devon,	7	2	—	—	3	4	1	8	—	—
Cornwall,	6	8	—	—	3	0	1	8	—	—
Dorset,	7	6	—	—	2	11	2	3	4	0
Hampshire,	6	6	—	—	3	1	2	3	4	4
Sussex,	5	11	—	—	3	0	2	3	3	4
Kent,	6	8	—	—	3	6	2	3	3	1

From October 10, to October 15, 1774.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	5	2	5	0	3	0	1	4	3	0
South Wales,	7	8	5	9	3	5	1	10	3	9

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
	5	4	3	7	2	9	2	3	3	7	2 8

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

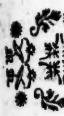
A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For September, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1	W.S.W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	63 ¹ / ₂ 70	Fair and Sultry.
2	S.S.W. little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	64 ¹ / ₂ 68	Forenoon rain, afternoon fair.
3	S. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	59 68	Morning thick fog, brilliant day.
4	S. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	61 67	Heavy rain in the afternoon.
5	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	57 61	Fair.
6	W.N.W. strong	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	61 63	Almost constant rain.
7	N. little	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	58 61	Fair.
8	N. little	30 ¹ / ₁₀	54 58	Fair frosty morning.
9	E. little	30	52 56	Ditto.
10	E.S.E. little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	54 58	Evening light showers.
11	S. fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	56 59	Cloudy, night rain.
12	S.S.W. strong	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	55 58	Slight showers.
13	N.N.E. fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	55 58	Heavy showers.
14	N.N.W. fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	55 58 ¹ / ₂	Slight rain.
15	W.S.W. little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	54 59	Light rain, afternoon fair.
16	W.S.W. little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	53 59 ¹ / ₂	Heavy showers.
17	N.N.W. strong	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	54 58	Frequent showers.
18	E.N.E. fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	56 59	Brilliant day.
19	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	53 58	Cloudy after. and night constant rain.
20	W. fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	54 59 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy.
21	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	54 56	Afternoon rain without intermission.
22	S.W. strong	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	53 56	Afternoon constant rain.
23	S. strong	29	53 ¹ / ₂ 57	Frequent showers.
24	E. fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	55 60	Cloudy, aftern. lightening with rain.
25	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	55 59	Cloudy.
26	N.W. fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	56 58 ¹ / ₂	Slight rain.
27	N.E. little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	54 57	Cloudy.
28	E. little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	53 ¹ / ₂ 56 ¹ / ₂	Almost constant rain.
29	S. little	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	55 59 ¹ / ₂	Afternoon heavy rain.
30	S. little	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	57 59	Heavy showers.

PRICES

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S .

	BANK Stock.	E. India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	Old S. Sea New Annuity.	Reduced, Annuity.	3 per Cent Consols.	3 per Cent An. 1726.	3 per Cent E. I. An. An. 1751.	3 1/2 per Cent An. 1758.	Long Annuity.	Ind. Bond, N. H. prem. diff.
Se. 26	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
27	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
28	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
29	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
30	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
Oct. 1	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
2	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
3	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
4	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
5	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
6	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
7	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
8	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
9	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
10	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
11	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
12	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
13	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
14	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
15	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
16	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
17	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
18	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
19	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
20	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
21	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
22	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
23	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
24	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2
25	145 1/2	148 1/2	96 1/2	87 1/2	—	89 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	59 1/2



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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

An Essay on the Variety of Calamities and Hardships which are cheerfully undergone by the lower Ranks of the People. Written by the late Dr. GOLDSMITH.



Observation is more common, and, at the same time, more true, than that one half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention, are enlarged upon in tones of declamation, and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers. The great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress, and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude when the whole world is looking on: men, in such circumstances, will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he, who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage him, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can behave with tranquility and indifference, is truly great; whether peasant or courtier, he deserves admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence; the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded: and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships, in one day, than those, of a more exalted station, suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure, without murmuring or regret, without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is, to them, a day of misery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, and a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships, whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness. Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them; and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history as follows,

"As for my misfortunes, master, I can't pretend to have gone through any more than other folks; for, except the loss of my limb, and my being obliged to beg, I don't know any reason, thank heaven, that I have to complain: there is Bill Tibbs, of our regiment, he has lost both his legs, and an eye to-boot; but, thank heaven, it is not so bad with me yet.

"I was born in Shropshire, my father was a labourer, and died when I was five years old; so I was put upon the parish. As he had been a wandering sort of a man, the parishioners were not able to tell to what parish I belonged or where I was born, so they sent me to another parish, and that parish sent me to a third. I thought, in my heart, they kept sending me

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about so long, that they would not let me be born in any parish at all; but, at last, however, they fixed me. I had some disposition to be a scholar, and was resolved at least to know my letters; but the master of the work-house put me to business as soon as I was able to handle a mallet; and here I lived an easy kind of life for five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, and had my meat and drink provided for my labour. It is true, I was not suffered to stir out of the house, for fear, as they said, I should run away: but what of that? I had the liberty of the whole house and the yard before the door, and that was enough for me. I was then bound out to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; but I ate and drank well, and liked my business well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to provide for myself; so I was resolved to go seek my fortune.

"In this manner I went from town to town; worked when I could get employment, and starved when I could get none: when, happening, one day, to go through a field belonging to a justice of peace, I spied a hare crossing the path just before me, and I believe the devil put it into my head to throw my stick at it. — Well, what will you have on't? I killed the hare, and was bringing it away, when the justice himself met me. He called me a poacher and a villain; and, collaring me, desired I would give an account of myself. I fell upon my knees, begged his worship's pardon, and began to give a full account of all that I knew of my breed, seed, and generation; but, though I gave a very true account, the justice said I could give no account of myself; so I was indicted at sessions, found guilty of being poor, and sent up to London, to Newgate, in order to be transported as a vagabond.

"People may say this and that of being in jail; but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work at all. This kind of life was too good to last for ever; so I was taken out of prison, after five months, put on-board a ship, and sent off, with two hundred more, to the plantations. We had but an indifferent passage; for, being all confined in the hold, more than a hundred of our people died for want of sweet air; and those that remained were sickly enough, God knows. When we came a-shore, we were sold to the planters, and I was bound for seven years more. As I was no scholar, for I did not know my letters, I was obliged to work among the negroes; and I served out my time, as in duty bound to do.

"When my time was expired, I worked my passage home, and glad I was to see old England again, because I loved my country. I was afraid, however, that I should be indicted for a vagabond once more, so I did not much care to go down into

the country, but kept about the town, and did little jobs when I could get them.

"I was very happy, in this manner, for some time; till, one evening, coming home from work, two men knocked me down, and then desired me to stand. They belonged to a press-gang. I was carried before the justice; and, as I could give no account of myself, I had my choice left, whether to go on-board a man of war or list for a soldier. I chose the latter; and, in this post of a gentleman, I served two campaigns in Flanders, was at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and received but one wound through the breast here: but the doctor of our regiment soon made me well again.

"When the peace came on, I was discharged; and, as I could not work, because my wound was sometimes troublesome, I listed for a landman in the East-India company's service. I here fought the French in six pitched battles; and I verily believe, that, if I could write or read, our captain would have made me a corporal. But it was not my good fortune to have any promotion, for I soon fell sick, and so got leave to return home again, with forty pounds in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the late war, and I hoped to be set on-shore, and to have the pleasure of spending my money; but the government wanted men, and so I was pressed for a sailor before ever I could set foot on-shore.

"The boatswain found me, as he said, an obstinate fellow: he swore he knew that I understood my business well, but that I shammed Abraham, to be idle. But, God knows, I knew nothing of sea-business, and he beat me without considering what he was about. I had still, however, my forty pounds, and that was some comfort to me under every beating: and the money I might have had to this day, but that our ship was taken by the French, and so I lost all.

"Our crew was carried into Brest, and many of them died, because they were not used to live in a jail; but, for my part, it was nothing to me, for I was seasoned. One night, as I was sleeping on the bed of boards, with a warm blanket about me, (for I always loved to lie well,) I was awakened by the boatswain, who had a dark lanthorn in his hand: "Jack, says he to me, will you knock out the French centries brains?" "I don't care, says I, (striving to keep myself awake,) if I do lend a hand." "Then follow me, says he, and I hope we shall do business." So up I got, and tied my blanket (which was all the cloaths I had) about my middle, and went with him to fight the Frenchmen. — I hate the French, because they are all slaves, and wear wooden shoes.

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" Though we had no arms, one Englishman is able to beat five French, at any time ; so we went down to the door, where both the centries were posted, and, rushing upon them, seized their arms in a moment and knocked them down. From thence, nine of us ran together to the quay, and, seizing the first boat we met, got out of the harbour and put to sea. We had not been here three days, before we were taken up by the Dorset privateer, who were glad of so many good hands ; and we consented to run our chance. However, we had not as much luck as we expected. In three days, we fell in with the Pompadour privateer, of forty guns, while we had but twenty-three : so to it we went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight lasted for three hours, and I verily believe we should have taken the Frenchman, had we but had some more men left behind ; but, unfortunately, we lost all our men just as were going to get the victory.

" I was once more in the power of the French, and I believe it would have gone hard with me, had I been brought back to Brest ; but, by good fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had almost forgot to tell you, that, in that engagement, I was wounded in two places : I lost four fingers of my left hand and my leg was shot off. If I had had the good fortune to have lost my leg and the use of my hand on-board a king's ship, and not on-board a privateer, I should have been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during the rest of my life ; but that was not my chance. — One man is born with a silver spoon in his mouth and another with a wooden ladle. — However, blessed be God, I enjoy good health, and will for ever love liberty and Old England. Liberty, property, and Old England, for ever, huzza !"

Thus saying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content ; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.

The Oeconomy of Nature : by Isaac F. Biberg, Upsal. Amœnitat. Academ. vol. ii. Continued from P. 120.

§. 6. *The vegetable Kingdom. Propagation.*

A NATOMY abundantly proves that all plants are organic and living bodies : and that all organic bodies are propagated from an egg has been sufficiently demonstrated by the industry of the moderns. We, therefore, the rather, according to the opinion of the skilful, reject the equivocal generation of plants ; and the more so, as it is certain that every living thing is produced from an egg. Now, the seeds of vegetables are called

called eggs: these are different in every plant, that, the means being the same, each may multiply its species, and produce an offspring like its parent. We do not deny that very many plants push forth from their roots fresh offsets, for two or more years: nay, not a few plants may be propagated by branches, buds, suckers, and leaves, fixed in the ground; as likewise many trees. Hence, their stems, being divided into branches, may be looked on as roots above ground; for in the same way the roots creep under ground, and divide into branches. And there is the more reason for thinking so, because we know that a tree will grow in an inverted situation; *viz.* the roots being placed upwards and the head downwards, and buried in the ground; for then the branches will become roots, and the roots will produce leaves and flowers. The lime-tree will serve for an example, on which gardeners have chiefly made the experiment. Yet this by no means overturns the doctrine, that all vegetables are propagated by seeds; since it is clear, that, in each of the foregoing instances, nothing vegetates but what was part of a plant, formerly produced from seed; so that, accurately speaking, without seed no new plant is produced.

Thus again plants produce seeds, but they are entirely unfit for propagation, unless fecundation precedes, which is performed by an intercourse between different sexes, as experience testifies. Plants, therefore, must be provided with organs of generation: in which respect they hold an analogy with animals. Since, in every plant, the flower always precedes the fruit, and the fecundated seeds visibly arise from the fruit, it is evident that the organs of generation are contained in the flower, (which organs are called antheræ and stigmata,) and that the impregnation is accomplished within the flower. This impregnation is performed by means of the dust of the antheræ falling upon the moist stigmata, which, where the dust adheres, is burst, and sends forth a very subtle matter, which is absorbed by the style, is conveyed down to the rudiment of the seed, and thus renders it fertile. When this operation is over, the organs of generation wither and fall; nay, a change in the whole flower ensues. We must, however, observe, that, in the vegetable kingdom, one and the same flower does not always contain the organs of generation of both sexes, but oftentimes the male organs are on one plant and the female on another. But, that the business of impregnation may go on successfully, and that no plant may be deprived of the necessary dust, the whole most elegant apparatus of the antheræ and stigmata, in every flower, is contrived with wonderful wisdom.

For, in most flowers, the stamina surround the pistils and are about the same height; but there are many plants in which the

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the pistil is longer than the stamina; and in these it is wonderful to observe, that the Creator has made the flowers recline, in order that the dust may more easily fall into the stigma; *e. g.* in the campanula, cowslip,* &c. But, when the fecundation is completed, the flowers rise again, that the seeds may not fall out before they are ripe, at which time they are dispersed by the winds. In other flowers, on the contrary, the pistil is shorter; and there the flowers preserve an erect situation; nay, when the flowering comes on, they become erect, though before they were drooping or immersed under water. Lastly, whenever the male flowers are placed below the female ones, the leaves are exceedingly small and narrow, that they may not hinder the dust from flying upwards, like smook; as we see in the pine, fir, yew, sea-grape, juniper, cypress, &c. and when, in one and the same species, one plant is male and the other female, and consequently may be far from one another, there the dust, without which there is no impregnation, is carried in abundance, by the help of the wind, from the male to the female; as in the whole *dioicous* † class. Again, a more difficult impregnation is compensated by the longevity of the individuals, and the continuation of life, by buds, suckers, and roots; so that we may observe every thing most wisely disposed in this affair. Moreover, we cannot, without admiration, observe, that most flowers expand themselves when the sun shines forth, whereas, when clouds, rain, or the evening, come on, they close up, lest the genital dust should be coagulated or rendered useless, so that it cannot be conveyed to the stigmata. But, (what is still more remarkable and wonderful,) when the fecundation is over, the flowers, neither upon showers nor evening coming on, close themselves up. Hence, when rain falls in the flowering time, the husbandman and gardener foretel a scarcity of fruits. I could and would illustrate all this by many remarkable instances, if the same subject had not lately been explained, in this very place, ‡ in a manner equal to its importance. I cannot help remarking one particular more, *viz.* that the organs of generation, which, in the animal kingdom, are, by

* This curious phenomenon did not escape the poetical eye of Milton, who was so very much struck with the beauty of it, that he thought it worth describing in the following enlivened imagery:

With cowslips wan, that hang their pensive head.

† *I. e.* where one plant bears male flowers and the other female ones.

‡ I suppose the author here alludes to a treatise published in *Amén. Académ.* vol. 1. entitled, *Sponsalia Plantarum*, in which are contained so many proofs of the reality of the different sexes of plants, that to me there seems to remain no room for doubt.

by nature, generally removed from sight, in the vegetable are exposed to the eyes of all, and that, when their nuptials are celebrated, it is wonderful what delight they afford to the spectator, by their most beautiful colours and delicious odours. At this time, bees, flies, and other insects, suck honey out of their nectaries; not to mention the humming-bird, and that from their effete dust the bees gather wax.

§. 7.

As to the dissemination of seeds, after they come to maturity, it being absolutely necessary, since, without it, no crop could follow, the Author of nature has wisely provided for this affair in numberless ways. The stalks and stems favour this purpose; for these raise the fruit above the ground, that the winds, shaking them to and fro, may disperse far off the ripe seeds. Most of the pericarps* are shut at top, that the seeds may not fall before they are shaken out by stormy winds. Wings are given to many seeds, by the help of which they fly far from the mother plant, and oftentimes spread over a whole country. These wings consist either of a down, as in most of the composite flowered plants, or of a membrane, as in the birch, alder, ash, &c. Hence woods, which happen to be consumed by fire, or any other accident, will soon be restored again by new plants, disseminated by these means. Many kinds of fruit are endued with a remarkable elasticity, by the force of which the ripe pericarps throw the seeds to a great distance; as the wood-sorrel, the spurge, the phyllanthus, the dittany. Other seeds or pericarps are rough, or provided with hooks; so that they are apt to stick to animals that pass by them, and by these means are carried to their holes, where they are both sown and manured by nature's wonderful care; and therefore these seeds grow where others will not, as hound's-tongue, agrimony, &c.

Berries, and other pericarps, are, by nature, allotted for aliment to animals; but with this condition, that, while they eat the pulp, they shall sow their seeds: for, when they feed upon them, they either disperse them at the same time, or, if they swallow them, they are returned with interest, for they always come out unhurt. It is not, therefore, surprising, that, if a field be manured with recent mud, or dung not quite rotten, various other plants, injurious to the farmer, should come up along with the grain that is sown. Many have believed that barley or rye has been changed into oats, (although all such

metamorphoses

* Whatever surrounds the seeds is called, by botanical writers, a *pericarpium*; and, as we want an English word to express this, I have taken the liberty to call it a pericarp.

metamorphoses are contrary to the laws of generation,) not considering that there is another cause of this phenomenon, viz. that the ground, perhaps, has been manured with horse-dung, in which the seeds of oats, coming entire from the horse, lie hid, and produce that grain. The mistletoe always grows upon other trees, because the thrush, that eats the seeds of it, casts them forth with its dung; and, as bird-catchers make their birdlime of this same plant, and daub the branches of trees with it, in order to catch the thrush, the proverb hence took its rise,

*The thrush, when he besouls the bough,
Sows for himself the seeds of woe.*

It is not to be doubted, but that the greatest part of the junipers, also, that fill our woods, are sown by thrushes and other birds, in the same manner; as the berries, being heavy, cannot be dispersed far by the winds. The cross-bill, that lives on the fir-cones, and the haw finch, that feeds on the pine-cones, at the same time, sow many of their seeds, especially when they carry the cone to a stone or trunk of a tree, that they may more easily strip it of its scales. Swine, likewise, by turning up the earth, and moles, by throwing up hillocks, prepare the ground for seeds, in the same manner as the ploughman does.

I pass over many other things, which might be mentioned, concerning the sea, lakes, and rivers; by the help of which, oftentimes, seeds are conveyed, unhurt, to distant countries: nor need I mention in what a variety of other ways nature provides for the dissemination of plants, as this subject has been treated on, at large, in our illustrious president's oration, concerning the augmentation of the habitable earth.* [To be continued.]

VOL. II.

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* As there is something very ingenious and quite new in the treatise here referred to, I will, for the sake of those who cannot read the original, give a short abstract of it. His design is to shew that there was only one pair of all living things created at the beginning. According to the account of Moses, says the author, we are sure that this was the case in the human species; and, by the same account, we are informed, that this first pair was placed in Eden, and that Adam gave names to all the animals. In order, therefore, that Adam might be enabled to do this, it was necessary that all the species of animals should be in paradise; which could not happen unless, also, the species of vegetables had been there likewise. This he proves from the nature of their food, particularly in relation to insects, most of which live upon one plant only. Now, had the world been formed in its present state, it could not have happened that all the species of animals should have been there: they must have been dispersed over all the globe, as we find they are at present; which he thinks improbable; for other reasons, which I shall pass over for the

A Character of VOLTAIRE, written by the present King of Prussia.

M. DE VOLTAIRE is below the stature of tall men, or, in other words, he is a little above those of a middling size; he is extremely thin, and of an adust temperament, hot and atrabilious; his visage is meagre, his aspect ardent and penetrating, and there is a malignant quickness in his eye: the same fire that animates his works appears in his actions, which are lively even to absurdity: he is a kind of meteor, perpetually coming and going with quick motion, and a sparkling light that dazzles our eyes. A man, thus constituted, cannot fail of being a valetudinarian; the blade eats away the scabbard; gay
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the sake of brevity. To solve all the phænomena, then, he lays down a principle, that, at the beginning, all the earth was covered with sea, unless one island, large enough to contain all animals and vegetables. This principle he endeavours to establish by several phænomena, which make it probable that the earth has been, and is still, gaining upon the sea; and he does not forget to mention fossil shells and plants, every where found, which, he says, cannot be accounted for by the deluge. He then undertakes to shew how all vegetables and animals might, in this island, have a soil and climate proper for each, only by supposing it placed under the Æquator, and crowned with a very high mountain. For it is well known that the same plants are found on the Swiss, the Pyrenean, the Scotch, alps, on Olympus, Lebanon, Ida, as on the Lapland and Greenland alps. And Tournefort found, at the bottom of mount Ararat, the common plants of America; a little way up, those of Italy; higher, those which grow about Paris; afterwards, the Swedish plants; and, lastly, on the top, the Lapland alpine plants. And I myself, adds the author, from the plants growing on the Dalecarlian alps, could collect how much lower they were than the alps of Lapland. He then proceeds to shew how, from one plant of each species, the immense number of individuals, now existing, might arise. He gives some instances of the surprising fertility of certain plants; *v. g.* the elecampane, one plant of which produced 3000 seeds; of spelt, 2000; of the sun-flower, 4000; of the poppy, 3200; of tobacco, 40320. But, supposing any annual plant produces, yearly, only two seeds, even of this, after 20 years, there would be 1,048,576 individuals. For they would increase yearly in a duple proportion, *viz.* 2, 4, 8, 16, 32, &c. He then gives some instances of plants, brought from America, that are now become common over many parts of Europe. Lastly, he enters upon the subject for which he is quoted in the text, where the detail he gives, of the several methods which nature has taken to propagate vegetables, is extremely curious, but too long to insert in this place.

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by complexion, grave by regimen; open, without frankness; politic, without refinement; social, without friends. He knows the world, and he forgets it; in the morning he is Aristippus, and Diogenes at night; he loves grandeur, but despises the great; with his superiors his carriage is easy, but with his equals constrained; he is first polite, then cold, then disgusting. He loves the court, yet makes himself weary of it: he has sensibility without connections, and is voluptuous without passion. He is attached to nothing by choice, but to every thing by inconstancy. As he reasons without principle, his reason has its fits, like the folly of others. He has a clear head, and a corrupt heart; he thinks of every thing, and treats every thing with derision. He is a libertine, without a constitution for pleasure; and he knows how to moralize without morality. His vanity is excessive, but his avarice is yet greater than his vanity; he therefore writes less for reputation than money, for which he may be said both to hunger and thirst. He is in haste to work, that he may be in haste to live; he was made to enjoy, and he determines only to hoard. Such is the man, and such is the author.

There is no other poet in the world whose verses cost him so little labour: but this facility of composition hurts him, because he abuses it: as there is but little for labour to supply, he is content that little should be wanting, and therefore almost all his pieces are unfinished. But, though he is an easy, an ingenious, and elegant, writer of poetry, yet his principal excellence would be history, if he made fewer reflections, and drew no parallels; in both of which, however, he has sometimes been very happy. In his last work he has imitated the manner of Bayle, of whom, even in his censure of him, he has exhibited a copy. It has long been said, that, for a writer to be without passion and without prejudice, he must have neither religion nor country; and, in this respect, M. Voltaire has made great advances towards perfection. He cannot be accused of being a partizan to his nation; he appears, on the contrary, to be infected with a species of madness somewhat like that of old men, who are always extolling the time past, and bitterly complaining of the present. Voltaire is always dissatisfied with his own country, and lavish in his praise of those that are a thousand leagues off. As to religion, he is, in that respect, evidently undetermined; and he would certainly be the neutral and impartial being, so much desired by an author, but for a little leaven of anti-Jansenism, which appears somewhat too plainly distinguished in his works. Voltaire has much foreign and much French literature; nor is he deficient in that mixed erudition which is now so much in fashion. He is a politician, a naturalist, a geometrician, or whatever else he pleases; but he is al-

ways superficial, because he is not able to be deep. He could not, however, flourish as he does, upon these subjects, without great ingenuity. His taste is rather delicate than just; he is an ingenious satyrist, a bad critic, and a dabbler in the abstracted sciences. Imagination is his element; and yet, strange as it is, he has no invention. He is reproached with continually passing from one extreme to another; now a philanthropist, then a cynic; now an excessive encomiast, then an outrageous satyrist. In one word, Voltaire would fain be an extraordinary man, and an extraordinary man he most certainly is.

The natural History of the Polypus. From Monsieur Bonet's "Contemplations sur la Nature."

THERE are no less than three different kinds of the polypus: but that with arms (or legs rather) is the most curious. The structure of this polypus seems to be very simple. Represent to yourself the finger of a glove; this finger is quite closed up by an extremity, which describes the tail of the polypus, and is the part he fastens himself by: it, therefore, throws up its excrements at the mouth. The open end of the finger is a mouth; the borders of the opening are lips. Place round the aperture eight or ten small strings, made of the same skin as the finger, and that may extend and contract themselves like the horns of a snail, and these will be the arms of the polypus: they will likewise perform the office of feet. Suppose the finger itself to be proportionably supple with the strings, and that it is altogether of a glutinous substance; imagine, lastly, that it is interspersed, both without and within, with a prodigious number of little similar seeds; and you will have a pretty exact description of the arm-polypus.

It is extremely voracious; and makes the same use of its arms as the fisherman does of his net. Though it is itself only a few lines in length, it extends them several inches: it holds them spread out wide from each other, and thus occupies a large space in the water. They are equal, in fineness, to silk threads, and their feeling is exquisite. If a little worm, in passing by, happens to touch one of them, it is sufficient to insure its being made a captive. The arm twirls itself round the prey; another arm adds new cords to the first; they all contract, and convey the prey to the mouth, which swallows it in an instant, together with the arms that hold it; it is tossed into the stomach, there dissolves and digests, and the arms come out whole again. You are to understand, that this stomach is, properly speaking, the inside of the finger of the glove; for the polypus is all stomach; it is a small dark bowel, a little membranous bag, that devours

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living insects. It is tinged with the colour of the prey it feeds upon: this insinuates itself into the substance of it, and even colours the outside of the arms, which are likewise hollow, and made, as well as the body, like an intestine.

You have seen that the cluster-polypuses propagate by dividing in the middle: the arm-polypuses do not multiply in the same manner: they bring forth their young almost as a tree shoots forth its branches. A little bud appears on the side of the polypus; this bud is itself a young polypus in its growth; it increases in its size and length, and at last separates from its parent. While it is united to her, they both comprise one body, as the branches with the tree. You are to understand this in the strictest sense. The prey, which the mother swallows, passes immediately into her young, and imparts the same colour to it: so that the whole consists of one little bowel, in a long extent. The prey, which the young one seizes, (for it fishes for itself as soon as it has arms, even before it is separated from the mother,) passes, in like manner, into her. They nourish each other reciprocally.

There is scarcely any polypus without buds; all of them, therefore, are so many polypuses, or shoots, that grow on a common stock. While they are unfolding, they themselves send forth smaller shoots, and these smaller still: they all extend their arms on both sides: you think you are beholding a small bushy tree. The nourishment, received by one of these shoots, is soon communicated to all the rest, and to their common mother. The chief of the society and the members are one. The society is dissolved by little and little, the members separate themselves, are dispersed, and each shoot becomes, in its turn, a little genealogical tree.

Such is the natural method by which the arm-polypus multiplies: it may also be multiplied by slips. There is scarcely need to mention, (it being so well known,) that, when it is cut to pieces, each piece, in a short time, becomes a perfect polypus. It were better to say, at once, that the polypus, after being cut into small pieces, rises again from its ruins, and the little fragments yield as many polypuses. Being cut, either transversely or longitudinally, this extraordinary animal is reproduced in the same manner, and the resources of life are equally inexhaustible.

In the polypus, the fable of the Lernean Hydra is realised. When split into six or seven parts, it becomes a Hydra with six or seven heads: slit, again, each head, and you will soon have a Hydra with fourteen heads, feeding itself with fourteen mouths. Strike off all these heads, and there will spring up as many

many others in their stead ; and the heads, so cut off, will soon produce an equal number of polypuses.

But the following, although *real fact*, is what fable itself has not presumed to invent. Bring to their trunk the heads that have been cut off, they will reunite to it, and you will restore to the polypus its head. You may also, if you think proper, fix it to the head of another polypus. The mutilated parts of the same or different polypuses, when placed end to end, will unite, in like manner, and form one single polypus. A polypus may be introduced, by its hind part, into the body of another polypus : the two individuals will unite, their heads become ingrafted into each other, and the double polypus is converted into a single one, that eats, grows, and multiplies.

I have compared the polypus to the finger of a glove : this finger may be turned inside out : so may the polypus, likewise ; and, being so thisted, can fish, swallow, and multiply by slips and shoots. It will easily be believed that the polypus does not like to remain thus turned-inside out : it makes an effort to regain its natural position, and frequently succeeds, either in part or altogether. The polypus, which is partly turned back again, as at first, is a real Proteus, that assumes all kind of forms, which are all equally strange. Form to yourself an idea of the creature thus turned again, in part, to its natural position. You will recollect that it is made in the form of a bowel. One part of this bowel is then turned backward over the other : it there fastens and engrafs itself. In that case, the polypus is, as it were, doubled ; the mouth encompasses the body like a fringed girdle ; the arms are the fringe : they then point toward the tail : the fore part continues open, the other is shut, as usual. You expect, no doubt, to see a new head and new arms to grow out of the fore part, which you have observed in all the polypuses that have been cut transversely. But the polypus combines itself a thousand different ways, and each combination has its consequence, which experience alone can discover to you. The fore part closes itself, and becomes a supernumerary tail ; the polypus, which was first extended in a right-line, is curved more and more ; the new tail lengthens every day ; and the two tails resemble the feet of a pair of compasses, partly open. The ancient mouth is at the head of the compasses. This mouth, which is fastened to the body and embraces it like a ring, cannot discharge its functions. What, then, is to become of the unfortunate polypus, with two tails, and without a head ? How will it be able to live ? Do you think you have taken nature unawares ? You are deceived. Near the ancient lip, there are forming not only a single mouth but several ; and this polypus, which you thought could not exist,

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exist, is now a species of Hydra, with several heads and mouths, and feeds with all these mouths, as though it had suffered no injury.

An Account of the Grotto of Antiparos, a small Island in the Archipelago, delivered by Magni, an Italian Traveller, about a hundred Years ago, in a Letter to Kircher. Translated by Dr. Goldsmith.

HAVING been informed, says he, by the natives of Paros, that there was, in the little island of Antiparos, which lies about two miles from the former, a gigantic statue to be seen, at the mouth of a cavern in that place, it was resolved that we (the French consul and himself) should pay it a visit. In pursuance of this resolution, after we had landed on the island and walked about four miles, through the midst of beautiful plains and sloping woodlands, we at length came to a little hill, on the side of which yawned a most horrid cavern, that, with its gloom, at first struck us with terror, and almost repressed curiosity. Recovering the first surprize, however, we entered boldly, and had not proceeded above twenty paces, when the supposed statue of the giant presented itself to our view. We quickly perceived, that what the ignorant natives had been terrified at, as a giant, was nothing more than a sparry concretion, formed by the water dropping from the roof of the cave, and, by degrees, hardening into a figure that their fears had formed into a monster. Incited by this extraordinary appearance, we were induced to proceed still farther, in quest of new adventures, in this subterranean abode. As we proceeded, new wonders offered themselves; the spars, formed into trees and shrubs, presented a kind of petrified grove; some white, some green, and all receding in due perspective. They struck us with the more amazement, as we knew them to be mere productions of nature, who, hitherto, in solitude, had, in her playful moments, dressed the scene, as if for her own amusement.

But we had as yet seen but a few of the wonders of the place; and we were introduced, as yet, only into the portico of this amazing temple. In one corner of this half-illuminated recess, there appeared an opening, of about three feet wide, which seemed to lead to a place totally dark; and that, one of the natives assured us, contained nothing more than a reservoir of water. Upon this, we tried, by throwing down some stones; which, rumbling along the sides of the descent for some time, the sound seemed at last quashed in a bed of water. In order, however, to be more certain, we sent in a Levantine mariner, who, by the promise of a good reward, with a flambeau in his hand,

hand, ventured into this narrow aperture. After continuing within it for about a quarter of an hour, he returned, carrying some beautiful pieces of white spar in his hand, which art could neither imitate nor equal. Upon being informed by him that the place was full of these beautiful incrustations, I ventured in once more with him, for about fifty paces, anxiously and cautiously descending by a steep and dangerous way. Finding, however, that we came to a precipice, which led into a spacious amphitheatre, if I may so call it, still deeper than any other part, we returned; and, being provided with a ladder, flambeaux, and other things, to expedite our descent, our whole company, man by man, ventured into the same opening; and, descending one after another, we at last saw ourselves altogether in the most magnificent part of the cavern.

Our candles being now all lighted up, and the whole place completely illuminated, never could the eye be presented with a more glittering or a more magnificent scene. The roof was all hung with solid icicles, transparent as glass, yet solid as marble. The eye could scarce reach the lofty and noble ceiling: the sides were regularly formed with spars, and the whole presented the idea of a magnificent theatre, illuminated with an immense profusion of lights. The floor consisted of solid marble; and, in several places, magnificent columns, thrones, altars, and other objects, appeared, as if nature had designed to mock the curiosities of art. Our voices, upon speaking or singing, were redoubled to an astonishing loudness; and, upon the firing of a gun, the noise and reverberations were almost deafening. In the midst of this grand amphitheatre rose a concretion, of about fifteen feet high, that, in some measure, resembled an altar; from which taking the hint, we caused mas to be celebrated there. The beautiful columns, that shot up round the altar, appeared like candlesticks; and many other natural objects represented the customary ornaments of this sacrament.

Below even this spacious grotto, there seemed another cavern; down which I ventured, with my former mariner, and descended about fifty paces, by means of a rope. I at last arrived at a small spot of level ground, where the bottom appeared different from that of the amphitheatre, being composed of soft clay, yielding to the pressure, and in which I thrust a stick to about six feet deep. In this, however, as above, numbers of the most beautiful crystals were formed; one of which, particularly, resembled a table. Upon our egress from this amazing cavern, we perceived a Greek inscription upon a rock at the mouth, but so obliterated by time that we could not read it. It seemed to import that one Antipater, in the time of Alexander,

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der, had come thither; but whether he penetrated into the depths of the cavern he does not think fit to inform us.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The History of Frederick B——. A true Story.

FREDERICK B. was the son of a worthy clergyman in Shropshire, whose situation was not equal to his merit, his living being an inconsiderable one, not worth more than sixty pounds a year; but he discharged the duties of his function in a most exemplary manner, and derived, from conscious virtue, a degree of happiness, which it is beyond the power of rank or fortune to bestow. He educated his son Frederick with great care, resolving, as he could not give him wealth, to endeavour to supply that deficiency, by cultivating his understanding, and training him to the love and practice of virtue; being of opinion, that it is not easy for a wise and virtuous man to be unhappy in any situation.

Frederick continued under the care of his father till he was about eighteen; when, it being necessary that he should engage in some method of procuring a subsistence for himself, he was removed to London, and placed in a merchant's compting-house. Here, notwithstanding that inclination for literature which his education had naturally inspired in him, he applied himself closely to the study of the theory and practice of commerce; and made himself eminently useful to Mr. T. the merchant with whom he lived, and whose confidence he soon acquired. He distinguished himself by that diligence and punctuality, which are so important in the mercantile character, and was seldom seen at those fashionable places of levity and dissipation, which are so numerous in the capital and its neighbourhood. He did not, however, entirely confine himself to the drudgery of business: he allowed himself hours of relaxation, and was not without his pleasures; but they were moderate and rational, and attended with little expence. He entirely approved the observation of a sensible writer, that "the most exquisite, as well as the most innocent of all enjoyments, are such as cost us least; reading, fresh air, good weather, fine landscapes, and the beauties of nature. These afford a very quick relish while they last, and leave no remorse when over."

Thus did Frederick pass his hours, either diligently engaged in business, or relaxing himself by such amusements as were not unworthy of a reasonable being: when his tranquility was disturbed by a circumstance, which, though it was not unat-

tended with pleasing sensations, was the source of disquiet to him. Mr. T. had an only daughter, who, during the time Frederick had been at London, had been almost entirely at a boarding-school, or with an aunt in the country; so that he had not many opportunities of seeing her. But she now came to reside wholly with her father, for her mother had been dead some years. She was a most amiable and accomplished young lady, about nineteen years of age; and, though not a perfect beauty, her features were extremely agreeable, and her whole figure uncommonly engaging.

In consequence of Frederick's situation, he could not avoid frequently seeing Miss T. and it is dangerous for young people of different sexes to be too much with each other. The young lady soon made a deep impression on his heart; and she, on her part, was not long before she entertained a passion for Frederick, who was tall and well shaped; and, to good sense and a polished understanding, added a degree of vivacity, which seldom fails to recommend a man to the notice of the female sex, and to make him an object of their favour.

Frederick's consciousness of the state of his own heart, gave him no small degree of uneasiness. He was sensible that, from the disparity of their fortunes, there was little reason to suppose that Mr. T. would encourage his pretensions; and he had too strong a sense of honour, not to be hurt by the thought of acting ungenerously by a man, who had behaved to him with so much kindness as Mr. T. had. He, therefore, laboured to suppress his passion; but a powerful attachment to a fine woman is not easily reducible within the rules of reason. In consequence of their frequent intercourse, though both endeavoured, for a long time, to conceal their sentiments from each other, they at length came to an *eclaircissement*. They acknowledged their mutual regard for each other; and Frederick declared, with all the ardour of a youthful passion, that he should prefer the mere necessities of life, in a cottage, with her, to the greatest affluence with any other woman. But professed at the same time, that it gave him the most extreme pain to reflect, that he could not solicit her affection, without giving just umbrage to her father, to whom he confessed himself to be under great obligations, and whom he could not therefore think of injuring or offending. And Miss T. on her part, avowed her attachment to Frederick with all the warmth which the delicacy of her sex would permit, but declared her resolution of never marrying but with the consent of her father.

It happened, that there was a clerk who at this time lived with Mr. T. who professed, though without much sincerity, a great friendship for Frederick. His name was G. and he

had

ad a very high opinion of his own personal accomplishments, and therefore beheld with envy the preference which he plainly saw Miss T. gave to Frederick. As he had never been treated with the same distinction by Mr. T. that Frederick had, he had never enjoyed the same opportunities of seeing the young lady: he had however seen and learnt enough from the servants of the house, (a class of people, who are naturally very inquisitive in such matters,) to be assured that an intimacy actually subsisted between Miss T. and Frederick. He knew that Frederick's fortune would not entitle him to an alliance with Miss T. and if the lady was inclined to connect herself with one who was so much her inferior in that particular, G's vanity suggested to him, that she would have shewn her penetration, if she had bestowed her affections on him, rather than on Frederick. Envy is an uneasy and a restless passion; and it now stimulated G. to lay hold of every opportunity which offered itself of privately injuring Frederick in the esteem of Mr. T. and he at length went so far as to hint to that gentleman, that Frederick entertained improper views upon his daughter.

Finding Mr. T. alarmed at this suggestion, he proceeded farther, and related so many circumstances, partly true, and partly false, to prove the reality of a close intimacy between Frederick and Miss T. that this gentleman not only gave entirely a thorough credit to it, but also believed, from several particulars which G. had artfully and malignantly thrown into his account of the amour, that Frederick had used some dishonourable arts to conciliate the affections of the young lady. Being thus exasperated at the supposed ungenerous behaviour of Frederick, he hastened to his daughter, and immediately taxed her with carrying on a clandestine amour with him, without the knowledge or consent of a father, by whom she had ever been treated with the utmost kindness. The confusion, which the young lady discovered at this charge, confirmed all the suspicions of Mr. T. and, being much enraged, he sent a written note to Frederick, by which he informed him, that he did not choose to have any farther connexions with him, and desired him immediately to quit the house: nor could he be prevailed on to hold any converse with him on the cause of his sudden departure.

Frederick was grieved, that a man he esteemed, and of whose former favours he retained a grateful sense, should be so greatly incensed against him; but it may be easily conceived, that he felt still more severely his unexpected separation from the object of his affections. His reason dictated to him, that he should withdraw himself from an attachment wherein there were such obstacles to his success; but his heart at the same time told him,

with how much pain every effort for that purpose would be attended. He had not been able to learn by what means Mr. T. had been so much exasperated against him: he imagined, indeed, that he had some suspicions of the intimacy between him and his daughter: but, of the arts which had been contrived to place his conduct in the worse point of view, he was wholly unacquainted; G. having desired Mr. T. not to mention from whom he derived his intelligence, a request with which that gentleman had complied.

After a few weeks had elapsed, Frederick entered into the service of another merchant of eminence, as a principal clerk: an employment which the character he had acquired at Mr. T.'s for integrity and dexterity in business, enabled him easily to obtain. In the mean time, he and Miss T. found means sometimes to correspond with each other: she had been extremely afflicted at his removal from her father's house: and their separation, instead of abating, seemed to encrease the ardour of their mutual affection. Neither of them had any suspicion of the treachery of G. who still pretended a great friendship for Frederick, for which he had very good reasons. He united in his character, to all the art and cunning of a designing knave, the extravagance of a rake, and the profligacy of a gambler: and in the straits to which he occasionally brought himself by his vices, he sometimes found Frederick very useful to him, which was the source from which all his pretended friendship took its rise.

In the course of his debaucheries, G. had at length so much involved himself in debt, that it was impossible to keep himself out of a prison, but by the assistance of Frederick, to whom he applied on this occasion, as he had often experienced the generosity of his temper. But the assistance, which he now wanted to procure, Frederick was a little unwilling to afford: not from any disinclination to serve G. but from motives of integrity. G. wanted Frederick to be bound for him for a considerable sum of money, more indeed than he was master of. Now, though Frederick was solicitous to do G. all the service he could, he thought it not strictly right to engage for more than he was able to pay. But G. assured him, with so much confidence, that he should certainly receive a large sum on a particular day which he mentioned, and which should be employed to remove the difficulties he at present laboured under, that Frederick, who was naturally open and unsuspecting, and who was unacquainted with the worse parts of G.'s character, was at length prevailed upon to comply; and, accordingly, gave bond for the sum that was required.

In a few weeks after, G. by unsuccessful gaming, and other licentious practices, had involved himself in so many other difficulties,

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sculties, that he found it expedient to decamp, without taking any formal leave of his friends. He quitted England, and took up his residence at Dunkirk, where he met with companions, of principles and practices similar to his own. In the mean while, poor Frederick soon found himself in a very disagreeable situation; he was called upon to make good his engagements for G. and accordingly collected all the cash of which he was master, with which (except a small sum which he reserved for his own immediate subsistence) he paid the best part of the debt, and the bond was thereupon cancelled: but he was still made a debtor for the remainder, which he gave his note for, together with a verbal promise, to pay it as soon as it should be in his power. But the man, with whom he had to do, possessed very little equity or humanity, and shortly after arrested him for what remained due: he was thrown into the King's-Bench prison, where he was left to philosophize at leisure.

As Frederick's character had always entitled him to the esteem of those who knew him, he might probably have obtained some considerable assistance, from his friends and acquaintance, in his present distress, if he had made the applications usual on such occasions. But either his pride, or his delicacy, prevented him from doing this; and the worthiest men in adversity will not often find many ready to assist them, if they do not apply to them in a manner not very grateful to a man of spirit. As to the merchant with whom he had lived, after his removal from Mr. T's, he discovered great readiness to censure Frederick for his imprudence, in being bound for such a fellow as G. but very little inclination to assist him. In truth, he had conceived a dislike against Frederick. The merchant himself was a staunch adherent of the ministry, and was ever ready to defend and support all their measures, however pernicious to the community. But Frederick had a strong affection for his country, and considered the freedom which it enjoyed as its highest honour and felicity; and had therefore been sometimes apt to express himself in a manner which gave great offence to his principal, and thereby rendered himself obnoxious to him, though he could make no objection to any other part of his conduct. But the man who is a friend to the rights of his country, though in a situation wherein he can be of little service or disservice, must be an enemy to the votaries of despotism.

Frederick had been a prisoner in the King's-bench prison about six weeks, and was nearly reduced to his last shilling, when he received a very unexpected visitant. This was no other than Mr. T. himself. That gentleman having heard of Frederick's confinement, and his anger against him being now somewhat abated, was curious to enquire by what means he had

had been brought into so disagreeable a situation ; which the more surprised him, as he knew that Frederick was not addicted to expensive pleasures, or to any of those disorderly courses by which men frequently involve themselves into such difficulties. But when, upon inquiry, he found that his misfortune was brought upon him by his being bound for G. who had dishonourably fled from his bail, that circumstance very much struck him.

He recollected, that the first unfavourable impressions, which he had received of Frederick, were communicated to him by G. a man for whom, it now appeared, Frederick had entertained the greatest friendship, and given the strongest evidences of it. He, therefore, resolved to visit him in his gloomy mansion ; and, when he was introduced to him, found him engaged in reading a book very suitable to his present situation ; namely, “ Boetius on the Consolations of Philosophy.” Frederick was much surprised to see him, but acknowledged his sense of the favour of a visit in such a place ; after which they entered into a free conversation, in which Mr. T. being thoroughly acquainted with the state of Frederick’s affairs, promised to afford him some effectual assistance. Frederick laid hold of this opportunity of making some observations relative to the amour between him and Miss T. which he found had been the ground of Mr. T’s displeasure against him. He assured him, that he had never been induced, by any considerations respecting the fortune of that young lady, to endeavour to gain her affections : on the contrary, he had laboured to conquer in himself that passion for her, which he found her excellences both of mind and person involuntarily inspired in him. To this Mr. T. made little reply ; but, after some expressions of friendship, he took his leave, having previously slipped into Frederick’s hand a bank note for 100*l*. Soon after his departure, Mr. T. met with Mr. B. an old confidential friend, to whom he related the whole affair, with this addition, that he plainly saw his daughter’s health would be greatly endangered, if he should continue to oppose her passion for Frederick ; for a settled melancholy seemed to prey upon her spirits, and, as he tenderly loved his daughter, he was extremely perplexed to know how to act. “ It appears, my good friend, said Mr. B. from your own account, that the young fellow is possessed of more than common merit ; he loves your daughter, and she has an equal regard for him, and what then should prevent their union ? You object to his want of fortune. You have, it seems, nothing else to alledge against him. But have you not enough to make both him and her happy together ? You certainly have, as she is your only child. I grant that an

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"increase of fortune might be desirable, but in this world we
"cannot have every thing just as we wish it. And surely a
"man of merit, without fortune, is preferable to a man of for-
"tune without merit; and you will have more than ordinary
"luck, if you meet with both in the man whom you should
"pitch upon yourself as a husband for your daughter. There
"is reason to believe that she will be unhappy without young
"B. and you cannot enjoy much comfort, whilst she is mis-
"erable. My advice therefore is, that you release the young fel-
"low out of his present difficulties, and marry him to your
"daughter. As to the seemingly unfavourable circumstance
"of his being now in prison, that can be no disgrace in his
"case, nor indeed any folly, unless an excess of generosity
"and of friendship can be termed so." The persuasions and
arguments of Mr. B. had the more effect upon Mr. T. as he had
entertained some thoughts of doing as he advised him, though
he had not come to any positive resolution concerning it. But
he now resolved to follow his friend B's advice entirely; and
accordingly began to put his design in execution, immediately
paying the money for which Frederick was confined, who
thereupon obtained his liberty. And, as Mr. T. now permitted
him to visit his daughter, the young lady soon appeared to have
a considerable increase both of health and spirits. In about three
months after, their hands were joined together at the altar; the
marriage ceremony being performed by old Mr. B. who was
sent for to London for that purpose; and it may reasonably be
supposed, that the worthy old clergyman felt great joy at the
happy prospects of his son. Frederick and his amiable young
wife are completely happy in each other, and they jointly con-
tribute to encrease the felicity of Mr. T. And as Frederick,
to an excellent understanding, joins a most benevolent heart,
his present affluence is not a benefit to himself only; but he
thinks it his pleasing employment to relieve the indigent, to
succour the distressed, to lessen the miseries of others, and to
promote the happiness of all around him.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Thoughts on Metaphysical Enquiries.

The proper study of mankind is Man. POPE.

THE obscure manner, in which the generality of metaphy-
sical writers have treated the philosophy of the human
mind, has perplexed subjects which might have been cleared
up to vulgar understandings or rendered obvious to common
sense,

sense, and brought one of the most important sciences into disrepute; I mean the *knowledge of self*. Insuperable difficulties are said to attend this study; but are its difficulties greater than what attends the *first principle* in physics?—Is it possible to know more of *matter* than of *spirit*? The real essence of both is unknowable, but the *properties* of the former, and the *attributes* of the latter, are equally obvious.—EXPERIENCE is the only clue by which we are lead to draw conclusions concerning both, and, farther than experience conducts us, we travel in the dark without any other guide than conjecture. That which has *figure*, and *extension*, we call *body**, and that which *perceives*, *thinks*, and *feels*, we call *spirit*. And we conclude, of course, that there are two substances; as that which is perceived, and that which perceives, cannot be one and the same; the thinking or perceiving substance itself cannot be an object of perception, unless the object of perception can be at the same time the subject which perceives; its *affections*, *properties*, or *qualities* however, we may know as much of as of the properties of external substance. We are conscious of thinking, though we are ignorant of the essence of thought, as clearly as we know the properties of body while we are ignorant of the substratum or support of those properties; and, as that knowledge in physics and metaphysics, is the *ne plus ultra*, so that knowledge is sufficient to the purposes of life and happiness, as it is the properties only of matter and spirit which can affect our happiness or misery. We cannot indeed give a property to matter which matter does not already contain, yet we can modify those properties differently, to answer different purposes: Neither can we give an attribute to spirit, which spirit does not already contain, but we can modify its moral qualities, in a manner conformable to the purposes of religion and virtue, and thereby render ourselves happy or miserable. And as the right modification of the properties of matter supposes a previous study and knowledge of those properties, so the right modification of the properties of spirit supposes also a previous study and knowledge of those properties,

* “The word substance, according to its etymology, is exactly the same as the Greek word *HYPOSTASIS*, somewhat which stands under or supports something: and therefore philosophers define it a being subsisting of itself. And *BEING*, by philosophers, is divided into substance and the qualities of substance, which they call accidental modes; by these modes alone we have ideas conveyed to our minds: but, as it is impossible that they should exist without substance to support them, we are as sure of the existence of substance as of modes; but what this substance is, the most acute philosopher is at as great a loss to determine, as the meanest peasant.” ANON.

erties. While therefore we are commendably studious in enquiring into the properties of matter, that we may be able to modify them to serve the purposes of life, we should be no less attentive to what passes within us, by comparing our ideas and sensations, and thence forming a judgement of the properties of spirit, that we may modify them to the purposes of religion and morality, and, of course, attain the greatest degree of happiness. Our errors proceed from our ignorance; our ignorance is want of *self-knowledge*: and this ignorance we remain in for want of attending to the study of our passions and affections: for, though proper in themselves, they cannot produce the right end, that is to say, happiness, unless they are directed to it by the faculty of reason, or the power which the mind has of modifying its affections.

Some people imagine that religion demands the utter extinction of the passions; which implies the very extinction of existence, and appears to me as impossible as that the properties of matter should be annihilated, while matter itself remains. Extension and figure are not, indeed, matter; yet extension is an essential mode of its existence. Nothing can exist without existing in some manner; and that manner I call the mode of its existence. — Matter has extension; spirit has sensation. — The different modifications of sensation come under the appellation of passions; and it is the passions, which, blindly and mechanically, or morally, under the direction of reason, that diversify our actions. A man, therefore, becomes virtuous or vicious, as he restrains, or neglects to restrain, his passions, and, of course, is an accountable being.

From the common stock of human passions, I shall select one, for animadversion, which some mistaken religionists think should be totally extinguished, that is, the love of fame.

The love of *fame*, which I define to be the love of commendation, is a passion of which every human being, from the prince to the peasant, appears to be more or less susceptible: it may properly be classed amongst the natural passions, and, like those too, may be lawfully indulged, under certain restrictions. The love of fame is one motive to public virtuous actions. Emulation is the offspring of this passion, though it is sometimes blended with another, called a love of pecuniary interest; and, without emulation, little progress would have been made in the liberal arts and sciences, from which so much good has been derived to civil society. Some people affect to be free from a love of fame, or to be totally indifferent to praise or commendation: but this, it is presumed, is either the language of hypo-

crisy and disappointed ambition, or, at best, a consciousness of not having deserved any degree of it.

The use of this passion, as well as of others, is ascertained by the part it bears in the intellectual balance. It is never indulged in the extreme, unless when the gratification of it is preferred to truth, order, and virtue; when it puts a man on really dishonourable or unworthy measures to acquire it: instances of which, indeed, are not uncommon, though they always fail to accomplish the proposed end. The man, who sacrifices any virtue, to obtain a seat in the temple of fame, seldom maintains it long; nor can he enjoy it, if he is conscious that he does not deserve it; and, if any event pull off the mask, the discerning public detects the real character, and it is hung up for the *hand of scorn to point his slow and moving finger at*. Commendation is a tribute which the idea of a prevailing benevolent intention only can produce. Whatever service any man may render to society, public praise is never excited by the abstract idea of the benefit received, but by the morally good design of the agent. And it is at least apparent, that just benevolent motives gain a man credit for actions which are of public or private service; and, when the motives to action are conceived to be destitute of these virtuous qualities, while the advantage that results from the action is accepted, the instrument is despised that produced it. The love of fame, therefore, should not be the only motive, neither the leading or (in the moral œconomy of action) principal one: a sense of duty, love of order, and benevolence, should constitute the primary, and the love of fame the secondary, motive of our actions. The love of fame, when subordinate to more worthy motives, imparts additional force to the superior ones, and, circumstanced as human nature is, lends aid to the cause of virtue: but when that, which should be virtue's handmaid, becomes her mistress, the revolution of principles defeats the ultimate end of every human pursuit, which is happiness.

We are told, indeed, of the abstract love of virtue, for its own sake, or its abstract moral fitness; which, it is presumed, annihilates this passion. This doctrine, however, is an inexplicable solecism. I cannot perceive a moral fitness in any action, abstracted from every idea of *reward*, in the philosophical acceptation of the term. In the anticipation of any virtuous act, proposed to be done, the mind finds a degree of pleasure; and that pleasure, whether it be simple or complex, becomes to it a motive of action, and denominates it to be *morally fit*. I cannot conceive that a man does any thing, voluntarily, without proposing to himself more satisfaction, upon the whole, (either immediately or remotely,) from the performance, than from the

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the neglect, of it. All laws, both human and divine, address mankind as beings so constituted, that the hope and expectation of pleasure, and the fear and expectation of pain, are necessary motives to virtue. Moses, in the Old Testament, attempted to excite the Israelites to obedience by alluring them with prospects of plenty, ease, security, and the approbation of the Almighty, Amongst other things, fame was proposed to them, by Solomon, as an object of lawful ambition. CHRIST and his disciples, in the New Testament, propose to us the superior joys of heaven, under the figures of crowns, sceptres, thrones, kingdoms, and imperial honours. They treated mankind as they are: but some metaphysicians and theologists, by certain abstractions, have treated them as they are not. Having formed a creature, out of their own imagination, whom they called God, they made also, out of the same chimerical stock of notions, a creature, in his likeness, whom they called man: they proposed an utter extinction of those passions which they should only have attempted to regulate and balance, by the intervention of that *divinae participatione*, right reason, or truth, which dignifies the human species. That is, indeed, the *compass* by which we should steer our course, but *passion is the gale*.

JUNIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

EVERY day's observation convinces me still more, if possible, of the vanity and danger of riches, and renders the rich less the objects of my envy, and more of my pity; and I will go on with my lucubrations, on the advantages of poverty, for my own amusement and the benefit of your gentle readers, in spite of all the ridicule of your *knowing-ones*, who, I hear, cannot help laughing heartily at my ignorance and folly, in contemning that which they, and the reputed cunningest of all generations, have risked both health and life to obtain.

I have not danced Europe round; neither have I had an opportunity of *catching the manners living as they rise* in any other part of the globe than in my neighbourhood; but I am informed that the characters around me furnish a tolerable good specimen of what is called *polite or high life*, in general. We have your lords and dukes, knights and baronets, ladies and demireps, and country squires in abundance;—your balls, belles assemblées, and routs too, one or other of them, every night in the week, except Sunday, which, after church-time, is spent at cards, instead of private devotion. But, when I reflect on the toils which some of these deluded creatures undergo, a poor cobbler in his stall, who is not reduced to the necessity of eating his paste, may be happier

than they appear to be. Envy and jealousy, those tormenting passions, characterise these *children of vanity*. Every one attempts to rival all the rest, either in personal accomplishments, equipage, elegance of dress, or address. We have *sophs*, both *old* and *young*, who sit like senseless statues under the hands of their *valets de chambre*, longer than it would take to boil a calf's head, to have their hair dressed; and *belles* too, of every age, who devote no less time to dispose their artificial locks, adjust their coifs, pluck their eye-brows, and paint their faces; who, after all, appear like so many monkies, dolls, or merry-Andrews; and many of their tricks, during the ensuing day and night, are no less ridiculous. Their hearts, *little fluttering things*, are moved with every breath of caprice, which carries them about, from one scene of trifling to another, and from one object to another, without suffering them to settle their affections on any one. And some of the reputed wiser and more prudent, of our rich folk, contemplate every evil of life through the medium of a disturbed extravagant imagination. Every trifling disagreeable event, that crosses their humours, excites their passions to tumult, which is succeeded by a more lasting fit of the spleen; and, in this mood, as they cannot agree with themselves, so they quarrel with every body about them: nothing can be done to please them; the victuals are done either too little or too much, and served up either five minutes too soon or too late; the servants are reprimanded, and the children must keep their distance in silence; every domestic animal, that comes in the way, receives a kick of resentment, excepting my lady's *lap-dog*; and it is well if that escapes a cuffing, if my lady does not indulge the caprice of her lord. I lately waited on one of our *gentle-folk*, with some goods he had ordered me to bring him, but I came upon him in an unlucky moment; his highness had not recovered from a rage which his butler had thrown him into, by sending up to his board, through mistake, a bottle of *vile red port* instead of *claret*; and the tail of the storm spent itself upon me and my goods, which, being hauled over at random, as a monkey would a set of China, were cursed for mere rubbish, myself for a scoundrel, and both were ordered immediately out of his presence. I obeyed; but not without silently reflecting on the contumely of a being, *dressed up in a little brief authority*, whom I think as much beneath me as he would be thought to be above me.

But, to be more serious, experience and observation have taught me, that the lower classes of mankind might be far happier than they are, without being richer than they are, and by much easier methods than those by which riches are, in general, to be *honourably* obtained. Some people, of the lower classes, apprehend

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apprehend that a person's happiness may be increased in proportion to the increase of wealth ; and, though numerous instances evince, that many of the reputed *rich* and *fortunate* are unhappier, in opulence, than they were, and others are, in a lower sphere, yet it is imputed to indiscretions, which, the *poor* flatter themselves, they should avoid, were they in the same circumstance. The miseries of the rich, it is true, are considerably augmented by their imprudence, yet it is impossible, while the world and human nature remain the same, that happiness should ever be proportionate, in any mind, to the great quantity of wealth it may accidentally possess ; and, were it so directed or permitted, it would impeach the wisdom and goodness of the common Father of us all, by putting it in the power of some of his creatures to acquire ten thousand more degrees of happiness than others, no less virtuous and worthy, can possibly attain. There is a degree of happiness, beyond which no human being, in this world, can possibly go, notwithstanding the boasted refinement of manners and delicacy of taste ; and that degree is not far from what most people, who do not want the common necessities of life, may attain to. Most of the real and lasting pleasures, which are to be acquired or added to those that are derived from the moderate and regular gratification of natural appetites, are of a superior kind, purely mental or intellectual, and depend on the right exercise of our faculties and regulation of our passions. I have not yet known any man, who formerly had but a bare sufficiency, that was rendered happier by the accumulation of wealth, excepting some, of benevolent dispositions, who carried with them those virtuous affections into the higher spheres of life, to which wealth had raised them, and experienced an increase of happiness by relieving the distresses and augmenting the felicity of their fellow-creatures. But the number of these is small. On the contrary, we see that riches oftener contract than dilate the generous affections of the heart, render it less sensible of sympathy, and more prompt to oppress than to relieve : the selfish passions gather strength by indulgence, in ease ; and that, which should enliven the hopes of mankind, often increases their fears. I know a gentleman, who, formerly, in a low occupation, supported himself and family by moderate industry, and, by a series of unexpected events, in a few years, acquired a comparative large fortune ; but his character is so much altered, that one might indulge a doubt whether he is the same man : his good-nature is supplanted by moroseness ; his affability by reservedness ; his humility by pride ; his benevolence by penuriousness ; his gratitude by discontent ; and his charity by covetousness. He has not a heart to enjoy that which he has acquired, and yet he is solicitous to gain more ;

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he talks of poverty as if he were at the eve of a bankruptcy; every demand, made upon his purse, is satisfied with the utmost reluctance; he cannot be more offended than by being asked to put his name to a voluntary subscription, nor is he ever without an excuse for refusing it. Let those, to whom every year has added five hundred or a thousand pounds to their fortune, ask themselves, what fears it has relieved them from, and what hopes it has increased; and, on balancing the account, I believe few, very few, will find themselves gainers. — Oh! ye lower class of mankind, it is easier to check and controul our desires than to gratify them. Nature's genuine wants are few; and these wants are satisfied with a few things. If we lived but according to nature, and made her dictates and calls the rule and standard of our eating and drinking, one third of those diseases and evils, which now infest human life, would be hardly known.*

Riches can neither increase our appetite for food, nor give us a better digestion; it can neither prevent diseases nor cure them; it cannot make the aged young; give beauty, strength, wisdom; nor confer real wisdom on any one of its deluded votaries; it cannot bribe death to delay his summons; nor the judge, after death,

* What shall we say to that studied, laboured, refined, extravagance, at the tables of the rich, where the culinary arts are pushed to that excess, that luxury is become false to itself, and things are valued not as they are good and agreeable to the natural and unbauched appetite, but as they are high, inflammatory, rare, out of season, and costly; where, though variety is aimed at, every thing has the same taste, and nothing its own? I am sorry and ashamed that men, professing luxury, should understand it so little, as to think it lies in the dish or the sauce, or a multitude of either; or that urging beyond natural satiety can afford any real enjoyment. But this they do by all the researches of culinary and medical art; introducing all the foreign aids to luxury, every stimulating provocative that can be found in acids, salts, fiery spices, and essences, of all kinds, to raise their nerves to a little feeling; not knowing, the more they are chased and irritated, the more callous they still grow; and the same things must now be more frequently repeated, increased in quantity and exalted in quality, till they know not where to stop; and every meal they make serves only to overload and oppress the stomach, to foul and inflame the blood, obstruct and choke all the capillary channels, bring on a hectic fever of irritation, that, though it raise the spirits for the evening, leaves behind it all the horrid sensations of inanition and crapula, the next morning; and, but that nature is so kind as to stop them in their career, with a painful fit of the gout, or some other illness, in which she gets a little respite, they would soon be at the end of their course. CADOGAN'S Dissertation on the Gout, p. 48. 49.

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death, to remit the sentence due to our demerits. What, then, can riches procure us? A few shining toys and baubles, which we cannot, at best, be better with, but may be better without; a little verbal distinction, among beings, whose interest it is to flatter our vanity, and inflate the heart with an idea of importance, of which it is already too full: it may procure a title, but no merit: it may save a knave from the gallows, but not from the condemnation of his own conscience here, nor a just judgement hereafter: it can enable a man to bequeath large fortunes to his children; but it cannot give them virtue to use them with discretion: in endeavouring to set them above the world, or an honest industry, they are in danger of evils, which may ultimately subject them to the vilest stations in it, or to a dishonourable and violent expulsion from it.

If riches, as an excellent writer says, could always purchase ease, or if honours could make distempers keep their distance, and force the gout and stone to pay respect to quality, who would not be covetous, and with reason? Who would not be ambitious, if health were at the command of power, or could be restored by titular dignities? Alas! a white staff will not help gouty feet to walk better than a common cane or a broomstick; nor a blue ribbon bind up a wound so well as a common fillet. The glitter of gold and diamonds will but hurt sore eyes, instead of curing them; and an aching head will be no more eased by wearing a crown than a common night-cap. Croesus himself, when sick, was a poor creature. Health (which the poor may enjoy as large a share of, if not a larger, than many of the rich) is the soul that animates all the pleasures of life, and, without it, a man starves at the most luxurious boards, makes faces at the most delicious wines, is poor and wretched in the midst of the greatest treasures. Without health, whatever may be possessed beside, youth loses all its vigour, beauty all its charms, the softest music grates on the ear; palaces are prisons, or of equal confinement; riches are useless, as to enjoyment; honour and attendance are cumbersome; and crowns themselves a burden.

A HAPPY POOR MAN.

An Attempt to explain the Word Reason, by a Presbyter of the Church of England.

THE use of words is to convey the ideas of one person to another, and thus to carry on a communication of sentiments, which is the foundation of all intercourse among social beings. Words may be communicated to the eye, by certain characters, which we call writing; or to the ear, by certain articulate

articulate sounds, which we call speech. Now, as these characters or sounds have not any thing in them which naturally express ideas, several people and nations have invented several kinds of them, to carry on their necessary mutual commerce: and hence arises the vast variety of writings and languages in the world; every nation, and almost every province, having somewhat peculiarly their own. Nay, frequently, the same word, in the same country, and often by the same person, is used in a literal, metaphorical, and analogical, sense, which must make the meaning of it very different. No wonder, then, that men should frequently misapprehend each other, in the use of these signs, which are so variable and arbitrary. Therefore, it is quite necessary, that, in our disquisitions after truth, when we make use of equivocal terms, such as admit of different meanings, or convey different ideas, we define and settle, beforehand, the particular determinate sense in which we use these terms. For, if we sometimes take them in one, and sometimes in another, sense, we, indeed, retain the words, but we lose sight of the things which we pretend to express by them. For want of this method of proceeding, we see so many strange logomachies, or strange disputes, in the world, arising from the different acceptations of the same words: which disputes have occasioned more evil than perhaps any other cause. What lover of mankind, then, would not endeavour to put a stop to this mischief? Let us agree about the meaning of the words we use in controversy, and I believe we shall soon be agreed in the things.

Of all the words in use, none have occasioned more altercation than that mentioned in my title. What volumes have been written, what parties have been raised, what massacres have been committed, what wars have been carried on, what vast countries have been depopulated and lain waste, by disputes concerning the meaning of the word! And, though men have been engaged in these disputes for fifteen hundred years, and more, they do not know what they are disputing about, to this day. All parties inscribe certain cabalistic terms on their banners, and imagine there is something so *charming* in them, that all mankind should range themselves under their protection. Nay, different parties make use of the same words, and they all say, they only have a right to use them; and their several votaries most firmly believe their several pretensions. Surely, it would be happy for mankind, then, if they would all agree to enquire into the true meaning of those enchanting words, that they may not any longer be imposed upon by them. None can be against such enquiry, but those who think it their interest to keep up the disputes. It is, undoubtedly, for the hap-

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pinels of all others to know the truth of these matters; for when once men come to see how they have been amused and imposed upon, they would wonder how they suffered themselves to be wrought up to animosity against each other on these accounts; they will drop their contentions, and treat one another with kindness and benevolence. Happy alteration! What pains or trouble can be too great to bring it about! and here I most ardently pray to the God of all consolation, to pour out the spirit of peace and good will upon all mankind, and thereby promote his glory in the highest.

Of all the words in our language, the meaning of the word *Reason* is the most ambiguous. Sometimes it is taken for that fitness in subjects to one another, which is natural and independent on will and pleasure; as when we say, that such or such a thing is agreeable, or contrary to, the reason of things. Sometimes it is taken for human capacity, or comprehension, as in that trite observation. That many things are *above* our reason, which are, *not contrary* to our reason: for the meaning of that sentence must be, if it has any meaning at all, that there are many things which we have no capacity to comprehend. And this indeed every man, who reflects ever so little upon human nature, must be fully convinced of. From which I would therefore just make this remark, that we can no more argue upon such subjects, than we can describe objects which are confessedly out of sight. Sometimes the word *reason* is taken for the cause, or inducement, which hath prevailed upon us to act after this or that manner, rather than any other, as when we say, I this was my reason for acting thus or thus. Sometimes, it signifies the argument by which we prove any truth, or detect any falshood; as we say a thing must be true or false, for this or that reason. Sometimes it signifies the human intellect or understanding*, as in this sentence, The Supreme Being expects to be served by us, according to that portion of reason which he hath imparted to us. Sometimes, by reason, we mean the moral sense, moral virtue in general, or more particularly, the virtue of justice; as when we say, it is contrary to reason to make one law for ourselves, and another for other people: and thus we call a man good, who is governed more by reason than by appetite and passion. And sometimes, it is taken for the power or faculty of judging, or drawing a conclusion from premises, which is the greatest mean by which we arrive at knowledge. The difference between the knowledge of God and of his intelligent creatures is, that he

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* Human intellect, or understanding, I take to be that faculty of the mind, by which it perceives objects suitable to it, and which may be communicated to it by various means.

knows and sees all things, with all their possible combinations and circumstances, by *intuition*, at one view. Whereas, we come to our knowledge by slow degrees, and after many deductions of one thing from another. But, as all good things come from God, we could not possibly have any knowledge at all, unless he had been pleased to communicate to us some portion of his own divine knowledge, and made us to perceive and see by intuition, and at the first view, some certain truths that we call axioms, data, or self-evident principles, which, by the use of our reason, or faculty of comparing and judging, should lead us on to other truths, and raise us, step by step, to larger views and more extensive knowledge. This is the highest and most proper sense of the word *Reason*: and this includes the intellectual, the moral, and the discursive, powers of the mind, the two former, as certain principles, the latter, as the power of comparing objects, which are thus presented to us with each other, and thereby finding out wherein they agree or disagree. This is what we commonly call reasoning, or exercising our reason. This is the characteristic of human nature, this distinguishes man from all the other animals of the earth, and makes them wiser than the beasts that perish. The very definition of a *man* is, that he is a rational or a reasonable creature. This is his glory: This is his honour!

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER IV.

*"Women, from fourteen years old, are flattered with the titles of
 "Mistresses by the men. Therefore, perceiving that they are
 "regarded only as qualified to give the men pleasure, they be-
 "gin to adorn themselves; and in that to place all their hopes."*

EPICETUS' ENCH. ch. 40.

IT hath been suggested to me, that some females have taken offence at a particular passage in my introduction, which they look upon as levelled immediately at themselves: I have long known, that no greater affront can be offered, even to a foolish woman, than by disputing her abilities: all the sex are *deep ones*. With one class, beauty supplies the place of mental accomplishments; to another, money gives beauty and sense, and sense furnishes a third (which bears no proportion to the other two) with irresistible charms. Thus all have their admirers,

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admirers ; the first are gazed at for their beauty, and the second waited upon for their riches ; but I love, I revere the last, for the unspotted form of a well-cultivated mind : this elaps then cannot suppose that I meant to glance ill-naturedly at them ; and the first, or second, (not to be out of character,) will, I hope, free me from such an imputation, merely for the sake of being accounted sensible ; for it inevitably follows, that they, who raise the first cry against me, must fall under one of the least desirable denominations. However, I shall pay some attention to the poet's advice,

—————*Ye wanton pens, beware
How heav'n's concern'd to vindicate the fair.*

PARNELL.

And, that the whole sex may not be offended, notwithstanding it hath been asserted, that I wrote against them wickedly and designedly, I declare to them, that I am entirely out of the secret ; and, in order to convince them of the truth of this assertion, I now sit down with a full determination, to write a speculation to defend them in some points, wherein they appear to me to be unwarrantably neglected.

The old doctrine, of there being a sex in souls, is, I believe, generally exploded ; and indeed, however unwilling we may be to set the women on a level with us, the great number of them, in different nations, endowed with exalted geniuses and elevated minds, will baffle every argument that can be urged against them : this perhaps may be granted at first sight : but, I think, something farther may be advanced to the dishonour of our own sex ; for, instead of granting the ladies even the common and indispensable privileges of improving their understandings, we begin to treat them like Mahometans ; and, if they are to judge of our own opinions of them from our manner of treating them, it will seem as if we really believed they had *no souls* ; whether it is so or not, I shall omit entering into a particular discussion of their merit, and leave still undecided whether the world should give female genius the *preference or not* : my own partiality for the sex, (for I am no bachelor,) joined to their deserts, will ever lead me to believe them capable (under proper management) of shining in every department which our sex aspires to.

The Speculator is of opinion, that human nature is at least the same in both sexes ;—that education (in some measure very properly) stamps the vast difference between them : why then shall we exclude the fair sex from every rational and sublime accomplishment ?—Few men are formed alike in their tastes ; one excels in music, another in painting ; this man's attention

is engrossed by the beautiful and convincing deductions which experimental philosophy affords, whilst that man gives up his whole time to the severer studies of the mathematics or physics, or is captivated by the softer and more winning attractions of the graceful muse. No otherwise shall we find, on examination, that the women are differently qualified; each having her particular taste, which might be cultivated to good advantage, in rendering her fitter for conversation, and a more entertaining and pleasing companion for her husband and friends. Let us then pay a suitable attention to them; time will convince us of the propriety of the step: our daughters will be more willing and ambitious to adorn the mind than the body, when they see that rational studies gain admiration. It is our own fault that there are so many painted sepulchres;—so many fine pieces of empty porcelain;—so many half wits; so many half-wise, half-virtuous, females; and so many hours spent in the profound study of spoiling the complexion, in choicely disposing, and carefully preserving, paint, pastes, grease, and washes.

It is allowed, providence hath wisely ordained, that the honourable matron should be employed in domestic duties, which ought not to be supplanted by a refined taste for the sciences; but when genius appears, why should it be suppressed? Shall the insulting sneers of an illiterate crowd clog the wings of fancy, and prevent an aspiring soul from making excursions into the flowery heights of Parnassus, or from visiting the sweet waters of Helicon? Shall ill-natured detractors deter a penetrating female mind from making researches in the history of former ages, and drawing useful reflections from the occurrences of past times? Shall the reflections of weak and giddy minds, the taunts of a cutting and shuffling, card-playing, masquerading, set of insignificants, affright our wives and daughters out of the most elegant, rational, and enlightening, amusements? Or, lastly, shall a grave company of philosophic pedants engross every sweet of science to themselves? Forbid it candour and generosity!—Let me not be misunderstood; I am not desirous that the sex should spend their whole time in study, or that the course of education for them should be the same as the men pursue; I only mean, that young women of large fortunes, whose leisure hours hang heavy upon them, should be led into these flowery paths of knowledge; that history, geography, and poetry, should occasionally be made their amusement, instead of introducing them to riots, balls, and assemblies, those fashionable, but dangerous places of resort, where our giddy girls of sixteen are soon made acquainted with every method of politely throwing off the virgin-robe of innocence, casting aside the incomparable maiden-blush of modesty,

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bursting the bands of decorum, and putting away their reputation: all this is under the tuition of our G——ns, G——rs, and H——ns, instead of our daughters being introduced to the company of a Macaulay, a Rowe, a Montague, a Moore, an Aikin.

I have not been educated under a Cynic; I would admit the ladies, at every opportunity, into the enjoyment of true pleasures, but I wish to preserve them from the contagion of thoughtless, not to say infamous, examples; and, instead of letting them run into a train of dull, senseless, trifling, qualify them for shining in parts worthy of imitation. It may be urged, that the needle is best suited to the female hand, that reading and scribbling spoil the good house-wife, and make her neglect her family.—No more of such reasons! My judgement leads me to deny them:—Pray, whether is the chearful, steady, woman, whose mind is improved and enlightened by science, or the gay, dissipated, visiting, female, the most desirable wife, friend, or companion? It is evident, that to be conversant with a well-chosen set of books will shew a woman the true path of duty as a wife, and inspire her with good qualities, as a friend and improving companion; and, by leading her to a just method of reasoning, will fortify her mind against alluring pleasures, strengthen her in the road of virtue, and enable her to repel the seducing poison of the smooth-tongued designer.

The works of the needle are requisite, as well as many other female employments; but where they are not the employments of necessity, it seems absurd that the whole day should be devoted to them; the cultivation of the beauties of the mind ought not to be neglected; on the contrary, it is highly commendable and necessary to diversify domestic duties with such innocent and improving recreations as are within the reach of my fair subjects. Let them try the experiment, and I will venture to assert, they will feel more true satisfaction in one hour's conversation with a Pope, a Milton, an Addison, a Steele, a Hawkesworth, a Richardson, a Johnson, and a Goldsmith, than from a whole life spent in the present reigning modes of genteel amusement.

Should the discreet matron furnish her daughter with such works as I have mentioned, instead of cards, &c. what might we not expect from the sex? I have no doubt but it would rise, with peculiar brightness, from the load of obloquy which hath been cast upon it, and convince the world that it hath lost many an AIKIN for want of proper treatment; that many a female would have wandered securely through the tuneful groves of Parnassus, who has been misled in the thickened maze of error, and that numbers would have tasted with safety

safety of the waters of Helicon, who have fallen a sacrifice to the intoxicating cup of Circe.

THE SPECULATOR.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

YOUR correspondent, who signs himself S. in your last number, seems, in his estimate of human reason, to depreciate that faculty of the understanding, and render it almost useless, in what he calls our "internal constitution;" he is unwilling to allow that reason has any restraining power over the passions, and, in appeal to the conduct of mankind, instances several cases, wherein the instigation of the ruling passion is pointed out in a most conspicuous manner, without referring to the silent but powerful influence of reason, in restraining the inordinancy of passion from pursuing such means, as, instead of accomplishing, would eventually frustrate, its purpose. "The covetous man, (he says,) employs his reason in the selection of means proper to accumulate riches:" granted; but he also exercises that faculty in avoiding the ruinous consequences in which his immoderate desire of gain might otherwise involve him by incurring the pains and penalties of usurious extortions. "The ambitious man makes use of it in his progress towards power:" true; and, pursuant to the dictates of reason, he also endeavours to secure his access to that power, by frequently curbing and concealing his predominant passion, the uncontrolled indulgence of which would effectually interrupt his exaltation. I admit, that "reason is the power of comparing ideas, of discerning their relations, and from thence, of selecting means suitable for attaining a proposed end;" and, I cannot see why this selecting, discriminating, office of reason should be thought incompatible with that of guiding, directing, or restraining, the prompting passion.

Perhaps, my meaning will be better understood, if I explain it by a naval simile: Mr. S. considers reason as "the compass by which we steer our course." I would rather call it the rudder, which is necessary to bring the vessel safely into port, and indispensibly so in the violent agitating gales of passion, to prevent her from running upon a rock.

Reason, I allow, often enlists into the service of our depraved wills; or, if you please, our inordinate passions: but must we thence infer, with your ingenious friend, that "reason is, in all instances, pliant to the dominion of the affections;" would not this conclusion set us on a level, in regard to the use of our intellectual faculties, with ideots and the unhappy beings in Bethlehem

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Bethlehem Hospital; they have their passions, they have their affections; but, for want of "the power of comparing ideas, of discerning their relations, and from thence of selecting means suitable for attaining a proposed end," they are frequently precipitated into absurd and extravagant actions, such as are very properly termed irrational.

Your correspondent unfortunately gives us no definition of instinct, except what makes a part of the office assigned to reason. For my part, I confess, the term, instinct, seems to bear so great an affinity to occult qualities, substantial forms, and other abstruse expressions, that I am apt to consider it as a legerdemain term, to which metaphysicians, when they are put to a difficulty, frequently have recourse, like *Jacob Behmen* in the solution of many wonderful paradoxes to the omniscient word *turba*.

Now give me leave to make a remark or two concerning experience. In youth we are apt to form inadequate ideas of things, their nature and properties; but, as we advance in life, experience suggests more just and adequate notions, by which our reasoning faculty gradually improves, and, in comparing ideas, is better qualified to perceive their agreement or disagreement. Reason must guide us in the application of the knowledge that results from experience, which, without the exercise of that excellent faculty, will be insufficient to the regulation of our conduct, as may be observed in the case of dotage. In the structure then of human wisdom, if Mr. S. makes experience the foundation, I shall denominate reason the architect. It will not, I hope, be supposed that I mean to invest human reason with the power of developing the arcana of heaven; I only mean to assert the rights and properties against the rapid inroachments of an undefinable something, called instinct, which would brutalize the human species.

RATIONALIS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS the following essay contains nothing contrary to the general idea of protestantism, nor even to the particular avowed system of the Christian religion, which you profess, I hope you will give it a place in your Ledger.

Thought

Thoughts on Speculation.

The floating of other mens opinions in our brains makes us not one jot the more knowing, though they happen to be true. What in them was science is in us but opiniatory, whilst we give up our assent to reverence names, and do not, as they did, employ our own reason to understand those truths which gave them reputation.

LOCKE.

The understanding must be convinced, as well as the heart experiences the operation and feel the truth of a principle. PENN.

SOME men, if we may be allowed to judge of them by the general tenor of their conduct, prefer pecuniary interests to every rational study or amusement in this world, as well as to the joys of the next;—they have neither leisure nor inclination, for studies which dignify human nature.—To acquire riches, with them, is the *summum bonum*.—Every SPECULATION is deemed vain and unprofitable that will not, to use a vulgar phrase, *pay them something for their trouble, or bring them a handsome profit per cent.* Their enquiries are after good jobs;—their SPECULATIONS are confined to the 'CHANGE and the ALLEY,—and, while they daily ask the price of STOCKS and LOTTERY TICKETS, seldom, too seldom, it is to be feared, enquire what they owe to *themselves*, to *society*, and to *their Maker*;—despising the man who devotes a leisure hour in calculating an eclipse, or in the pursuit of some other natural or moral study, they fill up theirs in calculating interest.—*Poslethwaite's* book on commerce, and that other scripture, called *Every man his own broker*, are consulted oftner than the BIBLE, and, as to *cases of conscience*, they are settled by an attorney. Some of these men, enveloped in Gothic ignorance, are the most forward to sneer at scribblers, and affect to pity bookish men. All their religious notions, if they have any, came to them by an hereditary right; and, having supinely admitted them as truths without examination, every one, who claims the liberty of a free enquiry for himself, is looked upon as guilty of a no less sin than that of sacrilege.

Protestants have indeed ceased to persecute one another for Christ's sake, but it is to be regretted that, among some of the more religious, many, too many, in all protestant societies (*though I mean not to charge the errors of a few upon the whole body of any particular society*) are no better friends to that grand original protestant principle of a free enquiry than the papists;—they discourage an investigation of many subjects confessedly of the greatest moment, which tends to lessen the number of party prejudices, enlarge the sphere of human knowledge, humanize the manners, and

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and inspire liberal sentiments.—If a youth of a virtuous disposition, and the best intention, employs a few of his leisure hours in reading, unless it be only in books written by some person of the religious society with which he is connected, it is termed *vain speculation*—he is distinguished by the appellation of a *bookish man*; to this is sometimes added that of a *libertine*, a *sceptic*, or an *infidel*.—If he occasionally publishes an essay in print, unless it be obviously calculated to defend a particular system, some IGNORAMUS affects to pity him for his scribbling. I have observed, that most, who, with austere grimace, or a supercilious sneer, condemn the *bookish man* and the *scribbler*, are generally men of little minds and little learning, and want abilities to scribble themselves; or, having their attention absorbed by business, have either no leisure or inclination for the studies which they condemn, or are bigotted to contracted notions which they sucked in with their milk, have adopted implicitly, and would also that every body else should adopt them without examination.

And, if it be a matter of indifference, whether a man's apprehensions, or notions, of *God's attributes*, and of the *religious duties* which he has been taught by those who had the superintendence of his education, be *true or false, right or wrong*; then indeed, it would be time lost or mispent to *speculate* or enquire at all about them: but if a man, in matters of religion, should be governed in faith and practice, by a rational objective evidence, addressed to the understanding; then it is his indispensable duty to *SPECULATE* or analyse his creed, and examine its principles: this appears to me to be his duty; and, I think, the scriptures warrant me to conclude, that he is, or may be, capable of doing it, or our Saviour would not have asked, *Yea, and even of yourselves why judge not ye of that which is right?*

All pious well-disposed parents and guardians, who reflect on the importance of the education of youth committed to their trust, will of course, early acquaint them with those religious principles which they take to be the best; that is to say, the principles contained in the *system*, or *creed*, which they apprehend to be founded in truth; and, in doing that, they discharge *their duties*; but there is a duty, which every one owes to himself and his Maker, which his parents or guardians cannot discharge in his stead, *viz.* to examine into the ground or reasons on which the principles of his education are founded; that he may see whether they are built on the *commandments of God* or the mere *traditions of men*; and that in matters of religion he may speak and act from conviction, and not from imitation, like a *PARROT*, who can indeed prate off a prayer by rote, but is incapable of devotion. This first and most important duty,

on which so much depends, is too generally dispensed with, as if it were indeed a matter of indifference, while others, of but comparative small moment, are attended to with assiduity:—were people in general as attentive to matters of faith in religion as they are to matters of property, they would, I apprehend, err less about religious subjects, and be better able to give a reason of the hope that is in them, than many are capable of giving.—In our commercial affairs, we take every apparent most eligible method to guard against imposition; we examine whether the commodity, we are about to purchase, is really so good as it appears to be, and part not willingly with our money for that which, it is presumed, will not be, at least, of equal value to us:—and, in the purchase of an estate, the most important object is, to enquire into the validity of the title which is proposed to be made to it, in order that an uninterrupted quiet possession of it may be secured to us and to our heirs, &c. for ever.—We try our gold by an assay, and seldom commit a material temporal trust to any person, till we have had some proof of his integrity;—if we are then so commendably SPECULATIVE in affairs of a temporary nature, and which respect the necessities, accommodation, and conveniences, of a transitory life in this world, is it allowable or excusable in us to be less upon our guard to avoid imposition and deception about subjects which relate to our happiness in the next? Shall we implicitly take the latter upon trust as they are handed down to us by tradition, and deem that sober enquiry UNPROFITABLE SPECULATION which is employed about the former, and which all prudent people concur in recommending to others by pursuing it themselves?

Every man is finally to account for his conduct to his Maker, and is to be dealt with according to its moral rectitude or obliquity; which implies, that every man is endued with a capacity of judging what is right and wrong, in matters which respect *himself* as an individual, and that it is his duty to exercise this capacity for the attainment of that end.—Conformity without conviction, at best, is but obedience to men, and not being of faith is deemed sin: it is in fact to believe as it were by proxy, and, shutting our own eyes, to be guided by other mens; and hence it sometimes happens, that men, blinded by prejudice, take the lead of others, who, were they to open their eyes, could see, and both ultimately fall into the pit of error, if not of perdition. When people opened their eyes, SPECULATION was the instrumental or secondary cause of enlightening mankind, to see some of the machinations of popery:—the SPECULATION of the first reformers led them out of many gross superstitions, and the SPECU-

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EDUCATION of the succeeding generation enabled them not only to discover the errors which they explored, but also to perceive many which had escaped their predecessors notice : by continuing our SPECULATION we may still improve upon them, unless they arrived to the *ne plus ultra* ; which for my own part I cannot upon principle admit*. There may be some corrupt leaven still left in the reputed purest Christian church ; if there is not, a free rational SPECULATION cannot obscure, but will manifest, its brightness and purity. TRUTH never fears an enquiry ;—ERROR, with the DEEDS of DARKNESS only, will bear the light. Truth like pure gold can suffer nothing by a fiery trial ;—its parts are homogeneous, and, when separated from the dross of error, will attract one another the stronger, and cohere in a still closer contact.

Till a person has attained to an age, in which he is capable of enquiring into the truth of principles or of judging about them, he has, in fact, no principles of his own ; he utters indeed verbal propositions, but it is by rote ; he is capable of articulating sounds, before he is capable of perceiving their corresponding ideas ; and, indeed, the thoughtless and inconsiderate, in which number I mean to include some of those who condemn SPECULATION and SCRIBBLING, do but talk like PARROTS, by rote, all their lives, about many subjects, especially those of a religious nature ; and, reverencing sounds instead of truth, would quarrel with every man who is studious in enquiring into the meaning of sounds and is cautious of using them without ideas.

But, perhaps, a short and concise answer to all that I have said may be urged by a few individuals, who possess more *sincerity* than *good sense*, viz. *a measure of the spirit is given to every man to profit withal* : therefore, no man has any occasion to SPECULATE or enquire into other mens notions, or consult any

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* I pay indeed, a proper deference to popular opinions, but I pay the greatest to apparent truth, and cannot give up my judgment to the direction of any other man's. *I am neither the disciple of Paul, of Apollos, of Cephas, or of the twelve, nor the disciple of their disciples* ; but I mean to be a disciple of him, who only is *the way, the truth, and the life*.—I am, in fact, the disciple of no man, either *with* or *without* conviction ; for the men, whose principles I cannot adopt, I cannot follow, and of those men whose principles I can adopt, I am not properly speaking their follower. but companion. *Let others do as they will, as for me*, having turned my back on the papal-chair, in matters of a religious nature, I call no man either father or master, for, in such matters, I own but ONE LORD, and can but admit of but ONE VICEGERENT, and that is TRUTH, to take the lead ; and when truth leads I never fear in following, whether I pass along alone or with company.

thing without him ; for *the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life*. I do as firmly believe in *immediate objective revelation*, as any man existing ; but not in such a sense as to exclude and render useless, at all times, every *external means of information* ; nor do any people, professing *immediate revelation*, act as if they did. This is evident by their *writing and preaching*, which are designed to be instrumental to information, or to what purpose do they *speak or write*?—I do not question the *sufficiency of the HOLY SPIRIT* to instruct us in all things necessary to be known and practised ; what the Holy Spirit can do is one thing, and that which it does is another : But I deny that the ordinary way of God's communicating knowledge to his rational creatures, at all times and in all cases, is by *immediate objective revelation*, which were indeed to render the *SCRIPTURES*, as well as all other *writings and preaching*, useless.—*The spirit which giveth life* is manifested by the *instrumentality of letters*, and other *external means*, as well as *without them* ; and the consulting occasionally the opinions or sentiments of other men, who have also a *measure of the Spirit*, with the reasons on which they are grounded, may be profitable when we have leisure and an opportunity of doing it, as that may tend either to convince us of their principles, or to confirm to us the truth of our own.

The study of letters, as it has been, so it may be, rendered subservient to, and useful in, the propagating of truth, and the study of nature ; that mighty volume, which I call God's WITNESS, *without us*, unfolds to our SPECULATION the WISDOM, GOODNESS, POWER, and PROVIDENCE, of the ALMIGHTY, and is a profitable employment when it can be indulged without interfering with any social or religious duties.—Some men indeed have studied too much :—true ;—and some men too eat and drink intemperately ; but are we to relinquish all external means of information, because some men abuse and misapply them, any more than innocent and rational amusements, amongst which I include *reading and writing*, because others pursue them inordinately, and defeat the end of them by excess ? Shall we forego the pleasures of every convenience in life, and confine ourselves to the mere necessities of it, because some people run into all the extravagances of luxury ? Every study and rational amusement should be pursued with moderation, as every article of food should be taken temperately ; but, to argue from the abuse of a thing against the use of it, is a species of logic, which, if once admitted, might ultimately render the human species but little more intelligent than ASSES, and, were it to make men as harmless (which is questioned) they would be as *silly as sheep*, who, void of reflection, heedlessly follow the bell-weather headlong down a precipice into a pit of destruction, or

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creep after him through a hedge. I commend therefore the studious and inquisitive turn of mind, which is discovered by the virtuous youth in these times of general dissipation, and wish them to select such moral objects, and other branches of liberal science, as may qualify them to distinguish between local prejudices, and permanent universal truths, as well as between a blind passion and *Christian zeal*; which supposes right information is ever according to knowledge, and founded in CHARITY.

CATO.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I AM fond of walking; and, in a late perambulation, I passed along through an alley in *Barbican*, where I heard the language of human woe accented in a manner that excited within me a peculiar emotion of sympathy. Prompted by motives of benevolence, I went up to the house from which the dismal plaint had issued:—I entered without ceremony, as the door was open, and passing through one room I could find no inhabitant; but, on proceeding to a short passage, I saw, and yet was unseen, through the crevice of a door, a woman sitting in one corner upon a piece of a chair, having a child at her breast, another upon her knee, and another standing by her side half naked, unitedly expressing a want which their parent, in whose eyes I discerned the strongest expressions of mental anguish, was unable to supply: the babe's milky source was exhausted, and it tore its mother's breast in a transport of resentment because it could no longer satisfy its craving, while the mother, with all the affection of a parent, having in vain attempted to hush the child to sleep, endeavoured to quiet it by shewing it some broken pieces of China and other mean toys, which lay upon a stool at her elbow, but that also proved ineffectual; the tears and complaints of her little ones, whom she embraced one after another, at length threw her into a fit of despair; *she begged of God, for Christ's sake, to take her and her children out of this world*: this short prayer she uttered with an emphasis that pierced me to the heart. I had as yet been unperceived, but I determined no longer to conceal myself from one to whom it was in my power to afford a temporary relief; I stepped forward, and rapped gently with my cane against the door, and the woman rose up and opened it, having the infant in her arms, leading another by the hand, and the other having hold of her tattered gown: she asked me, in a low and feeble voice, *whom I wanted*; and, as her countenance expressed some surprize, I told her to sit down and I would then inform her, which she did accordingly. I then asked her what the children had been crying

crying for; she replied, *for bread*.—What, said I, *have they had none to-day?* to which she answered, *No, sir, not since yesterday noon*: I farther asked her the cause; to which she replied, that she had not a farthing to help herself, and that no-body would trust her. Without asking her any more questions, I gave her six-pence, and bade her go and buy a loaf with it, telling her that I would wait till she returned. The poor woman accepted it with a deep sense of gratitude, which she could not help expressing with tears, accompanied with a *God bless you, sir,—heaven reward you, sir*. She immediately went out and soon returned with a quartern loaf, which the children no sooner saw, than they flew to her, impatient to receive a morsel of it, which she dealt to them liberally, and, after soaking a piece in a little water, she fed the babe in her arms with it; and, lastly, she took a piece herself. The joy, which was diffused amongst the inhabitants of this house of mourning, may be better conceived than expressed, and my heart partook with them in it. As the circumstance appeared to me singularly afflictive, I sat down, and enquired of the poor woman the particular causes of her distress: by this time the two elder children, having satisfied their hunger, seemed to have forgotten their sorrow and the occasion of it; they began to play together, and the infant fell asleep. The poor woman, who appeared to have been well educated, in an artless manner gave me a succinct history of her domestic troubles, with the apparent causes of them, and which was to the following purport. Her husband was a sailor, who left her about six months ago and went on board a ship bound to Jamaica, at which time her infant was about a month old, and at leaving her he gave her all the money he had, which was ten shillings, and that he had borrowed of his mess-mate: with that, and taking in washing, she supported herself and her children, with the additional aid of a little credit which she obtained at a chandler's shop, till she had a letter from on-board the ship her husband went in, written by one of the crew, which was sent by a ship they met in their passage, which informed her that her husband died a week before the date of it of a fever. This sorrowful news was alarming on two accounts; by his death she lost an affectionate, sober, industrious, husband, who, as she said, never spent a penny extravagantly, and always treated her with the utmost tenderness; by his death she lost the principal support of the family, and, to add to her affliction, she had not, as she declared, one friend in the world who was of ability to help her, and it was still aggravated by the consideration, that her husband, who was a foreigner, had not gained a settlement in England, and she had therefore no hope of relief from any quarter

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but heaven.—The washing which she had taken in was not sufficient for the maintenance of her family, and she therefore soon became reduced to the necessity of selling most of her little household furniture, almost to the bed she lay on, and at length to the indigent circumstances in which I found her. Such a complicated scene of human woe excited in my mind some sympathetic feelings which I had till then been a stranger to. It suggested also some reflections which I hope to profit by as I pass along through life.—I gave the poor woman another sixpence, and took down her name and the place of her abode, and made her case known to a gentlewoman in my neighbourhood, who possesses so much humanity, that, were it possible, she would wipe away all tears from all faces, and diffuse happiness to every creature under heaven. Under her notice and care the family at present remain, and heaven will doubtless reward her beneficence.

A spirit of philanthropy and benevolence characterises the present age:—Hospitals for different kinds of sick paupers increase daily:—Asylums for helpless orphans are to be found in several quarters:—The apparently necessitous, who can find a friend of influence to recommend them, find a seasonable succour in their distresses; but some of the FRIENDLESS poor families escape the notice of the public charities, and it is an employment, worthy of the affluent's leisure, to seek out those objects in distress, who are pining away in obscurity, unnoticed, and unrelieved, under the pressure of calamities, for which they can find no remedy but in death: let them, at least, sometimes go to the house of mourning, as well as to the house of mirth. It would augment their gratitude, improve every social virtue, and render them capable of diffusing happiness into the solitary abodes of indigence; and of communicating relief to detached families, whose calamities are yet unpublished to those who have hearts susceptible of commiseration, and whose hands are able to alleviate them.

PHILANTHROPOS.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THY ingenious correspondent, *T. Scot*, (see p. 588, of the 11th number of the Monthly Ledger,) has made several judicious remarks, on the ill effects of CLOSE ROOMS, and particularly noted the *Quakers Meeting-House, in White-Hart-Court*, and recommends the building of a new one in a spot farther from the center of the city; but most of the members of that society in London are of the opinion, that a commodious

modious meeting-house might be made in *White-Hart-Court*, by adding to the present house the next adjoining, a lease of which the society has lately taken of the fishmongers company; and, indeed, there is not any part of the city, or of its suburbs, would be in my apprehension so convenient as *White-Hart-Court*: but few people, comparatively speaking, keep a carriage, and many cannot afford to hire one, who are unable to walk far, especially in the small space of time between the hours appointed for the yearly-meeting week. As to the place *where*, and time *when*, public meetings of worship should be held, the *convenience* of the *generality* should certainly be consulted, and the inconveniences which would result from having a meeting-house in any of the skirts of the town must, I think, be obvious to every one. I cannot help hoping therefore, that the present meeting-house in *White-Hart-Court* may be *effectually* repaired and rendered so commodious, as to make it unnecessary to build a new one on any other spot, (as no other is *more proper*,) which will save the society a considerable sum, and I believe give general satisfaction to its members, both in town and country.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lane.

	Oct. 28.		Nov. 1.		4th		8th		11th		15th		18th	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	
Wheat, Red	44	253	45	254	45	254	41	255	41	255	41	255	48	257
Ditto White	44	253	46	255	46	255	41	255	41	255	41	255	48	257
Rye, —	24	225	25	227	25	227	25	227	25	227	25	227	26	227
Barley, —	24	228	24	225	24	225	15	225	15	225	15	225	25	229
Oats, —	15	219	12	218	12	218	12	220	12	220	12	220	15	219
Nov. 22. Red and White Wheat,	48												26	278.
Barley,	24												25	219.
Oats,	24												25	219.

*** The essays signed *Quintilian*,—*W. J.*—*Amicus*,—and *L. Juvenis*, are received.

Any letters addressed to the *Speculator*, if approved, shall be inserted.

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having the account of *S. Fosterhill*, with the Reflections on the Weighty Sentences which he uttered a little before he died; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be had of the editor, price 3d.

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To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

YOUR correspondent, Aristarchus, seems very angry with Mr. Hawes, for presuming in his pamphlet to alarm the public with some cautions respecting the use of Dr. James's powders; a medicine, which he thinks has suffered some ungenerous animadversions from the author abovementioned: now, I cannot help thinking, that the writer of the remarks has thrown out something, equally injurious to the characters of the medical gentlemen, in what he has advanced: he says "it is well known what a general dislike prevails in the medical world to the use of the powders in question." I believe he means to insinuate, that physicians and apothecaries, knowing the certainty, safety, and speediness, of the cure which will be effected by the proper exhibition of these powders, will not prescribe or administer them for obvious reasons; for if the patient gets well in half the time by the said exhibition, consequently but one half of the fees is to be obtained by the physician, and the poor apothecary is still worse off; for his boluses and draughts will not be taken any longer than the patient or his attendants apprehend danger.

By this time your correspondent may begin to *smell out*, by the words in Italics, that I am a *gallipotical* man; and what if I should prove to be that very respectable apothecary, whose assistance was immediately called to his friend's family? and should inform him, that I had *exhibited* Dr. James's fever powders to several in the family, some days before the physician of "distinguished probity" was called in; and particularly to the "fine girl of fifteen," and that exactly in the same doses mentioned by him, would he believe it? And also, that the powders were bought at the quack shop of Francis Newbery, jun. with his name on the outside! Impossible! Yet something like this is true; and, if Aristarchus will make application to the "respectable apothecary," he may be convinced of the reality of the fact. What then is the reason these powders had not at first a good effect? Suppose I account for it in the *gallipotical* way; and say, by the use of the bark, and other medicines, prescribed by the Dr. of "distinguished probity," and taken by the young lady for many days successively, that the febrile matter was so concocted and digested, as to be fitted for expulsion by some critical discharge, which the powders might accelerate; and, that nature was at work this way, I think was evident, by the appearance of some eruptions upon the back of the patient, which discharged much laudable matter, and were obliged to be dressed with proper applications several days. Well! will this do? I am afraid not, because it somewhat derogates from Dr. James; and the physician and apothecary will arrogate some merit of the cure to themselves. And pray why may not honest old Dr. Benjamin Godfrey have a little merit in the cure? some of whose cordial anodyne elixir was (I won't say *exhibited*, but) administered by a good well-meaning nurse; however, the young lady recovered in spite of doctors, apothecaries, quacks, and nurses.

But, to mention the cases of some other persons attacked with this kind of fever. I do most seriously assert, that, among those sick persons who were under my care, I could not find any that recovered sooner by the use of Dr. James's powders, than others did by the use of other antimonials, such as tartar emetic, and antimonial wine, &c. although I gave the doctor's powders to some of them, and purposely omitted them in others, to see the difference; and pray, Mr. Aristarchus, give me leave positively to assert, that the only person, under my care, who died of this fever, viz. a strong young man of about twenty-eight, had the powders mentioned given to him in greater quantities, and longer continued, than any other patient whom I had the honour to superintend.

But perhaps there is something magical in these powders, which will not act in medical hands; for Aristarchus says, "I am not a stranger to the happy effects of Dr. James's powders, administered *without* the advice of a physician or apothecary;" this word *without*, I suppose, has a very significant meaning, which the "advocates" for the powders may easily understand; and, upon this principle, we readily account for the young lady's recovery and the young man's death. The powders should have been given to him, *without* the knowledge of the physician or apothecary, and then, who knows but there might have been "happy effects!" If it was not for this last reason, I should think that the prescription and exhibition of Dr. James's powders

ought to be left to physicians and apothecaries. But to be serious: they certainly do know the most proper time for giving and proceeding with them; and I do not believe the "dislike" to the use of Dr. James's powders is so "general" in the "medical world" as Arisfarchus asserts; I can assure him, that several physicians in my neighbourhood prescribe them frequently, and many apothecaries, with whom I am acquainted, use them also very freely: and give me leave to remark, that the practitioner, who knows a medicine which will extricate his patient from danger, and will not use it, because he is ignorant of the composition, is, I think, a bad man, and ought not to be allowed to practise.

Thus have I animadverted a little upon a part of Mr. Arisfarchus's eulogium: I mention but one thing more, and that is, any physician or apothecary would, I humbly conceive, much rather the patient or his friend would inform him of his intention, when he has resolved to take a medicine of his own or his friend's devising, than take it in a *private* manner: for when the poor silly apothecary, or doctor, comes and finds his patient much better, he thinks his own medicine has done wonders, assumes an air of medical importance, and thinks his judgement and sagacity not to be equalled; while the patient, or his friend, who is in the *secret*, indulges a laugh at their expense; which some medical gentlemen, whose sense of honour is very nice, might rather think more like an "insult," than the "oddity" of asking them, whether it would be proper to administer Dr. James's powders.

Without doubt, Arisfarchus has detected a notable error in the last paragraph of the extract; in the capacity of a verbal critic he may be clever, but, in medical matter, I would "tenderly advise" him not to meddle.

OPIFER.

P O E T R Y.

W's angry Reply to Curio, addressed to Curio.

DAME nature was to W—e kind,
And gave a force of muscle,
With which he "out-walk'd half man-kind."
And made a mighty buffe!

* See Walk to Saffron-Walden.

Then glow'd for fame with wanted fire,
(Tho' she's a naughty strumpet,)
And strove to steal Apollo's lyre,
His own exploits to trumpet.

Ah Curio! cease his lays to scan,
Or dread thy bones will shew it;
That force of muscle makes a man
A bruiser, though no poet.

*** Several animadversions (from different correspondents) on W's of last month have been received, of which the foregoing is the most moderate; and, as the editor permitted W's answer to Curio to appear, he thought himself under an obligation to admit Spy's address to Curio: But, as altercations begun only in *pleasantry*, on trifling matters, have, when too long maintained, sometimes ended in lasting animosity; the editor hopes to be excused from inserting any thing more on the subject; and, without meaning to *flatter* either Curio, or W. assures them that he thinks the continuance of their correspondence, on *other subjects*, may do credit to his work; and therefore hopes to be favoured with it, whenever it may suit their leisure and inclination.

A Midnight ODE to WISDOM.

THE solitary bird of night
Thro' the thick shades now wings
his flight,
And quits his time-shook tow'r;
Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
In philosophic gloom he lay
Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
Which midnight echoes waft around,
And sighing gales repeat.
Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
And, faithful to thy summons, bend
At Wisdom's awful feat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
Where no false shews of life deceive,
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O Pallas! qu
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Beneath the lunar ray,
Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
Nor sport her gaily-colour'd dyes,
As in the beam of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
That glads the sense, and mends the heart,
Blest source of purer joys!
In every form of beauty bright,
That captivates the mental sight
With pleasure and surprize:

To thy unspotted shrine I bow:
Amend thy modest suppliant's vow,
That breathes no wild desires:
Not taught by thine unerring rules,
To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
To nobler views aspires.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
Be objects of my pray'r:
In a'rice, vanity, and pride,
Those envy'd glitt'ring toys divide,
The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
Each moral beauty of the heart,
By studious thought refin'd;
For wealth, the smiles of glad content,
For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
And wither in the tomb,
Unchang'd is thy immortal prize;
Thy ever verdant laurels rise
In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
Of ignorance and spite:
Alike condemn the leaden fool,
And all the pointed ridicule
Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
The dull impertinence of life,
In thy retreat I rest:
Pursue thee to the peaceful groves,
Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
In all thy beauties drest.

He bad Ilyssus' taneluf stream
Convey thy philosophic theme
Of perfect, fair, and good:
Attentive Athens caught the sound,
And all her list'ning sons around
In awful silence stood:

Reclaim'd her wild, licentious, youth,
Confess'd the potent voice of Truth,
And felt its just controul,
The Passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
And Virtue's soft persuasive charms
O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
The patriot's free, unbiass'd tongue,
The hero's gen'rous strife;
Things are Retirement's silent joys,
And all the sweet engaging ties
Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
To the supreme all-perfect Mind
My thoughts direct their flight:
Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
From thee deriv'd, eternal Source
Of intellectual light.

O! send her sure, her steady, ray,
To regulate my doubtful way
Thro' life's perplexing road:
The mists of error to controul,
And thro' its gloom direct my soul
To happiness and good.

Beneath her clear discerning eye
The visionary shadows fly
Of Folly's painted show:
She sees thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
That all but Virtue's solid joys
Are vanity and woe.

HORACE, ODE XIV. Book II.
imitated.

HOW fast, my friend, the seasons
glide.
Down rapid Time's insatiate tide!
Nor e'er can rigid Virtue save
One wretched vot'ry from the grave.
What though, to sacrifice decreed,
Three hundred buls should yearly bleed;
Thou ne'er could'st hoary death beguile,
Nor make the tearless Pluto smile;
Who, in this dungeon drear and vast,
Detains the triple Geryon fast,
And ruthless hears sad Titus roar
On dread Cocytus' rocky shore.
The race of man, or queen, or hero,
Must bow to unrelenting fate,
And, at the dismal summons, all
Must pass to sullen Pluto's hall,
Or king, or clown, the solemn bell
Rings out to each the fatal knell.
In vain we shun the wars array,
We purchase life but for a day.

In vain we 'scape the tempest's roar,
On the wild Adria's angry shore,
Cocytus' stream must yet be seen,
(Where not a bank is cloth'd with green,)
Whole waves, in dreadful grandeur flow,
Deal ghastly horrors as they flow:
We there shall witness the disgrace
Of Danaus' unfeeling race,
And hear the sad Aolian groan,
And view the ever-rolling stone.

This land, this house, must soon be left,
Of children, wife, and all, bereft;
This lovely grove, of gay attire,
(In summer shade, in winter fire,)
Reluctant you must quit; but save
One cypress to bedeck your grave.
Your heir will then with pleasure hear
A summons, he must one day fear;
Will search your coffers o'er and o'er,
Hoping to find unheard-of store;
And deal out wine, to every guest,
Richer than decks a princely feast!

X. M.

HYMN to HEALTH, written in Sickness.

SWEET as the fragrant breath of ge-
lial May,
O come, thou sweet Hygiea, heav'nly
born,
More lovely than the sun's returning ray
To northern regions or the half-year's
morn.

Where shall I seek thee? In the whole-
some grove,
Where Temperance her scanty meal
enjoys,
Or Peace, contented with her humble lot,
Beneath her thatch th' inclement blast
defies.

Swept from each flow'r that tips the morn-
ing dew,
Thy wing besprinkles all the scenes
around,
Where'er thou fly'st the blossoms blush
anew,
And purple v'lets paint the hallow'd
ground.

Thy presence renovated nature shows,
Each shrub with variegated hue is dy'd,
Each tulip with redoubled lustre glows,
And all creation smiles with flow'ry
pride.

But, in thy absence, joy is seen no more,
The landscape wither'd, ev'n in spring,
appears;

The morn low'rs ominous o'er the dolly
shore,
And evening's suns set, half extinct, in
tears.

Ruthless disease ascends, when thou art
gone,
From the dark regions of th' abyss be-
low;
With pestilence, the guardian of her
throne,
Breathing contagion from the realms
of woe.

In vain her citron groves Italia boasts,
Or Po, the balsam of her weeping trees,
In vain Arabia's aromatic coasts
Tincture the pinions of the passing
breeze.

Me, abject me, with pale disease oppress'd,
Heal with the balm of thy prolific
breath;
Rekindle life within my clay-cold breath,
And shield my youth from canker-
worms of death.

Then, on the verdant turf, thy fav'rite
shrine,
Restor'd to thee, a votary I'll come,
Grateful to offer, as a rite divine,
Each herb that grows round Esculapius'
tomb.

*Translation of one of the sublime Hymns of
ORPHEUS; in which he addresses the
Sun, under the name of Hercules.*

O High-soul'd Hercules, O mighty
Titan!
Whose arm is everlasting strength, whose
toil

Is combat endless:—Still invincible!
Father of Time eternal! Changing oft
In aspect, not in glory; amiable,
And ever more desir'd, and powerful ever!
Thine, the unconquer'd breast, the con-
quering bow,
And prophecy divine!—Consuming all,
And all producing—all commanding—
aiding!

By thee, repose the human world enjoys,
And genial peace by thee;—of unborn
might,
Unwearied, unshak'd; by thee the earth
Bears her best blessings; for the first of men
By thee she bore them;—thy unchanging
power
Leads the fair morning—leads the min-
tled night,

And

And twelve long toils sustain, from east to west
 Extending. — Friend of mortals and immortals,
 Bring thy blest aid; thy hand that flings the rose
 O'er the pale cheek of sickness, thy kind hand,
 That bears the healing branch—O let it far,
 Far from the haunts of human life, remove
 Adversity and pain!

On the fine Prospect of Cambridge, and the adjacent Country from the top of Gog-Magog Hills in Cambridgeshire.

FROM where * Godolphin's glitt'ring fane arise,
 A wide-spread prospect opens on our eyes:
 Delightful, vast, and varied, is the scene,
 With cultur'd plains, and vales of living green.
 In rural shades, thick planted o'er the plain,
 (Like islands seated in the spacious main,) behold!
 The social villages appear,
 Where health and temp'rance banish pain and care.
 Here lowly peasants spend their cheerful days
 In happiness, which envy ne'er allays.
 Their fields to culture, and their flocks to rear,
 Employ the hours that form the circling year.
 Through yon rich vale, with flow'rs and herbage gay,
 Thy streams, O Cam, serenely wind away!
 While on thy banks those structures proudly rise,
 Where science beams her glories to the skies;
 There, mix'd with laurels on thy fringed side,
 The crimson rose hangs blushing o'er the tide.
 There blooms the lotus; there labour-nuns thine;
 And, breathing sweets, the fragrant eg-lantine!
 While trembling poplars, venerably grey,
 Exclude bleak winds, or screen the burning ray!

Sweet shades! where loves the tuneful muse to rove,
 Where heav'n-born genius haunts the hal-low'd grove.
 Sweet shades! where erst the sons of deathless fame
 From wisdom's lamp imbib'd the sacred flame.
 Here Mason mus'd the peaceful hours away,
 And in thy cool groves form'd the melting lay.
 Here, when mild eve her shadowy race began,
 Rov'd pensive Gray, Apollo's fav'rite son:
 Methinks I hear his lyre's harmonious sound,
 While Cynthia sheds her silver beams around;
 Hark how the sweet notes, musically slow,
 Charm the rapt soul, and spread the sacred glow!
 In virtue's praise he sweeps the trembling strings,
 And to her shrine a laurel'd wreath he brings!
 Beneath those poplars, godlike Newton sought
 To rise sublime in elevated thought!
 Nor sought in vain; for open to him lay
 The golden planets' rage, and milky way:
 Throughout creation's bounds his piercing eye
 Instinctive roll'd, and trac'd immensity!
 Fair seat of arts, of science, and of song!
 May heav'n thy fame and happiness prolong!
 Though virtue sometimes blames, yet grieve she must
 To see thy structures level'd with the dust;
 To see those walls, where learning sits enthron'd,
 Deserted, and untaught the searching mind!
 May those bright youths, who in thy precincts dwell,
 In all the noblest sciences excel!
 May future Masons, Grays, and Newtons, rise,
 And raise thy glory to the distant skies!

EUGENIUS.

* The earl of Godolphin, has a fine seat on the top of these hills.

** Any person, who takes in the Monthly Ledger, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the Reviews, and any other periodical work, by sending his orders to the Editor of the Monthly Ledger, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

From November 14, to November 19, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	5	3	3	3	3	2	1	3	4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	9	—	—	3	4	2	1	3	4
Surry,	6	10	3	5	3	6	2	5	4	1
Hertford,	7	1	—	—	3	5	2	4	4	1
Bedford,	7	2	5	4	3	4	2	2	3	3
Cambridge,	6	6	3	10	3	4	2	3	3	0
Huntingdon,	6	9	—	—	3	4	2	3	3	6
Northampton,	7	8	5	1	4	0	2	3	3	11
Rutland,	7	1	4	9	4	1	2	1	2	10
Leicester,	7	6	5	3	4	3	2	6	4	3
Nottingham,	6	9	5	0	3	10	2	3	4	2
Derby,	7	4	—	—	4	2	2	7	4	5
Stafford,	7	8	5	2	4	1	2	1	4	10
Salop,	7	4	5	7	3	11	2	2	4	7
Hereford,	No	Retrns	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Worcester,	7	11	5	8	4	5	2	7	4	9
Warwick,	8	9	—	—	4	5	2	11	5	5
Gloucester,	8	11	—	—	3	9	2	3	4	9
Wiltshire,	7	0	—	—	3	4	2	6	4	10
Berks,	7	2	4	8	3	3	2	6	3	11
Oxford,	7	11	—	—	3	7	2	8	4	4
Bucks,	7	1	4	8	3	6	2	3	3	9

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	4	3	4	3	2	2	2	3	5
Suffolk,	5	11	2	11	3	0	2	1	2	11
Norfolk,	5	7	3	1	2	8	2	0	3	5
Lincoln,	6	4	4	2	3	5	1	10	3	5
York,	6	1	4	7	3	3	1	11	3	8
Durham,	5	9	4	0	3	1	2	0	4	4
Northumberland,	5	8	3	10	3	1	2	1	4	0
Cumberland,	5	11	4	0	3	1	1	11	5	4
Westmoreland,	6	7	—	—	3	0	1	10	3	6
Lancashire,	6	3	—	—	3	2	2	2	3	9
Cheshire,	6	8	—	—	4	0	2	2	—	—
Monmouth,	7	3	—	—	3	6	1	10	3	9
Somerfet,	8	2	4	3	3	7	2	1	3	11
Devon,	7	5	—	—	3	5	1	8	—	—
Cornwall,	6	2	—	—	3	0	1	7	—	—
Dorset,	7	4	—	—	3	1	2	3	4	7
Hampshire,	6	10	—	—	3	3	2	4	4	1
Sussex,	6	3	—	—	3	0	2	2	3	1
Kent,	6	6	—	—	3	7	2	2	2	11

From November 7, to November 12, 1774.

W A L E S.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans

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South Wales, 7 11 6 0 3 5 1 8 3 0

Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans Big.

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Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

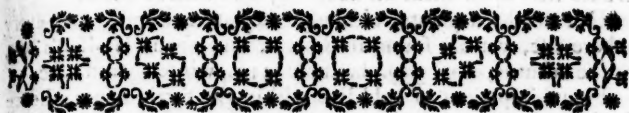
A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,

For October, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1	S.W. fresh	29.10	54 58	Thun. & Light. with heavy Showers.
2	W & N.W. strong	29.10	54 50	Heavy showers.
3	N. little	29.10	51 54	Fair, night frosty.
4	N. & N.W. little	30.10	50 56	Ditto.
5	S.W. little	30.10	54 58	Ditto.
6	S. little	30.10	54 59	Cloudy.
7	S. little	30.10	55 58	Fair.
8	S.W. little	30.10	54 59	Ditto, evening frosty.
9	S.W. fresh	30.10	50 56	Ditto.
10	W. N.W. fresh	30.10	53 56	Morning a shower, afternoon fair.
11	W. fresh	30.10	50 55	Very fine.
12	W. fresh	30.10	52 56	Ditto.
13	S.W. fresh	30.10	53 57	Ditto.
14	S.E. fresh	30.10	53 58	Ditto.
15	S.E. fresh	30.10	50 55	Ditto.
16	S.E. little	30.10	50 56	Ditto.
17	S.W. little	30.10	50 55	Foggy.
18	S.W. little	30.10	50 55	Cloudy and some rain.
19	S.W. little	30.10	53 58	Fair.
20	W. little	30.10	55 59	Ditto.
21	S.W. little	30.10	52 59	Ditto.
22	S.W. little	30.10	54 58 1/2	Cloudy.
23	S.W. little	29.10	54 56	Almost constant rain.
24	W. little	29.10	52 58	Fair.
25	W. fresh	29.10	48 53	Ditto.
26	W. little	29.10	46 52	Foggy.
27	N.W. little	29.10	47 53	Fair.
28	N. little	30.10	47 50	Ditto.
29	N.E. fresh	29.10	46 49	Slight showers.
30	E. little	29.10	45 48	Almost constant rain.
31	E. fresh	29.10	48 56	

PRICES

BANK.		E. India		South Sea		Old S. Sea		P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.		3 per Cent.		3 per Cent.		3 per Cent.		4 per Cent.		Long		Term Bonds &c.	
Stock.		Stock.		Stock.		Annuity.		Annuity.		Consols.		Consols.		An. 1726.		An. 1751.		Annuity.		Term Bonds &c.	
Oc. 27	141 1/2	146 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	86 1/2	—	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	57 1/2	—	
28	141 1/2	147	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	25 1/2	56 1/2	—	
29	141 1/2	147	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
30	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
31	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
No. 1	—	—	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
2	141 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
3	141 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
6	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
7	141 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
8	141 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
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10	142 1/2	147 1/2	—	—	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
11	142 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
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13	142 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
14	142 1/2	148	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
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16	142 1/2	148	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
17	142 1/2	148	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
18	142 1/2	148	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
19	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
20	142 1/2	148 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
21	142 1/2	148 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
22	142 1/2	148 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
23	142 1/2	148 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	
24	142 1/2	148 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	56 1/2	—	



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

*The Oeconomy of Nature : by Isaac F. Biberg, Upsal. Amœnitat.
Academ. vol. ii. Continued from P. 177.*

§. 8. *Preservation.*



THE great Author and Parent of all things decreed, that the whole earth should be covered with plants, and that no place should be void, none barren. But since all countries have not the same changes of seasons, and every soil is not equally fit for every plant, he therefore;

that no place should be without some, gave to every one of them such a nature, as might be chiefly adapted to the climate; so that some of them can bear an intense cold, others an equal degree of heat; some delight in dry ground, others in moist, &c. Hence the same plants grow only where there are the same seasons of the year and the same soil.

The *alpine* plants live only in high and cold situations; and therefore often on the *alps* of Armenia, Switzerland, the Pyreneans, &c. whose tops are equally covered with eternal snows as those of the Lapland *alps*, plants of the same kind are found, and it would be in vain to seek for them any where else. It is remarkable, in relation to the *alpine* plants, that they

blow and ripen their *seeds* very early, otherwise the winter would steal upon them on a sudden, and destroy them.

Our northern plants, although they are extremely rare every where else, yet are found in Siberia, and about Hudson's bay, as the arbutus, flor. 339. bramble 412. winter-green, &c.

Plants impatient of cold live within the torrid zones; hence both the Indies, though at such a distance from one another, have plants in common. The Cape of Good-hope, I know not from what cause, produces plants peculiar to itself, as all the mesembryanthea, and almost all the species of aloes. Grasses, the most common of all plants, can bear almost any temperature of air, in which the good providence of the Creator particularly appears; for all over the globe they, above all plants, are necessary for the nourishment of cattle; and the same thing is seen in relation to our most common grains.

Thus, neither the scorching sun, nor the pinching cold, hinders any country from having its vegetables. Nor is there any soil, which does not bring forth many kinds of plants; the pond-weeds, the water-lily, lobelia, inhabit the waters. The fluviæ, fuci, conservæ, cover the bottoms of rivers, and sea. The sphagna* fill the marshes. The brya† clothe the plains, The driest woods, and places scarce ever illuminated by the rays of the sun, are adorned with the hypna. Nay stones and the trunks of trees are not excepted, for these are covered with various kinds of liverwort.

The desert and most sandy places have their peculiar trees and plants; and, as rivers or brooks are very seldom found there, we cannot without wonder observe, that many of them distill water, and by that means afford the greatest comfort both to man and beasts that travel there. Thus the ‡ tillandsia, which is a parasitical plant, and grows on the tops of trees in the deserts of America, has its leaves turned at the base into the shape of a pitcher with the extremity expanded; in these the rain is collected and preserved for thirsty men, birds, and beasts.

The water-tree in Ceylon produces cylindrical bladders, covered with a lid; into these is secreted a most pure and refreshing water, that tastes like nectar to men and other animals. There is a kind of cuckow-pint in New-France, that, if you break a branch of it, will afford you a pint of excellent water. How wise, how beautiful, is the agreement between the plants of every country, and its inhabitants, and other circumstances!

* Kind of moss.

† Kind of moss

‡ A kind of milletce.

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§. 9.

Plants oftentimes, by their very structure, contribute remarkably both to their own preservation and that of others. But the wisdom of the Creator appears nowhere more than in the manner of the growth of trees. For, as their roots descend deeper than those of other plants, provision is thereby made, that they shall not rob them too much of nourishment; and, what is still more, a stem not above a span in diameter often shoots up its branches very high; these bear perhaps many thousand buds, each of which is a plant, with its leaves, flowers, and stipulæ. Now if all these grew upon the plain, they would take up a thousand times as much space as the tree does, and in this case there would scarcely be room in all the earth for so many plants as at present the trees alone afford. Besides, plants, that shoot up in this way, are more easily preserved from cattle by a natural defence; and farther, their leaves falling in autumn cover the plants growing about against the rigour of the winter, and in the summer they afford a pleasing shade, not only to animals, but to plants, against the intense heat of the sun. We may add, that trees, like all other vegetables, imbibe the water from the earth, which water does not circulate again to the root, as the ancients imagined*; but being dispersed, like small rain, by the transpiration of the leaves, moistens the plants that grow about. Again, many trees bear fleshy fruits of the berry or apple kind, which, being secure from the attack of cattle, grow ripe for the use of man and other animals, while their seeds are dispersed up and down after digestion. Lastly, the particular structure of trees contributes very much to the propagation of insects; for these chiefly lay their eggs upon their leaves, where they are secure from the reach of cattle.

Ever-green trees and shrubs, with us, are chiefly found in the most barren woods, that they may be a shelter to animals in the winter. They lose their leaves every third year, as their seeds are sufficiently guarded by the mosses, and do not want any other covering. The palms in the hot countries perpetually keep their leaves, for there the seeds stand in no need of any shelter whatever.

Many plants and shrubs are armed with thorns, *e. g.* the buck-thorn, floc, carduus, cotton-thistle, &c. that they may keep off the animals, which otherwise would destroy their fruit. These at the same time cover many other plants, especially of

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the

* See Vegetable Statics, by that great philosopher, Dr. Hales, where this subject is treated in a masterly way.

the annual kind, under their branches *. So that, while the adjacent grounds are robbed of all plants by the voracity of animals, some may be preserved, to ripen flowers and fruit, and stock the parts about with seeds, which would otherwise be quite extirpated.

All herbs cover the ground with their leaves, and by their shade hinder it from being totally deprived of that moisture, which is necessary to their nourishment. They are moreover an ornament to the earth, especially as leaves have a more agreeable verdure on the upper than the under side.

The mosses, which adorn the most barren places, at the same time preserve the lesser plants, when they begin to shoot, from cold and drought. As we find by experience in our gardens, that *plants* are preserved in the same way. They also hinder the fermenting earth from forcing the roots of *plants* upwards in the spring; as we see happen annually to trunks of trees, and other things put into the ground. Hence very few mosses grow in the warmer climates, as not being so necessary to that end in those places.

The English sea-mat weed, or marran, will bear no soil but pure sand, which nature has allotted to it. Sand, the produce of the sea, is blown by winds oftentimes to very remote parts, and deluges, as it were, woods and fields. But, where this grass grows, it frequently fixes the sand, gathers it into hillocks, and thrives so much, that, by means of this alone, at last an entire hill of sand is raised. Thus the sand is kept in bounds, other plants are preserved free from it, the ground is increased †, and the sea repelled by this wonderful disposition of nature.

How solicitous nature is about the preservation of grasses is abundantly evident from hence, that the more the leaves of the perennial grasses are eaten, the more they creep by the roots, and send forth off-sets. For the Author of nature intended, that vegetables of this kind, which have very slender and erect leaves,

* This observation may be extended farther; for it is constantly seen upon commons, where furze grows, that, wherever there was a bush left untouched for years by the commoners, some tree has sprung up, being secured by the prickles of that shrub from the bite of the cattle.

† This observation is found in Linn. Flor. Lapp. p. 62. where he says, the Dutch sow this grass on their sand-banks, that the sand may not overwhelm the neighbouring parts. I do not see why this experiment should not be tried on the barren sands in Norfolk, where I am assured, by credible witnesses, that the small cottages are sometimes totally buried under sand during high winds. This grass grows plentifully along the sea-shores in England. Vid. Ray. 393. 1.

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leaves, should be copious, and very thick-set, covering the ground like a carpet, and thus afford food sufficient for so vast a quantity of grazing animals. But what chiefly increases our wonder is, that, although the grasses are the principal food of such animals, yet they are forbid, as it were, to touch the flower, and seed bearing stems; that so the seeds may ripen and be sown.

The caterpillar or grub of the moth, Faun. Sue. 826. called *graelmasken*, although it feeds upon grasses, to the great destruction of them in meadows, yet it seems to be formed in order to keep a due proportion between these and other plants; for grasses, when left to grow freely, increase to that degree, that they exclude all other plants; which would consequently be extirpated, unless this insect sometimes prepared a place for them. Hence always more species of plants appear in those places where this caterpillar has laid waste the pastures the preceding year, than at any other time.

§. 10. *Destruction.*

Daily experience teaches us, that all plants, as well as all other living things, must submit to death.

They spring up, they grow, they flourish, they ripen their fruit, they wither, and, at last, having finished their course, they die, and return to the dust again, from whence they first took their rise. Thus all black mould, which every where covers the earth, for the greatest part, is owing to dead vegetables. For all roots descend into the sand by their branches, and, after a plant has lost its stem, the root remains; but this too rots at last, and changes into mould. By this means this kind of earth is mixed with sand, by the contrivance of nature, nearly in the same way as dung thrown upon fields is wrought into the earth by the industry of the husbandman. The earth thus prepared, offers again to plants, from its bosom, what it has received from them. For, when seeds are committed to the earth, they draw to themselves, accommodate to their nature, and turn into plants, the more subtle parts of this mould by the co-operation of the sun, air, clouds, rains, and winds; so that the tallest tree is, properly speaking, nothing but mould, wonderfully compounded with air and water, and modified by a virtue communicated to a small seed by the Creator. From these plants, when they die, just the same kind of mould is formed, as gave birth to them originally; but, in such a manner, that it is in greater quantity than before. Vegetables, therefore, increase the black mould, whence fertility remains continually uninterrupted. -Whereas the earth could not make

good its annual consumption, unless it were constantly recruited by new supplies.

The crustaceous liverworts are the first foundation of vegetation, and therefore are plants of the utmost consequence in the oeconomy of nature, though so despised by us. When rocks first emerge out of the sea, they are so polished by the force of the waves, that scarce any herb can find a fixed habitation upon them; as we may observe every where near the sea. But the very minute crustaceous liverworts begin soon to cover these dry rocks, although they have no other nourishment but that small quantity of mould and imperceptible particles, which the rain and air bring thither. These liverworts dying at last turn into a very fine earth; on this earth the imbricated * liverworts find a bed to strike their roots in. These also die after a time, and turn to mould; and then the various kinds of mosses, *e. g.* the hypna, the brya, polytricha, find a proper place and nourishment. Lastly, these dying in their turn, and rotting, afford such a plenty of new-formed mould, that herbs and shrubs easily root and live upon it.

That trees, when they are dry or are cut down, may not remain useless to the world, and lie, as it were, melancholy spectacles, nature hastens on their destruction in a singular way: first, the liverworts begin to strike root in them, afterwards the moisture is drawn out of them; whence putrefaction follows; then the mushroom-kinds find a fit place for nourishment on them, and corrupt them still more. The beetle, called the dermestes, next makes himself a way between the bark and the wood. The musk-beetle, the copper-talc-beetle, and the caterpillar or *coffus*, bore an infinite number of holes through the trunk. Lastly, the wood-peckers come, and, while they are seeking for insects, wear away the tree, already corrupted; till the whole passes into earth. Such industry does nature use to destroy the trunk of a tree! Nay, trees immersed in water would scarcely ever be destroyed, were it not for the worm that eats ships, which performs this work; as the sailor knows by sad experience.

Thistles, as the most useful of plants, are armed and guarded by nature herself. Suppose there were a heap of clay, on which for many years no plant has sprung up; let the seeds of the thistle blow there and grow; the thistles, by their leaves, attract the moisture out of the air, send it into the clay by

means

* I have used this word because we have no English one of the same meaning, unless it be the word *scaly*, that I know of. However, *imbricated* means parts lying over parts like tiles, as in the cup of the thistle flower.

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means of their roots, will thrive themselves, and afford a shade. Let now other plants come hither, and they will soon cover the ground. St. Bielke.

All succulent plants make ground fine, of a good quality, and in great plenty, as sedum crassula, aloe, algæ*. But dry plants make it more barren, as ling or heath, pines, moss; and therefore nature has placed the succulent plants on rocks and the driest hills. [*To be continued.*]

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The curious Particulars of the celebrated Caravan at Mecca.

THE most celebrated of the caravans is that which every year goes from Damascus or Aleppo to the tomb of Mahomet. It generally sets out in the month of July. About this time there daily arrive pilgrims from Persia, from the Mogul's territories, from Tartary, and from all the other empires where Mahometism is professed.

Some days before the caravan sets out, the pilgrims make a general procession, which is called the procession of Mahomet; in order, say they, to obtain a happy journey by the intercession of their prophet.

On the day of this procession, the pilgrims, most distinguished by birth or riches, appear dressed in their finest habits. They are mounted on horses sumptuously caparisoned, and followed by their slaves with led-horses and camels with all their ornaments.

The procession begins at sun-rising, when the streets are crowded with an incredible number of spectators.

The pilgrims who are called the issue of the race of Mahomet open the march. They are clothed with long robes, and wear a green bonnet on their heads, as privileges granted only to the pretended relations of the prophet. They walk four in a rank, and are followed by several musicians. After them come in ranks the camels, adorned with their tufts composed of feathers of all colours. Two kettle-drummers march at their head. The noise of the drums, trumpets, and a great many instruments, inspires these animals with fierceness.

Next to these come on horse-back the other pilgrims, six in a rank, followed by carriages full of the children whom the fathers and mothers intend to present to the prophet. These carriages are surrounded by crowds of singers, who in singing use a thousand extraordinary gestures, to make us believe they are inspired.

These

* A kind of grass wrack.

These are followed by two hundred cavaliers, clothed in bears skins. They have the management of small pieces of cannon mounted on their carriages. These they discharge every hour, and the air resounds with shouts of joy from all the people.

These cannon are escorted by a company of cavaliers, covered with the skins of tygers in the form of a cuirass. Their long moustaches, their Tartarian bonnet, and their long sabre hung by their sides, give them a very warlike air.

Four hundred foot, clothed in green, with a kind of yellow mitre on their heads, precede the march of the musti.

The musti, accompanied by the doctors of the law and a numerous crowd of singers, marches before the standard of Mahomet, which follows him. This standard is made of green sattin embroidered with gold. It is guarded by twelve cavaliers clothed in coats of mail, carrying silver maces in their hands, and accompanied with trumpets, and men who strike continually and in concert on plates of silver.

Next appears the pavilion to be presented before the tomb of Mahomet. It is carried by three camels, adorned with green feathers and plates of silver.

The pavilion is velvet with a crimson ground, embroidered with gold, and enriched with precious stones of all colours. Hired dancers dance, and counterfeited inspired and extraordinary men.

Lastly, the bashaw of Jerusalem, preceded by drums, trumpets, and other Turkish instruments, brings up the rear.

When the procession is ended, every pilgrim thinks of nothing but his departure. The city of Mecca is the end of the pilgrimage. This city is situated in Arabia Fælix, two or three days journey distant from the Red Sea on the river Betius, now called Eda. It is the opinion of the Turks, that their prophet was born in that city, and this opinion inspires them for so great a veneration for it, that, when they speak of it, they always bestow the epithet *magnificent* upon it.

When they pray, which is frequently every day, they never fail to turn their faces to that city, wherever they are. Their mosque is in the middle of the city. They pretend that it is situated on the very spot of ground where Abraham formerly built his first house. They call this mosque the square house, believing, from tradition alone, that Abraham's house was of that figure.

The mosque is beautiful and large, enriched with several paintings and gildings, and with all the presents which the followers of Mahomet send to it from a principle of respect.

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The dome has two turrets, which at a great distance discover the city of Mecca and its mosque. Near the mosque is a kind of chapel, which contains a well, much celebrated among the Turks, who call it Temiena: Their historians say, that the water of this well flows from a spring which God discovered to Agar and Ishmael, when, being expelled by Abraham from his house, they were forced to retire into Arabia.

Mahomet took the advantage of this well, to render this city of his nativity respected by all his followers. He declared, that the water of it had the virtue not only of curing all corporal diseases, but also of purifying souls stained with the blackest crimes.

This opinion is so established among the mussulmen, that we almost perpetually see crowds of pilgrims, who come first to drink the waters of this well, and then to wash themselves with it.

The merchants, whodeal in all kinds of precious-stones, expose them, and a great many aromatic powders, to sale near this well. They have a great demand for them, which is owing to the chimerical virtue of the water of this well, which continually draws as many men, guilty of various crimes, as patients labouring under all kinds of diseases.

The soil about Mecca, though bad, yet produces abundance of excellent fruit. The Turks attribute this fertility to the promise which God made to Agar and her son, to give them every thing necessary for their subsistence in the field to which the angel conducted them.

The city of Medina is not much less respected by all the mussulmen than that of Mecca. The Arabian historians give us the reason of this. They say, that the inhabitants of Mecca, jealous, because Mahomet appeared as a legislator among them, and made a great crowd follow him, and listen to him as an oracle, formed a plot to banish him from their city; but that Mahomet, being informed of their design by his disciples, was so cautious as to make his escape privately with two of them, and to conceal himself in a cave which he found in the mountain of Tor, which is only a league from the city of Mecca. The same historians add, that Mahomet, not thinking himself sufficiently safe in this asylum, quitted it, and took shelter in Medina with his two fellow-adventurers, who were in as great a terror as their master.

At that time, according to these historians, Mahomet was forty-five years of age, forty of which he had employed in publishing his new law. His flight from Mecca, and his retreat to Medina, proved the beginning of the first egira of the mussulmen.

The new legislator, seeing himself safe in this city, began again to broach his doctrines. The reputation he acquired of a man inspired by God, and favoured with the gift of prophecy, together with the commodious morality of his new law, in a short time procured him a number of followers, not only from the adjacent places, but from far distant countries.

Of this great number of disciples he made so many subjects, who obeyed him as their sovereign, and at last was at the head of so large a party, that he thought himself capable of enterprizing every thing.

His resentment against his fellow citizens of Mecca, who intended to banish him from the place of his nativity, inspired him with a desire of being revenged upon them. He thought the most sensible manner of doing this, was to declare that Medina should be his city, and the seat of his empire, for him and his successors. He ordered that his sepulchre should be built there, and, accordingly, we at present see his coffin laid in a great mosque called Kiabi.

His coffin, laid in a kind of tower, is supported by three marble pillars, and is covered with a pavilion of the richest stuff embroidered with gold, and surrounded with a multitude of lamps which burn continually. The walls of this tower are covered with plates of silver.

To this tomb the caravans come to pay their homage. That which brings the presents of the grand Signior is no sooner arrived, than the dervises, who have the care of the mosque, appear to receive it. The pilgrims make the mosque resound with shouts of joy and songs in honour of their prophet. After this, there is nothing but feasting and rejoicing till the departure of the caravan.

The day the caravan departs, the pilgrims assemble again, and set out singing some verses of the alcoran with a loud voice. The friends and relations of the pilgrims, informed of the passage of the caravan, go to meet them and offer them necessary refreshments; every one thinks it an honour to supply them with provisions for the whole journey. But it is principally on the return of the caravan that the pilgrims receive the congratulations of all the town whence they had set out. They honour them every where, and from that time they begin to enter into the possession of all the privileges which the Turkish religion grants to those who go to visit the tomb of Mahomet. The most necessary of those privileges, to many of the pilgrims, is impunity for the crimes for which they would have been condemned by the Ottoman law. Their pilgrimage to Mecca screens them from all pursuits, and, of criminals, renders them perfectly guiltless.

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Not only the pilgrims to Mecca have singular privileges granted them, but also the camels which had the honour to carry the presents of the grand Signior enjoy theirs, which is, not to be treated like a common animal, but to be considered as having the happiness to be consecrated to Mahomet. This title ever after exempts them from all labour and service. They have cottages built for their abodes, where they not only live in ease, but are well fed and taken care of.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Have occasionally been a little speculative on the principles which actuated some of the Heathens before the coming of Christ, and have observed the same principle of justice and equity in the course of their transactions, which the principles of Christianity lead men to.—The various sects of philosophers had indeed their peculiarities, but the principles which governed their conduct were in general such as tend to make men better, and fit them for a glorious hereafter, which they had a general notion and idea of; and, though they owned a plurality of gods, yet it is evident, from many of their writings, they had an internal evidence of one supreme Being, distinguished by a very emphatical epithet, "THE SUPREME MIND." Well might the Apostle Paul say, that the Gentiles, "doing the things contained in the law, became as a law to themselves:" and the lives of many of them being virtuous, walking by this law in their minds, they became bright examples in their time, and such as would do honour to the Christian professors of the present age.

I have been led into this train of thinking, from some striking remarks I met with in Seneca's Morals, whose name stands one of the foremost for the propriety of his writings, and consistency of them with the precepts of the gospel, moral and divine: in chap. 3, on a Happy Life, he has these remarks, viz.

"Virtue is that perfect good which is the complement of a happy life; the only immortal thing belonging to mortality: It is the knowledge both of others and itself: It is an invincible greatness of mind, not to be elevated or dejected with good or ill fortune. It is social and gentle, free, steady, and fearless; content within itself, full of inexhaustible delights, and it is valued for itself again." On the dignity of virtue, says he, "If one could but see the mind of a good man as it is illustrated with virtue, the beauty and the majesty of it, which is a dignity not so much as to be thought of without love and veneration, would not a man bless himself at the sight of such an object, as at the encounter of some supernatural

tural power? A power so miraculous, that it is a kind of charm upon the souls of those that are truly affected with it." — Again, in the same chapter, "Nay, so powerful is virtue, and so gracious is providence, that every man hath a light set up within for a guide, which we do all of us both see and acknowledge, though we do not pursue it."

What can be more agreeable to the principles of Christianity, and consonant to the doctrines contained in the first chapter of the evangelist John, which see. Again, "I will look upon the whole world as my country, and upon the Gods both as the witnesses and judges of my words and deeds. I will live and die with their testimony, that I loved good studies and a good conscience; that I never invaded another man's liberty, and that I preserved my own. I will govern my life and my thoughts, as if the whole world were to see the one and to read the other; for what does it signify to make any thing a secret to my neighbour, when to God (who is the searcher of hearts) all our privacies are open?" — Again, "Virtue dwells not upon the tip of the tongue, but in the temple of a purified heart.—It is by the impulse of virtue that we love virtue, so that the very way to virtue is by virtue, which takes in also, at a view, the laws of human life.—It cannot lie hid, for the time will come that shall raise it again, (even after it is buried,) and deliver it from the malignity of the age, that oppressed it: Immortal glory is the shadow of it, and keeps it company whether we will or not.—It raises us above griefs, hopes, fears, and chances; and makes us not only patient, but willing, as knowing that whatever we suffer is according to the decree of heaven. — And lastly, a good man is happy within himself and independent upon fortune, kind to his friend, temperate to his enemy, religiously just, indefatigably laborious, and he discharges all duties with a constancy and congruity of actions."—I could make larger extracts, but these may be sufficient at this time; but let the reader of them ask himself, how do his principles and conduct agree with the sentiments of this virtuous heathen.

If all the professors of Christianity were to govern their actions by this same principle, which is evident was the source and spring of his conduct, there would, I doubt not, be more circumspection in the conduct of men than now appears. It is clear to me, this man had a due regard to the *law written in the heart*, and which law was indubitably established before the coming of Christ: many texts, both in the Old Testament as well as the New, might be brought to support this sentiment; but, having already enlarged upon this subject, I refer the reader to perceive them at his leisure, and to take this caution

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along with him, that if the heathen, who knew not Christ, were so careful as to fulfil this law in their own minds, how necessary it is, that they, who profess him to be their Lord and Master, should be like him in life and practice.

PAMPHILIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Of Cough.

So great are the difficulties of tracing the hidden causes of the evils, to which this frame of ours is subject, that the most candid of the profession have ever allowed and lamented how unavoidably they are in the dark. STERNE.

COUGHING is in general a convulsive sonorous inspiration, in which the expiration is performed with more velocity and force.—It is varied in degree of velocity, in the degree of force, and the degree with which expiration is exerted.—Every body can distinguish the tussicula, or short cough, from the violent and full.

The first is frequently without any previous sensible inspiration, and the other after a more full one. These different degrees might be thought to express the degree of the disease in which the cough occurs; but there is a cough from catarrh, soon passing away; another from tubercles in the lungs, leading to phthisis, and frequently proving fatal. These are distinguished as much by their degree as by other circumstances; and there are often indeed cases, where great attention is requisite to distinguish one from the other.

1. The phthysical is often a short cough, and scarcely perceivable, insomuch that some patients have laboured under it without complaining of any cough at all: But the catarrh is violent from the beginning, or soon becomes so; or, if slight at first, it does not continue for any length of time without becoming full and deep. When a short cough continues for a length of time, without becoming full, it is a strong symptom of a tendency to phthisis or consumption.

2. A cough may be only one expiration; very generally it is repeated, and it may vary in mildness or violence, and the distinctions here are similar to the foregoing. The phthysical, being only one single hem; while the catarrhal is more commonly redoubled. It may also be distinguished into humid and dry, on which the number of repetitions may depend, in proportion as a certain matter to be brought away may come sooner or later: The dry is distinguished by being repeated with

with distinct intervals; whereas the humid cough is attended with repeated convulsive successions in one fit.

3. The third distinction is, as cough is repeated with more or less frequency, and whether spirated by intervals of entire rest from motion, as the catarrhal, intermittent, &c. &c.

4. The fourth distinction of cough may be taken from its being more or less voluntary. There are many motions occurring in the human œconomy that cannot be excited at pleasure, but only in consequence of certain stimuli applied, as sneezing: others there are that we can excite, but by no means so fully as when the proper stimulus concurs, as is sometimes the case with cough, and in most persons in the circumstance of laughing. There is a propensity, with respect to those that are partly involuntary, which accompanies them, as we yield willingly to such motions; and a stronger motive can make us repress them altogether, as in the action of sneezing, when we find it produces a pain in the side. Coughing is modified, according as it is more with our will or with reluctance.—There is a propensity to coughing in a dyspnoea, but we cannot exert it so fully as we wish, because difficulty of breathing consists in a difficulty of inspiration, necessary to full coughing. Thus in a pleurisy we can check, stifle, or vary, the cough considerably. But there are some coughs altogether involuntary, which are properly called convulsive, tussis-convulsiva, chin-cough, whooping-cough, &c.

5. Cough is distinguished particularly by the sound, as more acute or grave, sharp or flat; which circumstances often depend on the deepness of the cough, or as it is performed by a more or less full inspiration; and hence we can distinguish what is called a hollow cough from the tussis-convulsiva, and, in several instances, as they depend upon the state of the trachea, glottis, and other parts of the throat, whether dry or moist, and particularly on the different degrees of tension in them.

There is a disease in Scotland called the croup, attended with a cough exhibiting a particular kind of noise, which is evidently from its being a disease of that part of the throat called the larynx, and of the upper part of the trachea.

6. Coughs are distinguished by the state of irritation producing them, with regard to the place and kind. There is a sense of constriction and contraction of the breast, a sense of difficulty of breathing, or of weight and oppression about the lungs, all which produce a propensity to cough, and which can be easily distinguished from a sense of irritating acrimony.

7. Lastly, cough may be distinguished by its moisture or dryness, which may seem to belong to the next head of course,

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course, and often it does so; but, without regard either to quantity or quality of the matter expectorated, this condition of moisture and dryness has a particular property of modifying cough with regard to sound and other circumstances.

I shall next consider certain cases in which cough is a concurrence or in combination:

1. It may be attended or joined with a coryza or catarrh of the fauces, both which are evidently symptoms, and, if in any case it is allowed to denominate a disease, it is here.

2. It is frequently joined with angina and other guttural affections; as well as with diseases of the neighbouring parts, in which case cough is only a symptom.

3. Cough unites with dyspnoea, or difficulty of breathing, in almost every species of it.

4. It may be remarked, that cough is attended with more or less sense of suffocation in the time of the fits. This I have mentioned as a concurrence, because it is particularly confined to violent convulsive coughs, which may really occasion a determination of blood to the head, and even a stagnation in the lungs for some time.

5. Cough is combined with excretion from the lungs, of matter of various kinds and qualities, as mucus, blood, pus, ramenta, and sometimes from eroded vomica, sometimes from inflammatory concretions lining the internal surface of the bronchia and throat; frequently matter of the calculous kind and different concourses will be likewise aggested from their different expectorations.

6. Cough is attended with excretions, different from expectorations, as, particularly, in a fit of vomiting, especially in the convulsive or whooping cough, and in any other violent motion, whether sneezing or vomiting.

7. Cough is often in concurrence with sweating.—This may happen either from the degree of force excited in coughing, or by the successions; but cough is sometimes joined with a sweat, which is colliquative, though the patient ascribes it to the violence of the cough.

8. Lastly, cough is in concurrence with fever, and of these there are many different cases to be marked.—It is frequently joined with the cold fit of an intermittent, and ceases when the sweating commences: Sometimes it accompanies fevers through their whole courses, particularly in some of the inflammatory kind, as peripneumony and pleurisy. But there are many cases of cough attending fevers where the disease is not seated in the thorax, as in exanthematous fevers, as the measles, miliary, and scarlet fever, &c.

In

In another essay I shall consider the causes of cough.^{and} What I have now said will probably convince your readers, that one of the most common diseases is so complicated with particular states of the body, as to leave little room for admitting one remedy as universally salutary.

HYGEIA.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Copy of a Letter, supposed to have been written by Lord D——, to his Son, at Paris, previous to the late general Election.

DEAR CHARLES!

BY your letter of the 10th of June I am informed of your return from Berlin to Paris, and of the welcome reception you have again met in the family of M. R——. The affection I bear you, and which I think you have hitherto so well deserved, cannot fail to make me rejoice in those accounts which I receive, from all hands, of the excellent progress you have made in your studies, during your residence abroad. I know you have had advantages, in the prosecution of them, which have been wanting to many young gentlemen of superior fortune; yet I will do you the justice to impute much of the credit you have gained, in the learned world, to your own voluntary industry and perseverance. I am particularly pleased with your general knowledge of the constitution and laws of different governments; not only the most celebrated ones of antiquity, but (which is still more to your honour) those of the different states of modern Europe, and more especially of your own country. This sort of knowledge is a pleasing source of speculation, and often useful to the private gentleman; but, as I have repeatedly told you, indispensibly necessary to one who would fill that station with ability for which I have ever designed you.—Notwithstanding I have so often written to you on that subject, as though your seat in the House of Commons were as secure as your hereditary title, I now think proper to inform you, in plain terms, that you have only a *chance*, though a fair one, of that honourable distinction; for, if you are not brought in by the voluntary suffrages of a majority of electors, I shall never so far desert my avowed principles as to *purchase* a seat for you, either directly or indirectly. You have, however, but little reason to doubt that the constitutional interest, which I shall not fail to exert on your behalf, will prove sufficient: and, if you have the honour to represent those whom your ancestors have represented with so much integrity, I trust you will neither deceive the one, nor

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disgrace the other. You are well acquainted with my political sentiments; and I am glad to find, from the tenor of your letters on those subjects, that they correspond so much with your own. If, upon mature consideration, you shall at any time think my sentiments erroneous, I shall most readily excuse your proposing to me your scruples, and, if I cannot remove them, I shall never think you deserving my censure for acting in conformity to your own opinions: There is only one political sentiment which I shall presume to *enjoin* you; and that I will do by every thing great and sacred in the cause of liberty. Suffer not the combined false allurements of *power*, *profit*, and *court sun-shine*, at any period of your life, to debauch you from the free exercise of your own judgement. I would never wish you to be at variance with the minister, so long as the minister is not at variance with the great interests of his country; but, when your conscience sounds the alarm of public danger, let no private consideration deter you from aiding, by your voice, the public cause.

To serve your country effectually, it is most essentially necessary for you to have a clear discernment of her capital interests, and to possess an inflexible integrity in the support of them: But there is another very important qualification in a senator, and of which I would by no means have you destitute; I mean a graceful elocution. This is an acquirement which few sensible or learned men possess in proportion to the soundness of their judgement, and therefore will give you an additional weight and importance, if you are so happy as to attain it. Your grandfather was no less distinguished by his oratory, than by his extensive knowledge of parliamentary affairs. In the latter you bid fair to equal, if not surpass, him; and I hope in the former you will not be behind him. But I fear, you have yet much to add to your oratorical abilities. I am informed by my Lord ——, who saw and conversed with you at the Hague, that, though you speak with great clearness and precision, you have contracted, by your constant application to books, an air of negligence in your action and gesture, which needs correction. At your age, and in your circumstances, this will soon be set right by observation and care; but they must both be used. Your present situation is very favourable to improvements of this kind, and I advise you to make them the objects of your attention with all speed. As your severer studies are so nearly perfected, you may now embrace every opportunity of mixing with polite companies, which, with proper assiduity on your part, you will find of infinite advantage to you in the acquisition of exterior graces. But, as you have it in your power to *chuse* your company, I wish you to

avoid the most trifling, although they may sometimes be the most splendid. Court those, wherein the most interesting conversation and the politest manners are united, and form yourself on the fairest model which you can find amongst them all. You have an agreeable figure, your temper is naturally excellent, and if you can get rid of that academical rust, which, in spite of travels, and in spite of ladies, is so apt to hang about an Englishman of your learning, you will find but little difficulty in rendering yourself acceptable. Make but a beginning, and you will find how much that esteem, which your mental abilities have procured you among the sensible part of mankind, is capable of being improved by exterior accomplishments: Make, I say, but a short trial, and self-love, the grand spring of motion, will prompt you to go on.

We have lately been much amused, on our side of the water, by a series of letters from the late Lord C—— to his son, during the course of his education. A publication, in some respects, peculiarly adapted to the genius of the times, and from which, though containing many valuable sentiments, it is hard to say whether our countrymen will reap most good or harm. His lordship was certainly qualified to have written excellently on the subject of education, had his ideas of morality been equally refined with his taste for literature. His style is not only distinguished by a flowing ease, which might be expected in the private letters of such a writer, but by an elegance, which will not fail to procure them more admiration than, their moral imperfections considered, I can think they really deserve. He had one darling object, which was, to have his son rise to eminence in the state; an ambition, which the natural fondness of a parent might perhaps excuse; and which, under the influence of a genuine spirit of patriotism, might have even merited the applause of his country. But, unhappily for the memory of the noble author, he seems to have enjoined the attainment of this object with too little regard to the rectitude of the means. He lays down one maxim, and builds his theory upon it, that an engaging exterior is the grand recommendation of a courtier: Hence he is perpetually exclaiming—"the graces! the graces! remember the graces." His lordship has brought divers instances to prove the truth of his doctrine, and I shall not take upon me to dispute it on general grounds. He was doubtless deeper than I am in the secret of what he calls *good-breeding*; but he seems to have been proportionably unhappy in the genius of his pupil. With all deference, however, for his superiority of skill, and with every allowance for the exigence of the occasion, nothing, certainly, can justify the latitude of his sentiments on the subject of in-

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trigue. He has, it is true, prohibited all connection with common ladies of pleasure; but, in some passages, he has advised in express terms; in others, by evident implication, a still more criminal one, with MARRIED WOMEN! This is, one would think, the most monstrous refinement, that ever entered into the mind of man! To suppose that the “graces” are inseparable from ADULTERY, is a sentiment infinitely below the morality of a virtuous commoner, and only worthy the pen of a profligate P**r. There is not, my dear son, a crime, in all the black catalogue of iniquities, which, in my judgement, betrays a more depraved disposition, than intriguing with a married lady,—not to say the wife of one’s warmest friend. To seduce the affections of a wife from her husband, the object on which both divine and human laws require they should be immovably fixed, thereby to dissolve the tie, which connects the domestic happiness and prosperity of a whole family, is a species of baseness, with which a highway-robbery can bear no sort of comparison. If nothing short of such infamy could give you the polish of a fine gentleman, I had infinitely rather see you banished from society, and consigned to perpetual solitude. No enormity in your character could so soon induce me to disinherit you, and adopt in your room a more virtuous successor, although I should be obliged to take him from the family of my poorest tenant: Nothing could so much oblige me, in conscience, to oppose your gaining a seat in that assembly, which, as they are *ex officio* the great guardians of national glory, ought, certainly, to stand distinguishably eminent for private virtue.—But, as I have no particular reason for calling in question your honour and integrity, I will indulge the partiality of a father, and cherish the most favourable expectations, concerning you. I will assure myself that your views, in frequenting the politest companies, and preferring those in which the most accomplished ladies are found, are strictly chaste, and, consequently, in one of your rank and destination, as strictly laudable. On this bottom only, can you expect to reap those solid advantages, which can make you happy in yourself, and agreeable to those whom, alone, it is any credit for a man of character to please. On this bottom only can I expect to see you return, what I have so long fondly wished, a real pattern of the “graces.”

There is another species of dissipation, very prevalent in the world, against which, as your ability to indulge in it will soon be very much enlarged, you will give me leave to warn you, in the strongest terms. You will readily suppose I mean *gaming*. I hope your own observation of its pernicious consequences has already so far influenced your resolution, as to

render this caution in some degree unnecessary. Reflect still more seriously, I beseech you, my dear Charles, on the unparalleled folly and stupidity of this practice. It is a mere grovelling and childish amusement, which has not for its object any thing becoming a man, much less a *gentleman*. I could name you several who have ranked under that title, but who are now reduced, by gaming, from a state of credit and opulence, to one of absolute beggary, without the least prospect of being able to retrieve their affairs. I could name you others, who, in such circumstances, unable to bear the shame of having squandered away their patrimony, and the consequent sneer of all mankind, have put an end to their ignoble existence with a pistol! Let such examples be continually in your remembrance, that happily they may deter you from degrading your family, and rendering yourself infamous by such a habit. You will not only make your entrance into public life with a fortune sufficient to sustain the elegance of your rank, if elegance of equipage be your passion, but also to support the benevolent hospitable character of your ancestors. And permit me to assure you, that, next to the pleasure arising to a rational mind from enjoying the decent accommodations of life, is the pleasure of alleviating the necessities of the indigent of every worthy class: nay, I will venture to say, that, to such a mind, the latter species of pleasure is the most refined in its nature, and the most lasting in its effects.

There is a sentiment in the morals of one of the Grecian sages, which is highly worthy of a wise man,—*To stand in need of the fewest things is most to resemble the gods.*—Do not mistake me, my dear son; I am not going to recommend to you the simple frugality of patriarchal times, nor that absolute contempt of luxury in which the severest philosophers have placed the *chiefest good*. I readily grant you have been born in an age, wherein the superior classes of men, to support their superiority, must submit to the drudgery of using many articles of luxury, to which it may be matter of fruitless speculation to assign the origin. I say *drudgery*, and you will please to allow me the expression; for it is an established article of my moral creed, but which that great tyrant custom has made me keep much to myself, that every kind of luxury, whether in food, clothing, habitation, or amusement, is a tax laid upon the noblest privilege and terrestrial glory of rational beings.

But such as you find the world you must take it, as I have done before you: You must eat at the stated hours which custom has prescribed, whether you want to eat or not, and amidst the superfluous equipage and attendance which custom has also familiarized. You must, for the same reason, or rather

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want of reason, keep more servants than you need; you must keep vehicles to be drawn about in, although you are very well able to move from one place to another, by the more healthful and graceful means of walking or riding on horseback: You must spend as much more of your time as decency requires in clothing and adorning your person. In short, you must do in most cases as custom bids you. Custom, however, is not so arbitrary as not to admit of some variety, some variation of luxury in every rank; and you will act wisely, because you will retrieve a proportionate degree of natural liberty, by reducing your superfluity as much below the supposed character of *The Honourable Mr. ———*, as you can, provided you do not absolutely desert the modern insignia of *the honourables*, and render yourself contemptible by your wisdom. As you have no relish for the fox-chace, I shall spare myself the trouble of entering my protest against a pack of hounds; an article, which, with its appurtenances, is very expensive, and, in my judgement, more ridiculous. Foxes may be destroyed by other means, and one's health preserved better by riding like a man in his senses than like a mad-man.

I look forward, with all the solicitude natural to a parent whose chief object is the welfare of his son, and anticipate that reputation which you are so soon to establish in the management of your private affairs. A very short specimen of your economy will inform me what I am to expect from you, and will serve as a foundation on which to build my assurance of your credit or insignificance on the score of *patriotism*. If you succeed in your election, I shall not fail to give you my sentiments freely on that illustrious subject; but, as I have already extended this letter to an unusual length, and perhaps wearied your attention, I shall release you for the present, wishing you a large share of that happiness which virtue alone can procure you. *Adieu!*

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE strong attachment, which history informs us mankind have always had to their peculiar superstitious notions, is a remarkable circumstance in the philosophy of the human mind. The notions indeed vary with the varying manners and opinions of different periods, but the superstition remains; and, like malignant humours of the body, if it is denied vent at one place, it will break out at another. I do not mean however to estimate, that there is in all times an equal quantity of these

these superstitions. I readily grant, that they choose to repose under the shade of ignorance, and that they shun the spirit of philosophical enquiry with as much avidity, and for the same reason, that owls and bats retire before the rising beams of the sun, because they cannot bear the light.

We are apt to flatter ourselves that we live in the very noon-tide of science, and look back with scorn on the past ages of ignorance and barbarism. We claim a greater portion of wisdom than enlightened our forefathers, and congratulate ourselves on our happy escape from their prejudices. The legends of their saints are only mentioned to be laughed at, and the superb edifice of their Gothic fable, like the rest of their architecture, is admired but as a monument of their bad taste, as a beacon set up on a dangerous coast for their posterity to behold and avoid.

It is certain, however, with respect to the higher species of literary composition, that what we have gained on the side of cool correctness, and the nicer formation of an exact taste, we have lost in the force, the vivacity, the fire, of original genius. The superstitions of our ancestors shed their *terrible graces* over their works. The ghosts and witches of Shakespear contributed, in his hands, to excite the strongest emotions of terror and astonishment. In the hands of a modern poet they would raise no ideas but those of contempt. For this, two reasons may be assigned: The one, that it is not a bow for the genius of modern poetry to manage: The other, that the belief of this supernatural agency hath sunk under the load of ridicule which hath been laid upon it, in concurrence with the more weighty decrees of our courts of justice.

Glanville, a Fellow of the Royal Society in the last century, wrote a laboured treatise to prove the existence of witches; and, with a sagacity peculiar to himself, discovered that superior spirits delight in playing whimsical and mischievous tricks with mankind. He even found that they were clothed with a material vehicle, and were capable of being wounded. The decisions of the judges then on the bench, and particularly those of so able and upright a judgement as Sir Matthew Hale, gave the matter a more serious aspect. Several poor wretches were sentenced to death by him for a commerce with evil spirits, under a full persuasion, I doubt not, of their actual guilt. The contagion of this belief spread itself, at that time, almost over all Europe. Sweden, Norway, and Lapland, were the chosen theatres of sorcery. But New-England, according to the account of its own historian, Cotton Mather, was the very kingdom of Satan, wherein his instruments were particularly let loose. And indeed the opinion is, in some sort, true, if

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we interpret the judges, jury, and witnesses, to be those instruments; for the number accused and convicted of witchcraft, in that country, exceeds almost the bounds of credibility.

But though the hanging a man at Tring, some years since, hath put an effectual stop to the inhuman treatment which the miserable objects, suspected of witchcraft, were obliged to undergo, I am inclined to believe, that in some country places, where a peevish old woman lives solitary and recluse, the neighbourhood are not yet without jealousies that she has some hand in their misfortunes, and that their cattle die, and their carts are overturned, by her influence; especially if she has been unfortunate enough to contract a habit of muttering to herself, and sometimes stumbles when a couple of straws are laid cross-wise in her path by some unlucky school-boy. Perhaps even a few scattered disciples of Glanville might be found, who may attribute the knockings and scratchings of the Cock-lane-ghost, and the clattering of pewter plates at Stockwell, to that love of fun and frolick in which he tells us those invisible agents so much abound.

Thus we see that this superstitious garb of our fore-fathers, though a good deal in tatters, is not so totally worn out or laid aside, but that a few shreds and fragments are yet to be seen. It hath been observed, that superstition prevails most amongst those whose life or property are exposed to imminent hazards: gamesters and seamen are instances of the truth of this observation. In both these fraternities many precious remains of this kind of antiquity are preserved. A child's caul is a sure preservative against drowning; but a dead corpse on-board exposes the vessel to tenfold dangers. The gamester has many secret intimations of the mood in which the fickle goddess whom he worships stands towards him. If he is an adventurer in the lottery, she appears to him in a dream, and *dictates to him slumbering* the number he is to purchase or insure: As, on the contrary, the successive loss of a few games at dice is a clear hint that she is in a very bad humour, and does not choose to be persecuted with his addresses. People in other situations too have their *dies fasti et nefasti*, and lie in wait to seize the lucky moment of transacting their little concerns with all the vigilance of solicitude. The different purposes of marrying and burying have yet, in some places, certain appropriated days; and the inversion of the established order would be looked upon as fatal an omen, as the boiling away of the liver in the sacrifice of an ox among the Romans, which, Livy tells us, astonished and confounded the whole senate.

I would not willingly deprive my young countrywomen of the satisfaction of dreaming of the man they are to marry, from

from the happy effects of the bridal cake properly disposed under their pillow. Nor would I rob the Scots of their second-sighted privilege of seeing future events through the blade-bone of a shoulder of mutton *. But there is one relic of ancient superstition yet in vogue amongst us, which I am humbly of opinion might be dispensed with, the advantage arising from it appearing to me somewhat problematical. The practice I mean is, that of pouring out frequent libations to the health of particular persons, who are named with sundry rites and solemnities, though it might puzzle a metaphysician to discover any necessary connection between these potations and the welfare of those persons; or how the diminution of their own healths can at all tend to promote that of others; yet, for the reason last assigned, we must allow it to be a most disinterested effort of benevolence. Perhaps the liquor in the glass, like the sympathetic images of witches, hath some magical communication with the health of the parties invoked, which, to those who are not initiated, is as inexplicable as the mysteries of the *bona dea*, or the secrets of free-masonry. Or, perhaps, the charm is dependent on, or at least strengthened by, certain incantations which are frequently introduced in the celebration of these rites. However this be, I cannot but think, that the practice ought to be included in the general sentence of condemnation issued forth against necromancy, and to be banished accordingly.

If an adherence to opinions, not warranted by nature, reason, or revelation, be superstition, I fear we are all in our turns infected with it. The confidence which we repose in the physician often operates beyond the powers of his art, and is a better medicine than most he can prescribe. The law is an enchanted circle, which, whoever enters, may in vain struggle to be released from; though a few adepts in this uncertain and mysterious science delight in its intricacies, which I take to be another proof of their treading on enchanted ground. I say nothing of divinity, whose fascinations are innumerable. Indeed, were the matter to be examined closely, we should possibly find, that the fashionable manners and dress of the *beau monde* are as mere charms to attract admiration, and perhaps more fallible, than those for the ague and tooth-ach. We are bewitched by our ruling passions, and the alliance with our old adversary is not less strong, when he engages us with the dissipations of a pleasurable life, than if he were to equip us with broom-sticks for an expedition through the air; or, turning dealer in old-iron, were to supply us with

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* See Pennant's Tour to the Hebrides.

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rusty-nails and crooked pins for the ingenious amusement of plaguing innocent children.

It is seldom that we can get a glimpse of things as they really are. The splendid illusions of *hope* concur with the gloomy presages of *fear* and the natural obscurity of *the future* to throw a false light on objects. One truth however remains for us stedfastly to believe, that the only real portent of misery is vice, and the only just omen of succeeding happiness is a virtuous and religious life.

RUTILIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

MENTOR in a former, and a nameless correspondent in a latter, number of the Ledger, have said many excellent things on the subject of a married state, and yet it is not exhausted; more may be said, and to the purpose, upon it.

There are so many things to do, so many to bear and forbear, so many cross incidents, and so great a variety of occurrences, which tend to interrupt the peace and diminish the affection which should ever be maintained in this relation, that an attempt to conduct married persons with safety and comfort through the path of life will, there is no doubt, be favourably received.

My readers will see that I write not under the raptures of youth, and I will inform them that it is under the sober and deliberate judgement of advanced age: My matter is not the result of speculation, but the fruit of experience; my aim is not to obtain applause, but to do good.

Marriage is almost as old as the world; and the histories of all, even the most savage, nations, declare it to have taken place almost as wide as the world. It seems therefore, that the propriety and expedience of it have been almost universally discovered and adopted; and that, of consequence, they considered it as an undoubted dictate of nature; and perhaps the licentiousness of modern times and refined nations, and our own amongst the first, have bid it defiance beyond example, having taken, kept, and dismissed, women at their pleasure:—first corrupted and then cast them off, often exposed to poverty and distress, —breeding, deprived of health, a reproach to their family; tempted to destroy the infant, which they cannot provide for, to hide shame, and prevent more complicated woe, and often perishing themselves for want of provision and assistance, and not seldom wasting under a disease, which I need not name, or under ignorant and improper methods to cure it.

These are but some of the sad consequences of the boasted licentiousness and triumphs of our modern gentlemen of wit and honour; many of them, in fact and action, the most irrational and cruel among men, and the most mischievous animals on the face of the earth.

I will therefore lay it down as certain, *that, before cohabitation with a woman, a man should be publicly married to her, and that he ought to marry but one, and her for life.*

It ought to be public, that a man may not deny his marriage, and thereby avoid the obligations it lays him under in all civilized nations.

It ought to be but to one, as but one woman falls to the share of one man in a state of nature; there being, on an average, in all nations where registers have been kept, but about sixteen females to seventeen males born: and the numbers have been probably reduced near to an equality by the loss of men in wars, sea voyages, &c.

Polygamy and concubinage, so much countenanced by the Mahomedan religion, and the latter especially so fashionable in most nations, and perhaps most in the eastern, (where the seraglios of the rich abound with women, kept secluded from the world, for their pleasure,) is therefore evidently a violation of the law of nature as well as the law of Christ, and of consequence highly criminal.

It should also be *for life*, as the long non-age and helpless condition of children, and their want of the care of parents to assist and settle them, evidently demand. Marriage, advisedly and properly contracted, is the summit of human happiness if we will.

It was the first sort of society in the world, and ought to be the model of all others in an universal civility and desire to promote mutual benevolence, and to do each other all the good we can.

And, if respect, tenderness, and affection, are but cultivated, and occasions of coldness and misunderstanding avoided, or their ill consequences guarded against, nothing can break or interrupt the pleasing satisfaction which flows from it, and is discovered in kind actions, obliging language, and a pleasant countenance.

Married persons, as well as others, may differ in sentiment on many occasions, and many occurrences may happen to ruffle their tempers; but, where love and tenderness dwell in the heart, nothing unkind or provoking can escape the lips.

But they ought to take peculiar care of treating each other with any evidences of unkindness in public, as scarce any thing can vex and mortify them more, or lay a surer foundation

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for resentment, to be expressed as many ways as they can: For, in this case, the offending person cannot, by any private acknowledgement, erase the idea of such unkind treatment, which others have conceived and spread abroad; and hence domestic animosity and contention have often taken their rise, and have ended in parting, or perpetual unhappiness at home; and sometimes the husband has taken it into his head to rule with a rod of iron, and, in either case, it may be difficult to conceive any scene of human unhappiness, which can exceed, if it can equal, theirs.

Other husbands have discovered a foible of another nature; they have meanness and servility enough to make mere idols of their wives, and become slaves to them; and some, not much stronger, shew so many evidences of fondness before company, as is really matter of disgust to modest and sensible persons of both sexes; such a behaviour every woman of good sense will neither approve nor expect, but would rather see her husband express his regard for her with the dignity of a man; and I will just add, that sensible women cannot avoid seeing, that nothing exposes a woman's weakness and want of good judgement more, than governing her husband and his affairs, and often with noise and clamour, and, on almost all occasions, assuming an air of superiority over him; since the laws of God, of nature, and nations, have constituted the husband superior at all events. And yet, if he does but consider, that all government is best obtained and supported by the love of the governed, he will obtain all the obedience he can wish by the prevailing arguments of love and tenderness, giving his wife the fullest proofs that she is the subject of an easy empire.

And, if married persons do but mutually endeavour to deserve each others affection, by a kind, prudent, and worthy behaviour, they can scarce fail of obtaining it and its many agreeable consequences.

And, when they are fully convinced of the rectitude and kindness of each others intentions, they will not be touchy and apt to resent any supposed deficiency or mistake in word or action, but take the earliest opportunity to speak to each other with freedom and kindness upon it, and then an explanation, or small acknowledgement, will remove every cause of uneasiness, and re-establish their usual harmony. And let me add,

That such married persons, as are wise and desirous of enjoying conjugal happiness, should never conceal any uneasinesses of this kind from each other, and suffer them to rankle, but unbosom themselves quickly and kindly to each other, and they will find it a happy expedient to prevent or heal every little breach of union.

And perhaps they may find it necessary to stand on their guard against the government of passion and the influence of resentment.

The world is too apt to resent violently; but, it is certain, that resentment should never take place till we are assured that there is sufficient reason for it: and, even then, we should be so wise and just as not to suffer it to exceed the occasion of it.

And, if they would preserve union and affection undiminished, they must avoid, not only all unlawful commerce with others, but every sort and degree of intimacy that may give occasion to suspect it; not only avoid the evil, but every appearance of it; and to be very delicate in their behaviour, where their honour and peace are so nearly concerned; as suspicions and uneasinesses, arising from just grounds on this score, often sink deep; and operate much to the disadvantage of mutual affection and esteem, and sometimes totally destroy both.

Few things affect the mind with a deeper distress than the cold, the dark, or suspicious, behaviour of a husband or a wife; and few things afford it a more exquisite pleasure, than the kind, the tender, and faithful, behaviour of so near a friend and relative.

And, when a married pair are convinced of each other's affection and fidelity beyond a doubt, and can rely on each other's truth and tenderness, then, to use the words of an excellent man and wife and illustrious law-giver, towards the close of the last century, they find, that "nothing can be more entire and without reserve, nothing more zealous, affectionate, and sincere; nothing more contented and constant, than such a couple; nor any greater temporal felicity than to be one of them *".

This is the greatest height of conjugal happiness, as I have learned from long experience, having lived upwards of forty years with one beloved wife, in the interchange of the many offices of constant love and tender friendship: to this I will add, that, if married persons desire to perform their duty to God, to each other, and their families with fidelity, would act their parts well in the rank and allotment assigned them, would approve themselves good citizens, and enjoy the happy fruits of it, they must heartily aim at a religious union of spirit; and with this view they should avoid every thing that tends to lessen or destroy it, and be sure to cherish sweetness of temper and kindness of language, and to do all they can to aid each other in the religious discharge of their many duties. This happy union, in a religious care over their children,

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will enable them to educate them in a religious and virtuous manner; and to point out to them the danger of evil company, of vicious examples, and the absolute unlawfulness of all pleasures of licentious diversion and dissipation, and especially play-houses, those nurseries of vicious politeness; and of the duty of a sober, prudent, and useful employment of their time; and to convince them fully, by reason and experience, of the duty and advantage of a temperate, just, and pious, life:—that true religion forbids and restrains us only from folly and vanity, vice and excess; from what would destroy our fortunes, ruin our health, debase our minds, and render us evil and mischievous members of society; that it enjoins nothing but temperance, justice, and piety; promotes nothing but peace and order on earth and good will among men; and raises our hopes and views to a better state; and actually tends to gather us to our fathers in peace.

And such parents, assured of the essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, in themselves considered, without any relation to received opinions, customs, and positive institutions of men, endeavour to form their childrens minds accordingly, and to render them, as far as they can, just and decent, modest and temperate, benevolent and religious, upon principle, founded on the evident law of God and the invariable nature and relation of things.

Let the men of wit and gallantry in our refined nations, or the more ignorant but equally * abandoned inhabitants of Otaheite, boast that they follow nature and enjoy life; it is granted; but it is *following nature: irrationally, and nature corrupted and sunk into more than brutal lewdness*, without regard to consequences; and *enjoying life so as to reap the reward of their vice and folly, in multiplying evils and sufferings in their own bodies; and let them remember, that wheresoever vice exists as a cause, misery, in a multitude of shapes, follows as an effect.*

Let the young and unexperienced be persuaded, *to beware of pleasure*, and be assured that, *the more exquisite the pleasure they pursue, the more pungent the pains that follow*; and that, therefore, *prudence, consideration, and their consequence, a virtuous behaviour, are wisdom; and inconsideration, and its consequence, vice, are folly to the full.* And now to close.—Suffer me to assume the dictator:—Be kind to each other; disposed to be confident of each other's fidelity; unsuspicious, but on the most probable grounds; put the best construction on each other's words and actions;

* Who, not to insist on their thievishness, from the least to the greatest among them, according to the repeated accounts of modern voyagers, are sunk beneath a sense of shame into a promiscuous and impudent sensuality.

actions; bear with each other's ignorance, infirmities, and mistakes; make an allowance for a natural reserve in some, a native sourness or warmth in others, which even the power of religion finds no small work to subdue in some well disposed persons. Consider you have something to bear on both sides; there is no doubt, for we find very few who are perfect and complete, lacking nothing; you have some habits, some infirmities, or some mistakes, which you wish to see removed.

But suffer not these, or any thing whatsoever, to furnish matter of reproach on either side; for that throws an occasion of resentment in the way, and exposes you to a train of ill consequences.—But, if you would mutually approach as near to perfection as you can in the discharge of your duty, give each other kind hints and intimations of any deficiencies or errors, or any undesirable habits; and perhaps you may find, and, if your minds are well disposed, you will find, that this will contribute not a little to the desired end.

Consider, you are embarked on a voyage of conjugal life: happiness and misery are before you, and both depending on your own choice:—a great mistake once made; a wrong path once taken; ill tempers, suspicions, and actions, indulged; and mutual love and assistance, and the valuable end of life, union, virtue and comfort, are lost for ever.—But, if your intentions are faithful and kind, and you are heartily disposed to help each other in the discharge of every duty, you will become as happy as this state of intimacy and trial will admit; under a hope, that is full of immortality, and even blessed with some foretastes of the joys of it. P.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I AM one of your hearty friends, and I sincerely wish that your undertaking, which appears to me laudable, may succeed.—I would contribute something, were it in my power, to the support of its reputation; but I am doubtful, and not without cause, of my abilities to communicate any thing adapted either to profit or to please your readers: And one reason, amongst many others, for having so long neglected to send you an essay, is, that I have not a sentiment within the verge and volume of my brain that is new; and, when I have expressed any of them on paper, I have the mortification to recollect, that the same thoughts have been delivered, in language infinitely superior, already: and this has induced me to commit many sheets of my scribbling to the flames, which I purposed to send to you; however, without offering any other apology, I am determined

examined to submit the following reflections to your inspection, which several recent circumstances occasioned.

A man, totally destitute of either friends or enemies, is as rare an object as any phænomenon in nature :—The worst of men appear to have some friends, and the best are not without some enemies : We feel attachments to some individuals, the cause of which we can no more account for than gravity.—We feel also an aversion or dislike for some others, without knowing what motive has occasioned it.

There is something in the physiognomy and address of particular people, which excites a degree of involuntary disgust, and vice versa —We are even biassed in favour of or against individuals on the first interview, and which no succeeding event, except a personal affront, can totally efface ; however, most of our moral likings and aversions are not without an apparent cause ; yet this cause, when we candidly investigate it, is seldom rationally proportionate to the degree of either passion.—Magnified merit often extorts our commendation, and magnified demerit, our censure.—The virtue of an object, which we wish to have occasion to praise, appears often, like animalcula viewed through a microscope, greater than it really is ; and the vice of another, whom we wish to have occasion to censure, appears no less aggravated through the partial medium by which we view it.

Some degree of partiality in these cases may be the foible of all men, and inseparable from human nature ; but the extravagant praise and censure of some notoriously exceed the bounds of reason and candour.—The best expedient, however, to defeat the designs, and even gain over our enemies, is to observe the Christian precept, *when they revile, revile not again ; when they persecute, suffer it.*—This does not however imply, that we are meanly to crouch to an enemy, confess that which we have not been guilty of, or ask pardon of those to whom we are conscious of not having given any just occasion of offence.—Innocence should assert its innocence, and manifest that it lives above the reach of groundless censure and calumny, cautiously avoiding however a spirit of revenge, and evincing that it can forgive its enemies :—For my own part, I am determined, if possible, to live in peace with all men ; and, if all men will not live in peace with me, I shall pity them as greater enemies to themselves than to me.—Death will put an end to all the quarrels and animosities of the living, and the ashes of the most inveterate enemies will mix as kindly as those of friends in the grave.—The erroneous judgements, partial distinctions, and personal prejudices, of opponents, will have no weight with him who looks not as man looks.—I humbly hope that the supreme

preme Judge will shew more mercy to all of us, than we, encompassed with so many infirmities, seem capable of shewing to one another; yet I can honestly declare, that my heart means what my tongue utters, when I say "*forgive me my trespasses, as I forgive them who trespass against me.*"

MODESTUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Sometimes spend a leisure hour in reflecting how variously different people spend their leisure hours. One is a metaphysician; he busies himself in forming abstract ideas of existence, the essence of spirits, fate and free will.—Another attempts to calculate the millenium.—Another soars up to the heavens and walks amongst the stars.—Another descends into the bowels of the earth in search of fossils and antediluvian antiquities.—Another studies the nature of plants.—Another the nature of animals.—Another enquires into the properties of bodies:—These are, however, harmless, and may be profitable, speculations; but another, who has neither a taste nor abilities for a more profitable study, investigates the characters of his neighbours; and, while he disclaims other speculations as vain unprofitable amusements, and pretends that people should have their *conversation in heaven*, passes most of his leisure hours in company with a select few *after his own heart*, in *backbiting, tale-bearing, and detraacting*, others who may be worthier than himself; and all this is done, too, with much affected sanctity: like the crocodile, he always weeps over the object of his prey before he devours it, and would appear to wish well to those whose reputation he is attempting to ruin.—Of all people, such pretended friends to virtue are the greatest enemies to its cause:—*with smooth tongues and fair speeches they deceive the hearts of the simple*, while they scatter around them *firebrands, arrows, and death*. It is to be indeed regretted, that these *misanthropes* should assume a religious character, and cover their acrimony under the pretext of zeal.—Personal censure would disgrace your publication and not become me, and therefore I restrain my pen; or I could point out some persons who deserve to be exposed; but these general remarks may perhaps caution your readers against a species of beings, who, boasting of a degree of merit which they have not acquired, illiberally depreciate that to which they can never attain.

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Death and Character of Queen Elizabeth, taken from a celebrated Historian.

—MEAN while, the queen's disease increased, and her melancholy appeared to be settled and incurable. Various conjectures were formed concerning the causes of a disorder, from which she seemed to be exempted by the natural cheerfulness of her temper. Some imputed it to her being forced, contrary to her inclination, to pardon the earl of Tyrone, whose rebellion had for many years created her so much trouble. Others imagined it arose from observing the ingratitude of her courtiers, and the levity of her people, who beheld her health declining with the most indecent indifference, and looked forward, to the accession of the Scottish king, with an impatience which they could not conceal. The most common opinion, at that time, and perhaps the most probable, was, that it flowed from grief for the earl of Essex. She retained an extraordinary regard for the memory of that unfortunate nobleman; and, although she often complained of his obstinacy, seldom mentioned his name without tears. An accident happened, soon after her retiring to Richmond, which revived her affection with new tenderness, and imbittered her secret sorrows. The countess of Nottingham, being on her death-bed, desired to see the queen, in order to reveal something to her, without discovering which she could not die in peace. When the queen came into her chamber, she told her, that, while Essex lay under sentence of death, he was desirous of imploring pardon in the manner which the queen herself had prescribed, by returning a ring, which, during the height of his favour she had given him, with a promise, that if, in any future distress he sent that back to her, as a token, it should intitle him to her protection; that lady Scroop was the person he intended to employ in order to present it; that by a mistake it was put into her hands instead of lady Scroop's; and that she, having communicated the matter to her husband, one of Essex's most implacable enemies, he had forbidden her either to carry the ring to the queen, or to return it to the earl. The countess having thus disclosed her secret, begged the queen's forgiveness; but Elizabeth, who now saw both the malice of the earl's enemies, and how unjustly she had suspected him of inflexible obstinacy, replied, "*God may forgive you, but I never can;*" and left the room with great emotion. From that moment her spirit sunk intirely; she could scarcely taste food; she refused all the medicines prescribed by her physicians; declaring, that she wished to die, and would live no longer. No intreaty could prevail on her to go to bed; she sat on cushions during ten days and nights, penfive and silent, holding her

finger almost continually in her mouth, with her eyes open, and fixed on the ground.

The only things, to which she seemed to give any attention, were the acts of devotion performed by the archbishop of Canterbury in her apartment; and in these she joined with great appearance of fervor. Wasted at length, as well by anguish of mind as by great abstinence, she expired without a struggle, on Thursday, the 24th of March, in the 70th year of her age, and in the 45th of her reign.

— The memory of Elizabeth is still adored in England. And the historians of that kingdom, after celebrating her love of her people; her sagacity in discerning their true interest; her steadiness in pursuing it; her wisdom in the choice of her ministers; the glory she acquired by arms; the tranquility she secured to her subjects; and the increase of fame, of riches, and of commerce, which were the fruits of all these; justly rank her among the most illustrious princes. Even the defects in her character, they observe, were not of a kind pernicious to her people. Her excessive frugality was not accompanied with the love of hoarding; and, though it prevented some great undertakings, and rendered the success of others incomplete, it introduced œconomy into her administration, and exempted the nation from many burdens, which a monarch, more profuse or more enterprising, must have imposed.

Her slowness in rewarding her servants sometimes discouraged useful merit; but it prevented the undeserving from acquiring power and wealth to which they had no title.

Whoever undertakes to write the history of Scotland finds himself obliged, frequently, to view her in a very different and in a less amiable light. Her authority in that kingdom, during the greater part of her reign, was little inferior to that which she possessed in her own. But this authority, acquired at first by a service of great importance to the nation, she exercised in a manner extremely pernicious to its happiness. By her industry in fomenting the rage of the two contending factions; by supplying the one with partial aid; by alluring the other with false hopes; by balancing their power so artfully, that each of them was able to distress, and neither of them to subdue, the other; she rendered Scotland long the seat of discord and bloodshed: and her craft and intrigues, effecting what the valour of her ancestors could not accomplish, reduced that kingdom to a state of dependance on England. The maxims of state policy, often little consonant to those of morality, may, perhaps, justify this conduct. But no apology can be offered for her behaviour to queen Mary; a scene of dissimulation without necessity, and of severity beyond example.

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In almost all her other actions, Elizabeth is the object of our highest admiration; in this, we must allow that she not only laid aside the magnanimity which became a queen, but the feelings natural to a woman.

I think the above necessary, as a very imperfect account of this great queen was published lately in your work.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Observations on a Variety of Subjects, literary, moral, and religious; from a Series of original Letters, written by a Gentleman of foreign Extraction, who resided some Time in Philadelphia; revised by a Friend, to whose Hands the Manuscript was committed for Publication, in Philadelphia.

To Charles Marfeilles, Esq. at New-York.

DEAR CHARLES,

I Promised in my last to give you my sentiments upon singularity. The expression is ambiguous. It serves to denote a good, as well as a bad, character. The hypocrite glories in it; the humble man alone possesses it without offence to himself or his neighbour.

Some people are so weak as to imagine, that the religious character must necessarily be accompanied with, and distinguished from all others by, a formal, precise, and reserved deportment; an austerity in the countenance and actions, a cautious avoiding of all intercourse or civil communication with those, who do not, in their whole outward behaviour, conform to a certain standard, which answers to their idea of a religious man.

Others again place this singularity in a perpetual talking upon religious subjects: their whole conversation, be where they will, consists of nothing but common-place maxims, scriptural quotations, and seemingly pious remarks upon every occurrence that they meet with in the course of the day: or, what is still worse, of vain and useless dispute about modes of faith, doctrine, or worship.

Alas! my dear Charles, all this may very properly be called the pedantry of religion, and, like that of human learning, is a sure proof, that their knowledge and experience are extremely superficial. Many of these solemn triflers do we daily meet with, who value themselves upon this affected singularity.

ty, and they shew a vast deal of religious heroism, by talking in a strain, which they know to be exceedingly mortifying to the generality of their neighbours. But such persons as these would do well to take our Lord's advice, and seriously consider, *what manner of spirit they are of*. They would do well to examine their own hearts, and try whether they cannot discover a secret spring of spiritual pride, which sets their tongues in motion; and whether a word or two dropt in season, seemingly without design, and in a spirit of meekness, humility, and condescension to their brethren, would not have a much surer and better effect, than all their vain and empty babblings.

Far be it from me, my friend, to discourage a truly religious conversation. But there is a meekness of wisdom, as the Scripture beautifully expresses it, that will modestly avail itself of every favourable opportunity, and with a becoming zeal exert itself in the cause of truth. They, who best know themselves, are certainly best acquainted with human nature. Such persons will ever be careful, in their conversation and deportment, to be *wise as serpents, and harmless as doves, to become all things to all men*; that is, to study the various prejudices and infirmities of men, and form their discourse and conduct in such a manner, as will not have any tendency to disgust or affront them, but, on the other hand, by forbearance and gentleness, will win their hearts; and thus command their attention.

The only singularity, therefore, which is justifiable, is that which consists not in words, or even in particular actions, but in such a general uniform tenor of heart, and temper, and conduct, as will not, indeed, like the pharisaical formalities, be so easily discerned by every vulgar eye, but will never fail of making its way at last through every obstacle and impediment, which the adversaries of truth and virtue may throw up against it.

Some characters are doubtless to be met with, whose singularity does not so much consist, in *not following the multitude at all*, as in *not following them to do evil*, whose life is an amiable transcript of their Redeemer's; who, like him, *go about doing good; who shine forth as lights in the midst of a dark and perverse generation*, and whose influence is known and felt by a sure, though silent and gentle, operation.

Such characters are worthy of imitation; they are stamped with the image of the deity; they bear the signature of unfeigned truth, and pure disinterested goodness; they are known, and only to be known, by their blessed fruits. Wherever they go, whatever they do, in public or in private, among their neighbours, friends, and acquaintance, or in their own little
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family circle, their singularity is conspicuous in no other way than in the sweetness of their temper, the meekness of their deportment, the unaffected decency of their conversation, their readiness to oblige, their frequent sacrifice of private ease or interest, to the comfort and convenience of their brethren; but, above all, their chearful, easy, and affectionate, methods, of communicating what they know to be useful and necessary, in temporal as well as spiritual concerns, to all such as are humble enough to apply for, and ingenuous enough to receive and profit by, their instructions.

No sour and forbidding severity sits upon their brow; their houses, their hands, and their hearts, are open to all that stand in need of their assistance. In a word, the loveliness of true religion appears in their whole conduct, and even those, who will not imitate, dare not condemn, them.

If I understand any thing of the Christian system, this is the life which it recommends. Would but its professors act up to its dictates, live like their Master, and dare to be singular in being and doing good; would they but apply to the exhaustless source of goodness for those blessed influences of his spirit, whereby alone their evil tempers and passions can be eradicated, and a heavenly life, with all its dispositions and graces, opened in their hearts, deists would be confounded, hypocrites would tremble, and bad men of all sorts be more effectually alarmed, than by all the thundering eloquence of the most zealous preachers in the world.

I trust, my good friend, that my notions of religious singularity will be found to correspond with your own; and that we differ more about words than about things.

I am, dear Charles,

Your very sincere friend and servant,

T. CASPIPINA.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS one part of the intention of your work is to communicate some portion of history, and accounts of remarkable persons, to such as may not have many books, I send, for the next number, an account of the famous Scots reformer, John Knox, collected from Dr. Robertson's celebrated History of Scotland, and chiefly in his own language; but, as I have collected this account from a variety of passages in that work, some little variation of stile, and addition, to connect the several parts together, were necessary. I have endeavoured to preserve the spirit of that elegant historian, whenever I have been obliged

obliged to deviate from his expressions; and doubt not, but this account will afford pleasure to most of your readers.

M.

ABOUT the year 1549, while the war with England continued, the Scots clergy had no leisure to molest the Protestants, and they were not yet considerable enough to expect any thing more than connivance and impunity. The doctrines of the reformation were still in their infancy, but, during this short interval of tranquility, they acquired strength, and advanced, by large and firm steps, towards a full establishment in the kingdom. The first preachers against Popery in Scotland were more eminent for zeal and piety than for learning. Their acquaintance with the principles of the reformation was partial and at second hand; some of them had been educated in England; all of them had borrowed their notions from the books printed there; and, in the first dawn of the new light, they did not venture far before their leaders. But, in a short time, the doctrines and writings of the foreign reformers became generally known: the inquisitive genius pressed forward in quest of truth with unremitting ardour; the discovery of one error opened the way to others; the downfall of one imposture drew many after it; the whole fabric, which ignorance and superstition had erected, in times of darkness, began to totter; and nothing was wanting, to complete its ruin, but a daring and active leader to direct the attack. Such was the famous John Knox, who, with better qualifications of learning and more extensive views than any of his predecessors in Scotland, possessed a natural intrepidity of mind, which set him above fear. He began his public ministry at St. Andrew's, in the year 1547, with that success which always accompanies a bold and popular eloquence. Instead of amusing himself with lopping the branches, he struck directly at the root of Popery, and attacked the doctrine and discipline of the established church with a vehemence peculiar to himself, but admirably adapted to the temper and wishes of that age.

An adversary so formidable as Knox would not have easily escaped the rage of the clergy, who observed the tendency and progress of his opinions with the utmost concern; but, at first, he retired for safety to the castle of St. Andrew's, and preached publicly under the protection of those who held it.

The great revolution in England, which followed upon the death of King Henry the VIII. contributed no less than the zeal of Knox towards demolishing the Popish church in Scotland. Henry had loosened the chains and lightened the yoke of Popery. The ministers of his son, Edward VI. cast them

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off altogether, and established the Protestant religion in England. The influence of this example reached Scotland, and the happy effects of an emancipation from ecclesiastical bondage, in one country, inspired the other with an equal desire of liberty.

Several noblemen, of the greatest distinction, having about this time openly espoused the principles of the reformers, they were no longer under the necessity of acting with their former reserve and caution. The means of acquiring and spreading knowledge became more common, and the spirit of innovation, peculiar to that period, grew every day bolder and more universal.

Happily for the reformation, this spirit was still under some restraint: It had not yet attained firmness and vigour sufficient to overturn a system founded on the deepest policy, and supported by the most formidable power.

Under the present circumstances, any attempt towards *action* must have been fatal to the Protestant doctrines: and it is no small proof of the authority, as well as penetration, of the heads of the party, that they were able to restrain the zeal of a fiery and impetuous people till that critical and mature juncture, when every step they took was decisive and successful.

In the Year 1559, the queen, by raising forces, fortifying Leith, and introducing French forces into the kingdom, having given room to fear that her design was to extirpate the Protestants, they assembled all the peers, barons, and representatives of boroughs, who adhered to their party. These formed a convention more numerous and respectable than most of their parliaments. The leaders of the congregation laid before them the queen's declaration, in answer to their remonstrance; represented the unavoidable ruin which the accomplishment of her measures would bring upon the kingdom, and required their direction, with regard to the obedience due to an administration so unjust and oppressive. . . .

This assembly proceeded to decide with no less dispatch than unanimity. Strangers to those forms which protract business; unacquainted with the arts which make a figure in debate; and much more fitted for action than discourse; a warlike people always hasten to a conclusion, and bring their deliberations to the shortest issue. It was the work but of one day to examine and to resolve this nice problem concerning the behaviour of subjects towards a ruler who had abused his power. But, however abrupt their proceedings may appear, they were not destitute of solemnity.

As the determination of the point in doubt was conceived to be no less the office of divines than of laymen, the former were called to give their opinion.

Knox and Wilcox (another famous minister) appeared for the whole order, and pronounced without hesitation, both from the precepts and examples in scripture, that it was lawful for subjects not only to resist tyrannical princes, but even to deprive them of that authority, which, in their hands, becomes an instrument for destroying those whom the Almighty ordained them to protect.

The next year Knox warmly recommended to the imitation of his countrymen the discipline formed in the city of Geneva, which, when resident there, he had established. His advice was followed; and the Protestant clergy were now indefatigable, in pulling down that immense fabric of ecclesiastical power which their predecessors had reared with so much art and industry. This the friends of civil liberty beheld with pleasure; they lent their aid to strip churchmen of their dignity and wealth; and the new mode of government easily made its way among men thus prepared, by their various interests and passions, for its reception.

But, on the first introduction of this system, Knox did not deem it expedient. In compliance with the prejudices of the times, he thought fit to retain the external form though he destroyed the spirit of it. Instead of bishops, he proposed to establish twelve superintendants in different parts of the kingdom. These, as the name implies, were impowered to inspect the life and doctrines of the inferior clergy. They presided in the inferior judicatories of the church; but their jurisdiction extended only to things deemed sacred. They claimed no seat in parliament, and pretended no right to the dignity or revenues of the former bishops.

Although the queen, in the parliament of 1563, had consented, through the influence of her ministers, to tolerate and protect the reformed doctrine, she was still passionately devoted to the Romish superstition; and although she had, from political motives, granted a temporary protection to opinions which she disapproved, there was little ground to hope she would agree to establish them for perpetuity. The moderation of those who professed it was the best method for reconciling her to the Protestant religion: time might abate her bigotry: her prejudices might wear off gradually; and at last she might yield, to the wishes of her people, what their importunity or their violence could never have extorted.

But the zeal of the Protestant clergy was deaf to these considerations of policy. Eager and impatient, it brooked no delay;

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lay: severe and inflexible, it would condescend to no compliances. The leading men of that order insisted the new religion should be established by law: they pronounced the moderation of the courtiers apostacy, and their gentle endeavours to gain the queen, they reckoned criminal and servile. Being disappointed by the men in whom they had placed their greatest confidence, the preachers gave vent to their indignation in the pulpits. The people, inflamed by the vehemence of their declamations, which were dictated by a zeal more sincere than prudent, proceeded to rash and unjustifiable acts of violence. They assembled in a riotous manner, and interrupted the service of the mass at Holyrood-House, to the great consternation of the Papists. Two of the ring-leaders were seized, and a day appointed for their trial. Knox, who esteemed the zeal of these persons laudable, and their conduct meritorious, considered them as sufferers in a good cause; and, in order to screen them from danger, he issued circular letters, requiring all, who professed the true religion, to assemble at Edinburgh on the day of trial. One of these letters fell into the queen's hands. To assemble the subjects without the royal authority was deemed treason; and a resolution was taken to prosecute Knox for that crime before the privy council. Happily for him, his judges were not only zealous Protestants, but, during the late commotions, had openly resisted and set at defiance the queen's authority. It was under precedents, drawn from their own conduct, that Knox endeavoured to shelter himself: his scheme succeeded; and, after a long hearing, he was unanimously acquitted.

Thus, for a series of years, he remained the great prop and support of the reformed in Scotland, encouraging them by his boldness and magnanimity, and protecting them from danger by his influence among the great, by whom he was respected for the sanctity of his manners. Having laboured with uncommon ardour and success, in promoting a religion which he believed most consistent with scripture doctrine, and best adapted to preserve the civil rights and liberties of men inviolate, he ended his life in 1572, in the 67th year of his age. Zeal, intrepidity, and disinterestedness, were virtues which he possessed in an eminent degree. He was acquainted too with the learning cultivated in that age; and excelled in that species of eloquence, which is calculated to rouse and to inflame. His maxims, however, were too often severe, and the impetuosity of his temper excessive.

Rigid and uncomplying himself, he shewed no indulgence to the infirmities of others. Regardless of the distinctions of rank and character, he uttered his admonitions with an acrimony

and vehemence, more apt to irritate, than to reclaim. This often betrayed him into indecent and undutiful expressions, with respect to the queen's person and conduct. Those very qualities, however, which in these more polished times render his character less amiable, fitted him to be the great instrument of providence for advancing the reformation amongst a fierce people, and enabled him to face dangers, and surmount opposition, from which, a person of a more gentle spirit would have been apt to shrink back. By an unwearied application to study and to business, as well as by the frequency and fervour of his discourses, he had worn out a constitution naturally strong and vigorous. During a lingering illness, he discovered the utmost fortitude, and met the approaches of death with a magnanimity inseparable from his character. He was almost constantly employed in acts of devotion, and comforted himself with those prospects of immortality, which not only preserve good men from desponding, but fill them with exultation in their last moments.

The Earl of Morton, who was present at his funeral, pronounced his eulogium in a few words, the more honourable to Knox, as he came from one whom they had often censured with peculiar severity, "There lies he, who never feared the face of man."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On the Abuse of Words.

THE use of language is to communicate our ideas; and those words, which convey them the most entire, are justly deemed the best chosen: our common wants common modes of speech may readily express; but speculative opinions are not so easily conveyed: peculiar terms of art, therefore, have been invented to supply the deficiency of vulgar ones; but, for want of using them constantly, on the same subject, in a certain agreed precise signification, we often contradict ourselves as well as perplex and confound others. This is an error which some of the reputed wisest men have fallen into; and which, considering the imbecility of human nature, is the most difficult to correct. The world has been divided into parties almost about every thing but a few self-evident truths, and a peculiar cabalistical, indefinable, phraseology, the *shibboleth* of every party, intermixed with vulgar and universal terms, formed a mist, in which the controvertists of former times lost sight of the main point in question, and the disputation was rather

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about *words* than about *things*. When the passions become inflamed, the sentimental contest frequently terminates in personal railery and abuse. The present age, taught by the woeful experience of the past, is not favourable to the productions of spleen: asperity in controversy is offensive to readers of most ranks, and approved but by very few of any; a spirit of philanthropy is more diffused among mankind than in former times; many are convinced, and others begin to suspect, that man is capable of knowing but little about matters on which metaphysicians and polemical writers have dogmatized so many ages, and pretended to know so much: a humble diffidence becomes a being, circumstanced as man is, encompassed with so many infirmities, and liable to so many illusions; and the utmost exertion of whose contracted faculties on *first principles* serves but to evince to him their weakness. Man's mental powers, however, weak as they are, are fitted to his station; but in vain does he attempt to "*quit the sphere and rush into the skies*;" however high we soar, we still carry with us the imperfect organs of *human* intelligence! The mind is susceptible of ideas; these its knowledge cannot exceed; we cannot judge of what we do not understand; on such propositions, therefore, we use words in an indeterminate sense and attempt to reason from things unknown to those which are known. Objects, placed above the human comprehension, terms of art can never bring down to the level of the human capacity; we can have no ideas of substances, either material or immaterial, though their existence may be inferred from their qualities, which are perceived: the modes of substances we are immediately conversant with; and the happiness, we are qualified to enjoy in this world, results from the due arrangement of the ideas which they excite, and the regulation of the consequent passions in directing them to a good end.

Among beings of the same species, whose wants are mutual and obligations reciprocal, *to do unto others as we could reasonably desire others to do unto us* is the approved test of practical right and wrong: whatever passion could prompt us to deviate from this rule, every mind must allow should be controuled: we need but put ourselves in the circumstance of others, to determine how we should behave towards them.

The Author of our being, on whom we immediately depend, has constituted us in such a manner, that our happiness should depend on our conduct toward one another; and, to regulate that, he has, as it were, sown in the human heart those seeds of benevolence, which, if properly cultivated, could not fail of rendering us, not only just, but beneficent.

We are all incident to various species of infirmities; and he, who was touched with the feeling of them, has commanded us to sympathize with one another, *to love as brethren, to be pitiful, to be courteous*: there is not any thing, which has contributed more to sow discord in society, than the pride of disputation about subjects which are incomprehensible: some favourite hypothesis is the idol of most parties, and controversialists reason upon a mere *petitio principii*, as if it were a self-evident truth.

There appears to be a kind of enchantment in many articulate, as well as inarticulate, sounds: the passions are inflamed, a mental anarchy ensues, the imagination imposes on the understanding her ideal phantoms for realities, and an unholy zeal gives a solemn air of sacred mystery to some of the most ridiculous fictions; the constitution of mankind is varied, as well as its features and complexion: different modes of education, together with the different influence of climates, may incapacitate mankind for an agreement in opinions; but it were to be wished that, while our sentiments are varied, the affection of *charity* might be mutually cherished, by a reciprocation of kind offices, in society.

We are fellow-citizens of the world, *a no mean City*; and, as fellow-citizens, we are bound to promote the common interest, the general good. This cannot be more successfully attempted than by inculcating the benevolent affections, and mutually allowing for the frailty and imperfections of human nature. The *cloak of hypocrisy* would then be thrown off, its concealed dagger dropt, party-spirit annihilated, and we should no longer despise one another for having adopted different speculative notions, any more than for having been born in different climates, wearing different-coloured clothes, or for having different complexions and features.

JUNIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

————— If to thee are giv'n
 The fairest favours of indulgent Heav'n;
 If flocks and herds range o'er thy wide domains,
 And springs of water fertilize thy plains:
 Yield not thyself to indolence a prey;
 Let active virtue mark thy radiant way;

Raise

*Raise from the realms of woe the soul distressed;
And, blessing others, be supremely blest!*

I Have the happiness to be situated in the country, about a mile distant from a gentleman, who, for many years, has left the busy world to enjoy, in the peace of rural retirement, the evening of a life of virtue; and I cannot but esteem it a privilege of peculiar value, that I live with this gentleman upon terms of the most intimate friendship; there is a cheerfulness and good-nature in him that destroy the disparity that years seem to have placed between us, and I am indebted to him for many useful observations upon human life and manners.

A few evenings since, I took my accustomed walk towards his house, and, after mounting a gradual ascent, I entered a wood, belonging to him, which he has been at great expence to adorn with superior graces: he has not departed from the simplicity, that so powerfully affects the contemplative mind on surveying the genuine face of nature, but has improved her appearance without giving her that awkward formal air that art is so apt to communicate.

The situation of the ground is irregular, and romantic to a high degree; it is on the declivity of a hill that fronts the South, which is broken into a number of little eminences and valleys, that perpetually diversify the scene: it is generally adorned with timber and underwood, but not so thickly placed as to exclude all distant prospect; but, now and then, you are agreeably surprized with the unexpected view of a thousand rural objects: the natural evergreens of our country flourish here with uncommon beauty; here are little groves of holly that give a cheerfulness to the scene, even when gloomy winter reigns over the naked regions. At a small distance runs a rivulet, which waters a fine range of fertile meadows, and, after flowing through the premises of Hilario, loses itself behind an eminence deeply clothed with lofty timbers.

As I was contemplating the beauty of the scene, and reflecting on the uninterrupted peace and tranquility that reigned around me throughout all nature, and which afforded a lively image of the master's mind, I espied him sitting on a rustic seat in one of the most beautiful situations of the whole plantation. "I was just thinking, [said I, approaching him,] that if mankind in general could but conceive the happiness you enjoy in this delightful solitude, where no tumultuous passions, with the rage of tempest, ever destroy your equanimity, they would quit with disgust the chace of pleasure and ambition, and seek in

in solitude those serene and sober joys, which their hearts never experienced, but in which true felicity may be found; as is evident from your example." "You mistake, says Hilario, if you imagine that youth and strength can find, in a state of such seclusion from the world as mine is, those joys which your creative fancy paints to you in such lively colours; this is indeed a proper retreat for the closing a life of active virtue, when the animal machine is no longer able to second the benevolent purposes of the soul; then such a retirement is not only a cessation from trouble, but, as you have expressed it, becomes a scene of happiness: as I have no bodily pain, I feel in it a tranquillity that I never enjoyed in my more active days, and the retrospect of my past life, in which I endeavoured to discharge my duty, fills me at times with the most animated sensations of joy: I perceive myself glide gently down the stream of time, and seek no anxiety in contemplating that period when I shall be wafted into the ocean of eternity! But the case is widely different with those, who give that time of life to indolence which they owe to industry; *virtue is a state of action, not of rest*; we are not made for ourselves only: the more exalted our situation, the more the sphere of our duties is enlarged; to pass through life in a state of torpid inactivity, or to be active about trifles, when our abilities may allow us to be useful to the public, to our friends, and to our family, is, in some degree, criminal; it is *hiding our talent in a napkin*: and what a miserable old age must that be, which can look back, through the departed stages of its existence, without being able to reflect on one laudable action, or to separate any portion of their time which has been dedicated to the good of others!

"That life, which is useful to mankind, is acceptable to God, is a continual source of pleasure, and the true preparative for a peaceful, happy, and honourable, old age!"

Z.

Anecdote of Dr. Burnet.

AFTER this excellent person had finished his studies, he returned, in the 22nd year of his age, to Scotland, and accepted a parish-church in Lothian, where he discharged the duties of his office with uprightness, and in the most exemplary manner. His principal care was to instruct the ignorant, reprove the wicked, encourage the virtuous, and relieve the distressed to the utmost of his ability.

Among

Among other instances of his benevolence, the following merits our esteem and imitation.

One of his parishioners, having failed in trade by the loss of a ship, came in great distress to Burnet, and asked him for a few shillings to purchase a little oatmeal for his wife and children, who were near starving.

The amiable young minister, looking at the poor man with tears in his eyes, asked him how much it would take to make his circumstances as good as they were before he failed; the poor man told him; and Burnet, calling to his servant, (a man that lived with him 50 years afterwards,) told him to bring the money and give it to the person. The servant obeyed his master's orders; but, coming into the room, told him that there were not above two or three shillings left in the house. Never mind, says Burnet, we can soon get more; you little consider what a pleasant thing it is to make a poor man happy!

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market, Mark-Lanc.

	Nov. 29.	Dec. 2.	6th	9th	13th	16th	20th
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Wheat, Red	48a55	48a55	48a55	45a55	45a55	45a55	48a54
Ditto White	48a55	48a55	48a55	45a55	45a55	45a55	48a54
Rye, —	26a27	26a27	26a27	27a28	27a28	27a28	27a28
Barley, —	24a29	24a29	24a29	25a31	25a31	25a31	24a30
Oats, —	15a19	15a19	15a19	13a21	13a21	13a21	16a20
Dec. 23. Red and White Wheat,	48a54s.		Rye, 27a28s.		Barley,		
	24a30s.		Oats, 16a20s.				

* * Any persons, who take in the Monthly Ledger, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the Reviews, and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the Editor of the Monthly Ledger, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

An *Historic Piece in Poetry*, signed E. H. is imperfectly copied: The Editor would be obliged to E. H. for a more correct one, two lines of it having been cut out.

Juvenis's piece, it is apprehended, would not be acceptable to the readers of the Monthly Ledger; his correspondence, however, on other subjects, will be acceptable.

Alexis and the Extracts from *R. Baxter* are received.

Anglicanus may depend that the LEDGERS shall in future be sent as early as possible in the beginning of every month; and his orders will be kindly received.—The Editor has declined giving any reasons for not publishing some of the favours of his correspondents, purely to avoid offence.

The Letter from an ingenious female correspondent, signed *L*, was kindly accepted, and the Editor hopes to improve by the pertinent observations contained in it. If the author should favour him with any pieces for publication in future, she may be assured of his candour, and shall have no just occasion to deem him hypercritical or censorious; neither shall she be mortified by any neglect, but meet with the encouragement due to her merit: he hopes therefore his past errors will be excused.

The Letter signed, *A moderate Dissenter*, would be deemed immoderately partial to the society of which he is a member. Men of different speculative opinions may be equally good men, and Christian unity may subsist where there is a diversity of sentiments.

The longer I live, the more I admire and wish to promote in myself, and among mankind in general, the amiable temper of mind which the Christian religion inspires. Were that mutually cherished by its professed votaries, many controversies, which are but little more than mere verbal criticisms, would subside, and the pride of disputation be suppressed by meekness, gentleness, brotherly kindness, and CHARITY.

P O E T R Y.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

WHILE so many elevated geniuses and men of learning are continually contributing to the support of your useful and entertaining miscellany, by sending various original pieces to be inserted therein, may a youth thus presume to introduce himself to the public, through its channel?

For the present, I shall only beg leave to desire the insertion of the following description of Calypso's Grotto, extracted from a poetical translation of the first book of the much-admired Adventures of Tele-machus.

IN ample prospect view'd, its beauties rise,
The fancy ravish'd, and the sight surprize.
Plac'd on the summit of a hill it stands,
Whose tow'ring top commands exuberant lands:

Nature, whose pow'r, all bounteous and benign,

Forms with a skill consummately divine,
Wide o'er the spot the prodigal has play'd,
Unmix'd with art, and scornful of her aid;
Nor gold, nor gems, nor columns cut in stone,

Nor statues, there (unvalued as unknown)
Possess'd a place, but, tap'stried with a vine,

The shining grot display'd a rich design,
Wond'rous to view! Here, murm'ring
fountains flow'd

Through fragrant fields, that beautifully glow'd

With blushing crimson and cerulean blue,
Tints of soft green, and shades of Tyrian hue;

With cheerful mixture of a thousand flow'rs,

That, glitt'ring bright, beneath congenial show'rs,

Receiv'd the sun, whilst, cloath'd in constant pride,

With sweet vicissitude, they liv'd and dy'd.
Crowning the meads, there, beautiful

woods were seen,
Of spreading foliage and perpetual green;
Larg'd in whose shade, to ev'ry echo round,

Melodious birds display'd a tuneful sound;
From ev'ry bough, resplendent to behold!
In clust'ring heaps, hung fruit of burnish'd gold;

VOL. II.

Such fruit as in Hesperia's garden grew,
When Hercules their guard, the dragon, flew:

In coves above, the pliant branches join'd,
And, scorning from below th'uprooting wind,

Form'd a thick shade, impervious to the ray
Shot from fierce Scorpio, at the noon of day.

Seen from the grotto, where the ravish'd eye

Commands th'extensive scene of earth and sky,

Nor bounds her prospect, till the mingling air,

On ocean verging, draws a curtain there,
In whispers hush'd, the waves now softly flow,

As mirrors polish'd, and as currents flow;
And now, in billows huge, indignant roar,

And froth the rocks, and lash the sounding shore.

Turn'd from these objects, the contract-ed eye,

Fix'd on the streams that flow meand'ring by,

Winds as they wind, pursues them as they glide,

Fatt'ning the soil, and views the peaceful tide

Roll its soft waters through the woodland scene,

Shin'd through the trees, or glitter on the green.

RURALIUS.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE following is so descriptive of the insincere lover, and the answer breathes so naturally the female resentment, that I could not refrain soliciting a place for them in your agreeable repository.
PHILO-VERITAS.

I Promis'd Sylvia to be true,
And, out of zeal, avow'd it too;
And, that she might believe me more,
I gave in writing what I swore,
Wrote on a leaf; — the wind it blew,
Away went leaf and promise too.
Since, neither oaths nor vows can bind;
No longer pleas'd, no longer kind.

M m

The

The ANSWER.

DAMON's deceiv'd, who thinks to give

Pain to a nymph that scorns to grieve.
Your flatt'ring vows I always thought
Light as the leaf on which you wrote.
Since oaths can't bind my roving swain,
Parting shall never give me pain.

The Cottage of Content.

AS I was wand'ring o'er the green,
Not knowing where I went,
I saw, by chance, a pleasant scene,
The cottage of content.

With hasty steps, I nearer drew,
Towards the humble cot,
To take a more attentive view
Of that delightful spot.

Close to the door, in sportive play,
Ten children frisk'd about,
Th'eleventh in the cradle lay,
All vigorous and stout.

The hearty parents were employ'd
Just like th'industrious ant,
In smiling summer to provide
Against cold winter's want.

When Sol the eastern sky illumines
And makes all nature gay,
The father then his work resumes,
And ends it with the day.

Happy, thrice happy, are the poor,
With necessaries blest!
In conscious innocence secure,
They take their balmy rest.

Not so the rich, whose heap'd-up wealth
Corrodes and spoils their sleep:
For gold they lose their time and health,
Which long they cannot keep.

Kind heav'n! grant that I may live,
And may each day be spent,
In such a manner as to give
Thee praise and me content.

IGNOTUS.

The Snail and Flower.

THE gay parterre, array'd in vernal
price,
Each day, produc'd its radiant tribes to
view.

Whose glowing colours with the rainbow
vied;
Some boast their fragrance, some their
varied hue.

An humble flow'ret rear'd its artless
head,
Its lowly rank unenvy'd to maintain,
Nor gaudy dyes nor lofty stem display'd,
But shar'd the sweets of spring's impar-
tial reign.

It chanc'd, one hapless morn, a wand'ring
snail
Cropt its fair leaves and spoil'd its
growing bloom;
Silent, it mourn'd its origin so frail,
Nor vainly murmur'd at the sudden
doom.

But deep disgust possess'd the neighb'ring
fair;
Swift, through their tribes, the whis-
per'd slanders fly;
Too nice their honour such affronts to
bear;
And each condemn'd the drooping flow'r
to die.

The glowing rose imputes her blushing
hue
To this dishonour of the flow'ry race;
And the fair lily thought she paler grew
At each recital of the dire disgrace.

The modest suff'rer patiently sustain'd
The nimble censures of the happier
throng;
At length, a momentary pause she gain'd,
And thus essay'd to palliate the wrong.

"Ye beaut'ous daughters of the transient
spring,
Belov'd companions of my prosp'rous
hour,
No empty boasts, no rash complaints, I
bring,
But claim your pity to an injur'd flow'r.

While, fresh and fair, my yet unfulfill'd
leaves
Unfolded to the gold-ey'd regent's view,
No envious pride my peaceful bosom
heaves,
Nor vain presumption nor repining
knew.

And, though my verdant bloom begins to
fade,
Ere wint'ry blasts our scatt'ring ranks
have blown,

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And

Not my own fault, but reptile spite, dis-
play'd
The sad mischance, which might have
prov'd your own.

What if no malice had my fame consum'd,
And still a sister could your favour gain,
My brightest fortune would have been
t'have bloom'd
In the warm bosom of some country
swain.

But now I look to more delightful days,
When spring, returning, shall my
wounds repair,
New fragrance, and a thousand charms,
shall raise,
To flourish through that long-enduring
year."

An acrostical Rebus.

A Grecian prince, for his great age
renown'd;
An instrument which yields a solemn
sound;
A Thracian king, who, on the Trojan
plain,
Was, by the hand of Diomedes, slain;
A Norman prince, who, with his valiant
crew,
Did, by victorious arms, this isle subdue;
A Cretan king, who slew his only boy
At his return from the fam'd siege of
Troy;
The island where Cytherea was ador'd;
The bard who did the Trojan wars record:
Th' initials of these names, if right you
guess,
A fam'd commercial city will express.

ANGLICANUS.

Elegy on the Death of an amiable young Lady.

"SHE is no more!" the sad attend-
ants cry:
The piercing sounds still echo in mine
ear.
While streaming sorrows flow from ev'ry
eye,
Mine, mine, alone, denies the easing
tear.

Yet, though the easing tear the eye denies,
And grief, like mine, can find no pas-
sage there,
Yet the full heart shall heave in plaintive
sighs,
And pour its softest numbers o'er the fair.

M m 2

Yes, she was fair; but what avail'd her
form?

It falls to dust, the common heap to
raise,
As though it boasted no superior charm.
As though it forc'd not envy's self to
praise.

Yes, she was fair; but 'twas her mind
that shone
As much superior to its lovely shell.
As that, the matchless work of beauty's
own,
With care was form'd, all others to
excel,

Had death no other victim for his dart
But thee, adorn'd in all thy youthful
bloom?
And must he point it at thy virgin heart,
And thou be hurried to the silent tomb?

Alas! no longer shall I see thee stand
Where awful solitude and silence reign'd,
When Thompson's page adorn'd thy love-
ly hand,
And pity fill'd thine eye when Young
complain'd.

On you, ye bards, she oft would drop the
tear,
The tear that virtue and the muse re-
quir'd;
She lov'd the muse, and was to virtue
dear,
Fav'rite of both, by both was she in-
spir'd.

'Tis done: Eliza mounts her native
skies,
To join her kindred of the heav'nly
throng;
Thither she oft would raise her ardent
eyes,
Thither she oft would rear the plaintive
song.

Look down, Eliza, from the climes on
high,
And see a well-known youth of thee
bereft:
Say, if thy thought e'er turns below the
sky,
Why thou wert taken, and why he was
left:

Why left to linger on, in grief and pain,
A captive sad, and struggling to be free,
He drags the load of life, a weary chain,
And lifts his eyes in vain to 'scape to
thee.

Though

Though young his years, yet, till his last
 breath,
 The faithful mem'ry shall preserve thy
 name,
 Nor quit the theme when in the arms of
 death,
 But bear to thee the unextinguish'd
 flame.

*On the Burial of a lovely Infant, Novem-
 ber 18, 1774.*

Beneath this hillock's narrow bound,
 A lovely infant lies,
 Till the last trump shall shake the ground,
 And roll away the skies.

Some pitying angel view'd the fair,
 In innocence array'd,
 And snatch'd her from each future snare
 The world and guilt had laid.

From all the chequer'd ills below
 Anna secure shall sleep;
 Her little heart no pang shall know,
 Her eyes no more shall weep.

When thousands, rising from the dead,
 Shall tremble as they rise,
 This smiling saint, without distrust,
 Shall upwards lift her eyes.

Let sorrow, for her early doom,
 No more in silence sigh;
 But hope, that points beyond the tomb,
 Bid ev'ry tear be cry.

J. H.

BRENT, a Poem. By Mr. William
 Draper.

HAPPY are you, whom Quantock *
 overlooks,
 Blest with keen air, dry paths, and crystal
 brooks;
 While wretched we the baneful influence
 mourn
 Of old Aquarius and his weeping urn.
 Eternal mists their dropping course distil,
 And drizzly vapours all the country fill;
 The swampy land's a bog, the fields are
 seas,
 And too much moisture is the grand disease.
 Here ev'ry eye with brackish rheum o'er-
 flows,
 And a fresh drop still hangs at ev'ry nose.

* Quantock, a noted hill in Somersetshire,
 that commands a fine prospect.

Here the winds rule with uncontested right,
 The wanton gales, at pleasure, take their
 flight:

No shelt'ring hedge, no tree, or spreading
 bough,
 Obstruct their course, but unconfin'd they
 blow:
 With dewy wings they sweep the war'ry
 meads,
 And proudly trample o'er the bending
 reeds.

Weare to north or southern blasts expos'd,
 Still drown'd by one or by the otherfros'd.
 Though Venice boast, Brent is as fam'd
 a seat;

For here we live in seas, and sail in ev'ry
 street.

And 'tis in vain to wish for sunny days;
 For, though the god of light condense his
 rays

And try his pow'r, we must in water lie,
 The marsh will still be such, and Brent
 not dry.

Sure this is nature's goal, for rogues de-
 sign'd:

Whoever lives in Brent, must live confin'd,
 Moated around, the water is our fence,
 None come to us, nor none can go from
 hence.

But, should some milder day invite
 abroad,

To walk, or rather wade, through mire
 and mud,

Some envious rhine † will quickly
 thwart the road,

And then a small thin twig is all our hopes,
 We pass not bridges, but we dance on
 ropes.

All dogs here take the water, and we find
 No creature but of an amphibious kind.
 Rabbits with ducks, and geese here sail
 with hens;

And all, for food, must paddle in the seas:
 Nay, when provisions fail, the hungry
 mouse

Will fear no pool, to reach a neighb'ring
 house.

The good old dam clucks boldly through
 the stream,

And chicken, newly hatch'd, essay to
 swim.

Not only rain from bount'ous heav'n de-
 scends,

But th'ocean, with an after-flood, be-
 friends.

Few joyous birds here stretch their tuneful
 throats,

And pierce the yielding air with thrilling
 notes;

† So they call their w'de ditches,

But the hoarse sea-pies, with an odious cry,
skim o'er the marsh, and tell the storms
are nigh.

The black night-raven and the whooping
owl

Disturb our rest and scare the guilty soul.
The beasts are of no better kind, that fill
The breaks and caverns of the neighb'ring
hill :

They're either delving moles, or prowling
brocks,

The lurking serpent, or the crafty fox.
Serpents innu'm'rous o'er the mountain
roam ;

Man's greatest foe thought this his safest
home,

Nor could expect a hated place to find,
More likely to be void of human kind :
And yet, if dust be doom'd the serpent's
meat,

'Tis wond'rous strange, if here they ever
eat,

Agues and coughs with us as constant
reign

As th'itch in Scotland, or the flux in
Spain.

The natives strangely coarse, and an un-
gainly brood,

Their speech uncouth, as are their man-
ners rude :

When they would seem to speak, the
mortals roar

As loud as waves contending with the
shore ;

Their widen'd mouths into a circle grow,
For all their vowels are but A and O.

The beasts have the same language ; and
the cow,

After her owner's voice, is taught to low ;
The lamb to baa, as does her keeper, tries ;

And puppies learn to howl from children's
cries.

Of four prime elements, all things
below,

By various mixtures, were compos'd ;
but now,

At least, with us, they are reduc'd to
two.

The daily want of fire our chimneys moan ;
Cow-dung and turf may smoke, but ne-
ver burn.

Water and earth are th' most that Brent
can boast ;

The air, in mists and dewy steams, is lost :
We live in fogs ; and, in this moory shak,
When we are thought to breath, we ra-
ther drink.

On the Emotions of the Heart,

YE visionary scenes, delusive joy,
Gay hopes, fantastic fears,
Tumultuous pleasures, unavailing cares,
Ah ! where is now your warming influence
shed ?

Ah ! whither are those anxious moments
fled ?

And tell me, reason, say, ah ! what avails
Youth's brightest prospects, age's uncer-
tain hopes,

Since fancy still her gayest views extends
Beyond our destin'd hours, and with our
beings ends.

Thus, through some verdant mead,

The silent waters creep,

Till boisterous gales arise,

And o'er their surface sweep ;

Then swell its rising waves,

By various winds compress,

And, as the storm retires,

Return again to rest.

ANNE.

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having the account of *S. Forbergill*, with the *Reflections on the Weighty Sentences* which he uttered a little before he died ; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be had of the editor, price 3d.

Any letters addressed to the *Speculator*, if approved, shall be inserted.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From December 12, to December 17, 1774.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	3	3	3	3	6	2	3	3	3

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	9	—	—	3	5	2	4	3	6
Surry,	6	9	3	4	3	6	2	4	4	8
Hertford,	6	11	—	—	3	6	2	3	4	1
Bedford,	7	0	4	11	3	4	2	2	3	5
Cambridge,	6	7	3	10	3	2	2	0	2	11
Huntingdon,	6	9	—	—	3	3	2	3	3	3
Northampton,	7	6	5	4	3	10	2	2	3	8
Rutland,	7	0	—	—	3	10	2	1	2	10
Leicester,	7	5	5	1	4	1	2	4	3	11
Nottingham,	6	6	4	11	3	9	2	3	3	7
Derby,	7	1	—	—	4	1	2	7	4	2
Stafford,	7	6	5	2	4	0	2	2	4	9
Salop,	7	4	5	10	3	9	1	11	4	2
Hereford,	6	9	—	—	3	9	2	2	3	7
Worcester,	7	2	5	2	4	3	2	6	4	5
Warwick,	8	7	—	—	4	5	2	11	5	7
Gloucester,	8	0	—	—	3	7	2	4	4	5
Wiltshire,	6	10	—	—	3	2	2	5	4	9
Berks,	7	1	—	—	3	5	2	6	3	8
Oxford,	7	7	—	—	3	7	2	7	4	3
Bucks,	7	1	—	—	3	5	2	2	3	6

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	3	3	2	3	4	2	2	3	3
Suffolk,	5	10	3	0	3	2	2	1	3	0
Norfolk,	5	8	3	1	2	9	2	0	3	0
Lincoln,	6	2	4	2	3	4	1	10	3	4
York,	6	1	4	9	3	2	2	0	3	7
Durham,	5	10	4	0	3	1	1	10	4	0
Northumberland,	5	7	4	0	3	0	1	11	3	11
Cumberland,	6	0	3	11	3	0	1	10	—	—
Westmoreland,	6	7	4	6	2	9	1	10	3	6
Lancashire,	6	4	—	—	3	2	2	2	3	5
Cheshire,	6	5	—	—	3	11	2	3	—	—
Monmouth,	7	4	—	—	3	5	1	10	3	7
Somerset,	7	9	4	0	3	5	2	0	3	7
Devon,	7	2	—	—	3	4	1	7	—	—
Cornwall,	6	3	—	—	3	1	1	7	—	—
Dorset,	7	5	—	—	3	0	2	2	4	7
Hampshire,	6	10	—	—	3	3	1	4	4	1
Suffex,	6	5	—	—	3	1	2	1	3	4
Kent,	6	7	—	—	3	9	2	1	3	0

From November 7, to November 12, 1774.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	5	0	2	6	2	8	1	4	3	0
South Wales,	7	10	6	8	3	5	1	9	3	0

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	5	4	3	6	2	9	2	2	3	0	2 5

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For November, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.
			lo.	hi.	
1 E.	little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	54	59	Almost constant rain.
2 N.E.	little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	54 ¹ / ₂	57	Cloudy.
3 E.S.E.	little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	54 ¹ / ₂	56	Ditto.
4 E.S.E.	little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	54	58	Ditto.
5 N.E.	little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	53	53 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
6 S.E.	fresh	29 ¹ / ₁₀	51	52	Almost constant rain.
7 N.E.	fresh	29 ³ / ₁₀	49	50	Fair.
8 E.N.E.	little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	46 ¹ / ₂	48	Ditto, evening frosty.
9 N.E.	fresh	29 ³ / ₁₀	43 ¹ / ₂	44	Much rain in the afternoon.
10 N.	little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	42 ¹ / ₂	47	Brilliant day and frosty night
11 N.E.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₀	42	42 ¹ / ₂	Forenoon frosty, often sn. and rain.
12 N.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	40	41	Cloudy and some rain.
13 N.E.	fresh	30 ¹ / ₁₀	40	41 ¹ / ₂	Severe frost.
14 S.W.	strong	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	40	46	Cloudy.
15 S.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	44	48	Ditto.
16 S.W.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	46 ¹ / ₂	48	Fair.
17 S.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	46 ¹ / ₂	50	Forenoon fair, afternoon rain.
18 S.W.	fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	48	51	Cloudy, and frosty night.
19 S.W.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	43	43 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy and snow.
20 W.N.W.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	40	41	Ditto.
21 N.W.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	40	40 ¹ / ₂	Foggy.
22 N.W.	little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	39	42	Much snow.
23 W.N.W.	little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	41	43	Cloudy.
24 N.E.	strong	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	39	40	Rain and snow.
25 N.	fresh	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	39 ¹ / ₂	40 ¹ / ₂	Snow.
26 N.E.	fresh	30	39	40	Slight snow.
27 N.E.	little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	37	38	Morn. some sn. aft. clear and frosty.
28 S.&S.E.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	37 ¹ / ₂	39 ¹ / ₂	Frosty.
29 S.	violent	29 ⁵ / ₁₀	39	40	Snow and thaw.
30 S.W.	fresh	29 ⁴ / ₁₀	39	41	Fair and frosty.

PRICES

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.

No.	BANK	E. India	South Sea	Old S. Sea	New S. Sea		Reduced.	3 per Cent		3 per Cent	4 per Cent	Long	Int. Bond
					Stock.	Annuit.	Annuit.	Ann.	1726.	E. I. An.	Consols.	Annuit.	1726. & 1751.
26	—	149 1/2	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	—	90 1/2	26 1/2	58 1/2
27	Sunday.	—	—	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	—	—	—	90 1/2	—	58 1/2
28	—	—	—	—	87 1/2	88 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	8 1/2	90 1/2	—	58 1/2
29	143 1/2	149 1/2	—	—	—	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	90 1/2	—	58 1/2
30	143 1/2	149 1/2	—	—	—	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	90 1/2	—	58 1/2
31	143 1/2	149 1/2	—	—	—	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	90 1/2	—	58 1/2
32	143 1/2	149 1/2	—	—	—	88 1/2	89 1/2	—	—	—	90 1/2	—	58 1/2
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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
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Remarks on Hume's Natural History of Religion, in a Letter to Acasto.



SAT down with a full expectation of being highly entertained with the perusal of the pamphlet which you recommended to me in your letter; for the character of its author, and the plan he proposes to pursue, gave me great hopes of finding some new light shined upon the obscure parts of antiquity; but you may judge of the satisfaction it afforded me in this respect by the following abstract.

"It appears to me, (says Mr. Hume,) that if we consider the improvement of human society, from rude beginnings to a greater state of perfection, polytheism or idolatry was, and necessarily must have been, the first and most ancient religion of mankind. This opinion I shall endeavour to confirm by the following arguments.

It is a matter of fact uncontestable, that about 1700 years ago all mankind were idolaters.—Behold then the clear testimony of history. The farther we mount up into antiquity, the more we do find mankind plunged into idolatry. No marks, no symptoms, of any more perfect religion.

The most ancient records of human race still present us with polytheism, as the popular and established system. As far as writing or history reaches, mankind in ancient times appear universally to have been polytheists. Shall we assert, that in more ancient times, before the knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, men entertained the principles of pure theism? That is, while they were ignorant and barbarous they discovered truth; but fell into error as soon as they acquired learning and politeness. But in this assertion you not only contradict all appearance of probability, but also our present experience concerning the principles and opinions of barbarous nations. The savage tribes of America, Africa, and Asia, are all idolaters."

The meaning of this argument is, that, as far as history reaches, the popular religion of most countries is found to have been polytheism; and as mankind were altogether ignorant and barbarous before the knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, so unable in such a state to find out the principles of theism, therefore polytheism must have been their first and most ancient religion.

But the incapacity of a people, unacquainted with the arts and sciences, to find out the principles of theism, should be demonstrated, before this argument can have any weight or validity whatever; otherwise mankind may reasonably be supposed to have made this discovery, long before the arts and sciences were known. For the works of the creation are the certain, and have been the perpetual, testimony of the existence of a God; and reason is the medium with which the human creature, from the very first period of its being, hath been furnished to discover it: it always saw the sun enlivening every part of the creation, the earth bringing forth provision for its use, the seasons returning in the utmost regularity and order; it must always have observed itself to be surrounded by an innumerable species of creatures, and could not help perceiving its own inability to form or give life to the meanest insect: and from that reflection must have been immediately led to conclude, that this beauteous scene of things must certainly have been created by a being infinitely superior in wisdom and power to man. But the mind did not want the irradiation of the arts, to enable it to discover this truth; for neither the utmost perfection in architecture, sculpture, painting, or statuary, would lead it to such contemplations as these. In succeeding ages indeed, when mankind were acquainted with the sciences, they might have acquired more refined proofs of a deity: as the beautiful symmetry of parts, which is conspicuous in the human frame, is an infallible conviction to the anatomist of the

the wisdom of its author; the laws of gravity in the heavenly bodies will afford the astronomer the most august idea of that Being who first put them into motion. But it will be too peremptory to affirm, that the illiterate ancient might not from pure intellect contemplate this scene of things, with the same rapture of admiration, with the same emotions of gratitude towards his Creator, as the cultivated modern. Education indeed may polish the reflections of mankind, but it cannot generate them; and you must necessarily suppose the seeds of knowledge to be planted in the peasant, before they can be expanded into the arts and sciences in the philosopher. So mankind were as able to discover the existence of a God in the remotest ages of antiquity as at present; and consequently it neither contradicts any appearance of probability to assert, that, notwithstanding as far as history reaches mankind in ancient times appear to have been polytheists, yet in more ancient times, before the knowledge of letters, or the discovery of any art or science, men entertained the principles of theism. That is, while they were ignorant of these accomplishments, they discovered truth, but were afterwards compelled to embrace idolatry for political purposes. Neither doth such an assertion contradict our experience of barbarous nations, who are not all idolaters: the natives of New-England believe in a supreme Power, that created all things, whom they call Kichtan, and those of Canada believe in the existence of a God.

The Peruvians called the first Cause of all things Pachacamac; by which word they meant the quickener of the universe, or the great soul of the world. This name was so very sacred and venerable amongst them, that they never mentioned it but upon extreme necessity; and then not without all the signs of devotion imaginable, as bowing the body and head, lifting up the eyes to heaven, and spreading out their hands.

The idolatrous Indians of Asia acknowledge only one infinite God, almighty, and only wise, the creator of heaven and earth, whom they call Permešsar, and represent by an oval figure, as the most perfect.

The Africans of Negroland likewise worship Guihimo, i. e. the Lord of heaven.

But to confirm this opinion: Mr. Hume proceeds to tell us, that "a barbarous necessitous animal, (such as man is on the very first origin of society,) pressed by such numerous wants and passions, has no leisure to admire the regular face of nature, or make enquiries concerning the cause of objects, to which from his infancy he has been gradually accustomed.—Imagine not that he will so much as start the question, whence the whole system, or united fabric, of the universe arose."

This is a notable observation indeed, and indisputably proves that, as long as man continued to be a barbarous, necessitous, animal, he was most certainly a barbarous, and necessitous animal; but it by no means follows from thence that he was a polytheist. A creature starving with hunger would be anxious only of conquering its immediate wants, and not yet curious of enquiring into the order of the universe, or what relation it might have to a superior being; and so, in such a state as this, would be of no religion whatever. Therefore the society must necessarily be supposed to have been amply supplied with the conveniences of life, and that different stations were allotted to its several members, before curiosity excited any of them, whose employments might engage them the least in their worldly affairs, to enquire from whence they sprang; and man must have been a civilized, contemplative, and reflecting, creature, before he could have been a religious one; must be supposed to have argued and reasoned upon his own nature; to have been sensible of his dependence on a superior power, before he could think of applying to that power for relief.

The question is, whether the human creature, after having exercised its intellectual faculties, and considered the different parts of nature, after having surveyed the stupendous furniture of the heavens, and admired the exquisite order and harmony of this beauteous scene, would suppose it to be the effect of infinite power, perfect wisdom, and goodness, and so be led to adore its supreme Creator; or whether (as Mr. H. asserts) it imagined "each element to be subjected to its invisible power and agent; the province of each God to be separated from that of another; and that its first idea of religion arose from the incessant hopes and fears which actuate the human mind; so invoked Juno at marriages, Lucina at births."

In short, the question is, whether the primary religion of a rational creature was the offspring of its reason, or the monster of its fears. This latter opinion Mr. H. has borrowed from the poet's observation, that *primus in orbe deos fecit timor*: an assertion which deserves rather to be ridiculed, than to be seriously confuted.

To proceed. The author observes, "it must necessarily be allowed, that, in order to carry men's attention beyond the visible course of things, or lead them into an inference concerning invisible intelligent power, they must be actuated by some passion, which prompts their thought and reflection, some motive which urges their first enquiry. But what passion shall we have recourse to for explaining an effect of such mighty consequence? not speculative curiosity, or the pure love of truth. That motive is too refined for such gross apprehensions;

passions, and would lead them into enquiries concerning the frame of nature, a subject too large and comprehensive for their narrow capacities. No passions therefore can be supposed to work upon such barbarians but the ordinary affairs of human life: the anxious concern for happiness, the thirst of revenge, the appetite for food, and other necessities."

Such is Mr. H's opinion of our ancient ancestors. He thinks that they were senseless of every emotion, but fear, revenge, and hunger; qualities indeed more justly applicable to the beasts of the forest than to rational creatures. But it may be asked, why was speculative curiosity, or the pure love of truth, too refined for their apprehensions? Doth he imagine, that nature did not bestow her talents in so liberal a manner amongst her ancient sons as amongst us? Doth he suppose, that no inquisitive genius, no philosophic mind, ever prevailed amongst them, but that reason and reflection are only of modern growth? Why might not a Bacon, Locke, or Newton, have existed in the remotest ages, since human nature hath always been the same from its first creation?

But withal, we may demand what right he has to give them the appellations of ignorant barbarians, of having gross apprehensions, and narrow capacities? for a deficiency of records must always deprive an impartial enquirer of that full conviction, by which alone he can be authorized to pronounce with any decision upon the state and condition of the ancient world. The very invention of letters did not precede the Christian æra perhaps above two thousand years, being found out by one Thoth, in the reign of Tham, and the Greeks wrote nothing in prose before the conquest of Asia by Cyrus the Persian; and consequently as mankind existed many ages before the use of letters, they had no means whatever (if we except hieroglyphics, which were not to be depended upon, as being capable of various interpretations) of conveying any account of their lives to posterity; so one generation passed away and was but faintly remembered, or entirely forgotten, by its succeeding one, and some edifice or column, perhaps was the only evidence that mankind then had of the very existence of their ancestors. If a few centuries would thus obliterate the memory of people, and nations, before the use of letters, must not we call it presumption in this author; thus dogmatically to declare that they were altogether rude, ignorant, and barbarous in their manners, and that idolatry was their first religion?

So, whether theism or polytheism was the primary religion of mankind can be determined upon no other authority, than revelation; and if that is excluded by this author, then the solution

solution of this question can be only founded on conjecture, and that side of it which is supported by the greatest degree of probability has a right to our assent.

Upon this principle alone must we argue; and let us consider the state of mankind in the remotest ages, upon the testimony of the most ancient monuments and records, and endeavour from thence to form a reasonable idea of their manners and religion.

The pyramids of Egypt were built before the use of letters, and have still survived the storms and mouldering hand of time, to convince us that its builders compounded the mechanical powers in a manner unknown to us at present; and their situation likewise proves that they were acquainted with astronomy. Architecture, sculpture, ship-building, and embroidery, were brought to great perfection in Homer's time. Xenophon speaks of great masters in statuary and painting: and we find in Plutarch a remarkable proof of the excellent administration of justice among the ancient Egyptians. If we consider withal the descriptions which authors have given us of the magnificent city of Thebes, Babylon, and Memphis; of the temple of Diana at Ephesus, of the amazing works of the labyrinth, of the lake Mœris, or of the famous statue of Memnon; can we help being astonished at the progress which the ancients had made in the mechanical arts? Is it then reasonable to suppose, with Mr. H. that these people were rude and ignorant, and that speculative curiosity was too refined for their gross apprehensions? Is it to be imagined that these ancient philosophers, artists, and law-givers, were not curious to enquire from whence they sprang, and what being it is who endued them with that excellent faculty, by which they were enabled to measure time, to calculate the motions of the heavenly bodies, to plan the city and the pyramid; that faculty, which taught them how to animate the block into a statue, and to enliven the canvas to a picture? Can we believe that these ingenious people, who, by the greatest strength of mind had invented that amazing art of letters, and the noble science of mathematics; who had improved their understanding to such a degree of excellence in every respect; were either unable to discover the existence of a God by the plain evidence of his works, or could refrain from enquiring what power it was, which constituted such beautiful order through the whole creation? Or shall we think with Mr. H. that they looked upon this scene of things with the same indifference and stupidity as the irrational brute? No, we cannot, after such indisputable evidence of the ingenuity and wisdom of the remotest ages, believe otherwise than that they discovered and adored the divine

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divine Being; for these testimonies are matters of fact, which no prejudice can elude, and as indisputably demonstrate the ability of man as the works of the creation demonstrate the power and wisdom of God. Permit me then to indulge myself in a conjecture, that my ancient ancestors often turned their eyes to the blue vault of heaven, and chanted to their Creator like Adam in his morning orison, (for they undoubtedly observed, reflected, and admired,)

*These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeaking, who sit'st above the heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.*

Mil. Par. Lost. l. v. 153, &c.

We have likewise great reason to believe that theism was the primary religion of mankind, as the sensible part of them in all ages were of this opinion.

Orpheus, Homer, Thales, Pythagoras, Anaxagoras, Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle, believed in the existence of a divine Being. The Thebans believed in a self-existent and immortal being, whom they called Kneph, and all the Egyptians in general esteemed God to be the cause of every creature that was generated, and of all the powers in nature; that he is superior to every thing, and that he is an immaterial, immortal, self-existent, being, who governs and sustains every part of the creation. The Ethiopians, the Persians, and Chinese, professed the same belief. Cicero observes, that there is no nation so savage and barbarous, which doth not believe in the being of a God, though it may be ignorant of the manner of his existence. Dr. Warburton likewise says, "It is not only possible that the worship of the first Cause of all things was prior to any idol worship, but in the highest degree probable; idol worship having none of the appearances of an original custom, and all the circumstances attending a depraved and corrupted institution."

If we then impartially consider the evidence of probability on either side of this question, we shall certainly be induced to believe that theism was the primary religion of mankind. Nay, if these testimonies which have been produced in favour of this opinion be excluded, let me even then ask you, Acasto, whether it is not more consistent with reason, to suppose, that the wise, ingenious, thinking creature, which, we call man, whom the supreme Being hath so eminently distinguished from the

the rest of the animal creation by reason and reflection, believed and adored his Creator, in the remotest ages of antiquity, than (according to Mr H's plan) that he worshipped the ridiculous objects of idolatry? So I shall conclude this epistle with the words of Sir Isaac Newton: "The believing that the world was framed by one supreme God, and is governed by him, and the loving and worshipping him, and honouring our parents, and loving our neighbours as ourselves, and being merciful even to brute beasts, is the oldest of all religions."

THEOPHILUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Oeconomy of Nature: by Isaac J. Biberg, Upsal. Amonita. Academ. vol. ii. Continued from P. 231.

§. II. *The animal Kingdom. Propagation.*

THE generation of animals holds the first place among all things that raise our admiration, when we consider the works of the Creator; and that appointment particularly, by which he has regulated the conception of the *fœtus*, and its exclusion, that it should be adapted to the disposition and way of living of each animal, is most worthy of our attention.

We find no species of animals exempt from the stings of love, which is put into them to the end that the Creator's mandate may be executed, *increase and multiply*; and that thus the egg, in which is contained the rudiment of the *fœtus*, may be fœcundated; for without fœcundation all eggs are unfit to produce an offspring. Foxes and wolves, struck with these stings, every where howl in the woods; bulls shew a terrible countenance, and very different from that of oxen. Stags every year have new horns, which they lose after rutting-time. Birds look more beautiful than ordinary, and warble all day long through lasciviousness. Thus small birds labour to out-sing one another, and cocks to out-crow. Peacocks spread forth again their gay and glorious trains. Fishes gather together, and exult in the water; and grasshoppers chirp and pipe as it were amongst the herbs. The ants gather again into colonies, and repair to their citadel.

I pass

* See this subject treated with great spirit in Thomson's *Spring*, and in Virgil's *Georgics*.

I pass over many other particulars, which this subject affords, to avoid prolixity.

§. 12.

The fecundated egg requires a certain and proportionate degree of heat for the expansion of the stamina of the embryo. That this may be obtained, nature operates in different manners, and therefore we find in different classes of animals a different way of excluding the fœtus.

The females of quadrupeds have an uterus, contrived for easy gestation, temperate and cherishing warmth, and proper nourishment of the fœtus, as most of them live upon the earth, and are there fed.

Birds, in order to get subsistence, and for other reasons, are under a necessity of shifting place, and that not upon their feet but wings. Gestation therefore would be burthensome to them. For this reason they lay eggs covered with a hard shell. These they sit upon by a natural instinct, and cherish till the young one comes forth.

The ostrich and cassowary are almost the only birds that do not observe this law; these commit their eggs to the sand, where the intense heat of the sun excludes the fœtus.

Fishes inhabit cold waters, and most of them have cold blood; whence it happens that they have not heat sufficient to produce the fœtus. The all-wise Creator therefore has ordained that most of them should lay their eggs upon the shore; where, by means of the solar rays, the water is warmer, and also fitter for that purpose; because it is there less impregnated with salt, and consequently milder; and, also, because water-insects abound more there, which afford the young fry a nourishment.

Salmons in the like manner, when they are about to lay their eggs, are led by instinct to go up the stream, where the water is fresh and more pure.

The butterfly-fish is an exception, for that brings forth its fœtus alive.

The fishes of the ocean which cannot reach the shores, by reason of the distance, are also exempt from this law. The Author of nature to this kind has given eggs that swim; so that they are hatched amidst the swimming fucus, called sargazo. Flor. Zeilon. 389.

The cetaceous fish have warm blood, and therefore they bring forth their young alive, and suckle them with their teats.

Many amphibious animals bring forth live fœtuses, as the viper, and the toad, &c. But the species that lay eggs lay

them in places, where the heat of the sun supplies the warmth of the parent.

Thus the rest of the frog kind and the lizard kind lay their eggs in warm waters; the common snake in dunghills, and such like warm places; and give them up to nature, as a provident nurse to take care of them. The crocodile and sea-tortoises go on-shore to lay their eggs under the sand, where the heat of the sun hatches them.

Most of the insect kind neither bear young nor hatch eggs; yet their tribes are the most numerous of all living creatures, insomuch that if the bulk of their bodies were proportionate to their quantity, they would scarce leave room for any other kinds of animals. Let us see therefore with what wisdom the Creator has managed about the propagation of these minute creatures. The females by natural instinct meet with the males, and afterwards lay their eggs, but not indiscriminately in every place; for they all know how to choose such places as may supply their offspring in its tender age with nourishment and other things necessary to satisfy their natural wants; for the mother, soon after she has laid her eggs, dies; and were she to live she would not have it in her power to take care of her young.

Butterflies, moths, some beetles, wevils, bugs, cuckow-spit insects, gall-insects, tree-bugs, &c. lay their eggs on the leaves of plants, and every different tribe chooses its own species of plant*. Nay, there is scarce any plant which does not afford nourishment to some insect; and still more, there is scarcely any part of a plant which is not preferred by some of them. Thus one insect seeds upon the flower; another upon the trunk; another upon the root; and another upon the leaves. But we cannot help wondering particularly, when we see how the leaves of some trees and plants, after eggs have been let into them, grow into galls and form dwellings as it were for the young ones, where they may conveniently live. Thus when the gall-insect, called cynips, Fn. 947. has fixed her eggs in the leaves of an oak, the wound of the leaf swells, and a knob like an apple arises, which includes and nourishes the embryo.

When the tree-bug, Faun. Suec. 700. has deposited its eggs in the boughs of the fir-tree, excrescences arise shaped like peas. When another species of the tree-bug, Fn. 695. has deposited its eggs in the mouse-ear chickweed, or the speedwell, Fl. 12. the leaves contract in a wonderful manner into

* Vid. Syft. Nat. Edit. 10. Fauna Suecica; and Hospita Insectorum Flora Amæn. Academ. vol. 3.

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the shape of a head. The water-spider, Fn. 1150. excludes its eggs either on the extremities of the juniper, which from thence forms a lodging that looks like the arrow-headed grass, or on the leaves of the poplar, from whence a red globe is produced. The tree-louse, Fn. 1355. lays its eggs on the leaves of black poplar, Fl. 821. which from thence turn into a kind of inflated bag, and so in other instances: nor is it upon plants only that insects live, and lay their eggs. The gnats, Fn. 1116. commit theirs to stagnating waters. The water-insect, called monocolus, Fn. 1182. often increases so immensely on pools, that the red legions of them have the appearance of blood. Others lay their eggs in other places, *e. g.* the beetle in dunghills. The dermestes in skins. The flesh-fly in putrified flesh. The cheese-maggot in the cracks of cheese; from whence the caterpillars issuing forth oftentimes consume the whole cheese and deceive many people, who fancy the worms are produced from the particles of the cheese itself, by a generation called æquivocal, which is extremely absurd. Others exclude their eggs upon certain animals. The mill-beetle, Fn. 618. lays its eggs between the scales of fishes. The species of gad-fly, Fn. 1024. on the back of cattle. The species 1025. on the back of the rhen deer. The species 1026. in the noses of sheep. The species 1028. lodges during the winter in the intestinal tube, or the throat, of horses, nor can it be driven out till the summer comes on. Nay, insects themselves are often surrounded with the eggs of other insects, insomuch that there is scarcely an animal to be found which does not feed its proper insect, not to say any more of all the other places, where they deposit their eggs. Almost all the eggs of insects, when laid, are ordained to undergo, by a wonderful law of nature, various metamorphoses, *e. g.* the egg of the butterfly being laid in the cabbage first of all becomes a caterpillar that feeds upon the plant, crawls, and has sixteen feet. This afterwards changes into a nymph, that has no feet, is smooth, and eats nothing; and lastly, this bursts into a butterfly, that flies, has variety of colours, is rough, and lives upon honey. What can be more worthy of admiration, than that one and the same animal should appear on the stage of life under so many characters, as if it were three distinct animals*.

O o 2

The

* Linnæus, Amæn. academ. vol. 2. in a treatise on the wonders relating to insects, says; "As surprising as these transformations may seem, yet much the same happens when a chicken is hatched; the only difference is, the chicken breaks all the three coats at once, the butterfly one after another."

The laws of generation of worms are still very obscure; as we find they are sometimes produced by eggs, sometimes by offsets, just in the same manner as happens to trees. It has been observed, with the greatest admiration, that the polypus or hydra, S. N. 221. lets down shoots and live branches, by which it is multiplied. Nay, more, if it be cut into many parts, each segment, put into the water, grows into a perfect animal; so that the parts which were torn off are restored from one scrap.

§. 13.

The multiplication of animals is not tied down to the same rules in all; for some have a remarkable power of propagating, others are confined within narrower limits in this respect. Yet, in general, we find that nature observes this order, that the least animals, and those which are useful and serve for nourishment to the greatest number of other animals, are endued with a greater power of propagating than others*.

Mites, and many other insects, will multiply to a thousand within the compass of a very few days. While the elephant scarcely produces one young in two years.

The hawk kind generally lay not above two eggs, at most four, while the poultry kind rise to fifty.

The diver, or loon, which is eaten by few animals, lays also two eggs, but the duck kind, the moor game, partridges, &c. and small birds, lay a very large number.

If you suppose two pigeons to hatch nine times a year, they may produce in four years 14672 young†. They are endued with this remarkable fertility, that they may serve for food, not only to man, but to hawks and other birds of prey†. Nature has made harmless and esculent animals fruitful. Plin. Nature has forbidden the bird kind to fall short of the number of eggs allotted to each species, and therefore if the eggs, which they intend to sit upon, be taken away a certain number of times, they presently lay others in their room, as may be seen in the swallow, duck, and small birds.

§. 14.

* Herodotus, speaking of the flying serpents in Arabia, makes the same reflection, and attributes this course of nature to the divine providence. Thal.

† I have given this passage as it stands in the original. The numbers ought to have been 14760, or the expression should have been altered; for he includes the first pair.

He supposes it generally known that pigeons hatch but two eggs at a time, and that they pair.

‡ Vid. Muschenbr. Orat. de Sap. Divin.

§. 14. *Preservation.*

Preservation follows generation; this appears chiefly in the tender age, while the young are unable to provide for their own support. For then the parents, though otherwise ever so fierce in their disposition, are affected with a wonderful tenderness or sense of love towards their progeny, and spare no pains to provide for, guard, and preserve not them, and that, by an imaginary law, but one given by the Lord of nature himself.

Quadrupeds give suck to their tender young, and support them by a liquor perfectly easy of digestion, till their stomachs are able to digest, and their teeth are fit to chew, more solid food. Nay, their love toward them is so great, that they endeavour to repel with the utmost force every thing which threatens danger or destruction to them. The ewe, which brings forth two lambs at a time, will not admit one to her teats, unless the other be present and suck also; lest one should famish while the other grows fat.

Birds build their nests in the most artificial manner, and line them as soft as possible for fear the eggs should get any damage. Nor do they build promiscuously in any place, but there only where they may quietly lie concealed, and be safe from the attacks of their enemies.

The hanging-bird, *Act. Bonon. vol. 2.* makes its nest of the fibres of withered plants, and the down of the poplar seeds, and fixes it upon the bough of some tree hanging over the water, that it may be out of reach.

The diver, *Fn. 123.* places its swimming nest upon the water itself among the rushes. I designedly pass over many other instances of the like kind.

Again, birds sit on their eggs with so much patience, that many of them choose to perish with hunger, rather than expose the eggs to danger by going to seek for food.

The male rooks and crows at the time of incubation bring food to the females.

Pigeons, small birds, and other birds, which pair, sit by turns; but, where polygamy prevails, the males scarcely take any care of the young.

Most of the duck kind pluck off their feathers in great quantity, and cover their eggs with them, lest they should be damaged by the cold when they quit their nests for the sake of food; and when the young are hatched, who knows not how solicitous they are in providing for them till they are able to fly and shift for themselves?

Young

Young pigeons would not be able to make use of hard seeds for nourishment, unless the parents were to prepare them in their crops, and thence feed them.

The eagle owl makes its nest on the highest precipices of mountains, and in the warmest spot facing the sun, that the dead bodies brought there may by the heat melt into a soft pulp, and become fit nourishment for the young.

The cuckow lays its eggs in the nest of other small birds, generally the wagtail * or hedge-sparrow †, and leaves the incubation and preservation of the young to them. But that these young, when grown up, degenerate into hawks, and become so ungrateful that they destroy their nurses, is a more vulgar error, for it is contrary to their nature to eat flesh.

Amphibious animals, fishes, and insects, which cannot come under the care of their parents, yet owe this to them, that they are put in places, where they easily find nourishment, as we have observed. [*To be continued.*]

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

§. 2. *Of the Causes of Cough.*

Nulla res consummata est dum incipit. SENECA.

COUGH arises from a propensity to remove an uneasy sensation in the lungs or other organs of respiration.

The causes of cough may be distinguished by the places where it operates, and by some conditions peculiar to their operation.

Cough is to be distinguished into

1. The idiopathic.

2. The sympathetic.

The 1st is when the cause, producing it, is immediately applied to the organs of respiration.

The

* This custom of the cuckow is so extraordinary, and out of the common course of nature, that it would not be credible, were it not for the testimony of the most knowing and curious natural historians, such as Ray, Willughby, Gesner, Aldrovandus, Aristotle, &c.

Much has been said by the writers on birds about the fate of the young birds in whose nest the cuckow is hatched, but, as I find nothing but mere conjecture, it would not be worth while transcribing.

† Hedge sparrow. Linnæus seems to have taken the white-throat for the hedge-sparrow.

The 2d is where the cause applied exists elsewhere in the system: but it is the idiopathic I mean to consider, the different causes of which may be divided into these four heads,

1. As they operate more especially on the glottis *. 2. On the trachea †. 3. On the bronchea. And 4thly on the external surface of the lungs.

I. The causes of cough which act upon the membrane of the glottis, and in some parts of the larynx and epiglottis, and contiguous parts of the fauces ‡, are various elabantia or elapsia, with which may be included tussis accidentalis of Sauvages ||.

The glottis is designed for the admission and exit of air, and any irritating particles that enter along with it may produce a cough.

Thus the trachea and bronchea may be irritated by various acrid matters introduced with the air, and the glottis may be irritated by an acrimony from without introduced into the fauces and contiguous parts sensible to the stimulus; or by an acrimony furnished by the mucous glands in the fauces themselves.

When we so often find the acrimony, exciting cough, operate in the fauces, we must consider it as a cause furnished from the neighbouring parts; and, especially, when, by defending the membranes in the neighbourhood of the glottis by unctions and mucilaginous substances, we prevent the irritation.

Cough arises from circumstances often seated in the trachea, or bronchea; and we must therefore admit, that the glottis and neighbouring parts are more peculiarly sensible to acrimony than the trachea or bronchea; and hence an acrid mucus, secreted in the trachea or bronchea, not sufficient to irritate these parts, when carried up to the more sensible membrane, the glottis, excites cough: we have a common instance of this in the case of hæmoptoe, or spitting of blood, where the blood occasions no cough till it reaches the glottis. Hence also it is evident, that, although the irritation be felt in the fauces and often cured by the applications made there,

* The *glottis* is that chink of the *larynx* that lies at the root of the tongue, and is covered by the *epiglottis*, which is situated above the root of the tongue, and forms part of the larynx.

† The *trachea*, or *aspera arteria*, is a cartilaginous tube or canal, reaching from the glottis or root of the tongue to the lungs, through which the air passes in inspiration. The upper part of this canal is called the *larynx*, and the inferior, the *bronchea*.

‡ The *fauces* or *pharynx* is the superior part of the tube or passage reaching from the root of the tongue to the stomach.

|| Nosologia methodica.

we must not always conclude the disease originated in the fauces.

Under this subject, of irritation of the fauces, must be included various morbid affections of the fauces and meatus auditorius, or opening of the ear, producing a frequent cough by a communication along the eustachian tube*.

II. The causes acting on the trachea may consist of various topical affections, as tumours or ulcers producing irritation, either when they are situated in the membrane of the trachea, or externally compress it; but this membrane is more frequently affected by acrid matters applied to it, either with the air entering the lungs, or with the air issuing from the lungs and carrying up acrid matter from the bronchea. There is also furnished by its mucous glands an acrid matter, in consequence of cold obstructing perspiration, and thereby determining it to the lungs.

Another source of this irritation is neither from the acrimony of the mucus itself, nor from the perspirable matter uniting, with it, but in consequence of an entirely extraneous matter a contagion introduced into the body, and by certain circumstances determined to the mucous glands. That such matter, is introduced we have no manner of doubt, from observations on the influenza and other epidemic catarrhs: they have been so frequent of late, that it appears, our more common catarrhs, which we impute to cold alone, are frequently of this contagious kind; with regard to which, we have reason to believe, that it can be occasionally produced, and therefore is different from the specific contagions which scarcely any person once in his life escapes from, but is subject to it once only. There is however a contagion of this class with all the circumstances of a specific contagion, as that producing the chin-cough.

From a contagion, but not like the other two, necessarily determined to the mucous glands, and at the same time to the surface of the skin, are produced various exanthemata, as in the measles, small-pox, scarlet-fever, and frequently the miliary eruption.

The mucus may be tainted by various other acrimonies which we know may be present in the body, such as the muriatic acrimony; and we have this proof of it, that a number of substances, introduced by way of medicine, produce cough, as all the acids, and particularly the muriatic acid. Another example

* The eustachian tube reaches from the internal ear to the palate.

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example is, when purulent matter in other parts of the body produces hectic fever, which generally likewise produces cough, and at length a purulency of the lungs.

III. The causes operating on the bronchea, and all those acrids mentioned under the former heads, also belong to this: those, more strictly confined to the bronchea, are acrimonies poured out by the exhaling vessels in the form of blood, serum, &c.

By spasm of the muscular fibres, which are every where laid in the membrane of the bronchea: to what length these extend is not yet determined; but it is not necessary to suppose them extending to the minute cells; they exist so far, however, as we can trace any cartilaginous substance.

It is somewhat here peculiar that the propensity to cough is often evident; but it scarcely takes place on account of the asthmatic constriction preventing an inspiration, which is always necessary for forming a cough.

By tumours arising in the bronchea, which may be of various kinds. We are almost only well acquainted with that species of schirrous tumour called tubercle, and an indurated lymphatic tumour which occurs in scrophulous habits a little after the acme, producing a similar short cough to that mentioned in the preceding paper.

By various congestions, accumulation of blood in the vessels of the lungs; one curious instance to this purpose may be observed in the cold fit of an intermittent fever, which is often attended with a cough that disappears on the hot fit coming on. This is to be explained partly by the congestion, and partly from some degree of spasm.

By inflammation, which partly belongs to the head of tumour, and partly to congestion, but deserves to be mentioned as a separate kind; and hence the cough that attends all the different kinds of peripneumony, &c. may be included here.

IV. By pressure or irritation on the external surface of the lungs, which may proceed from several diseases of the thorax, as of the mediastinum, pleura, and pericardium.

Collections of matter in the cavity of the thorax impeding the dilatations of the lungs, as of blood in consequence of wounds, serum, and hydropic effusions, or inflammatory affections, pus, &c.

External pressure, as by various abdominal tumours and diseases, pressing up the diaphragm, as in the ascites, tympanites, &c.

I shall conclude this subject in another number, with the cure of coughs.

HYGEIA.

*To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.**On the Use and Abuse of our Talents.*

IF I may be allowed to judge from my own feelings, several essays that have appeared in the Monthly Ledger must have given satisfaction to many of your readers.

There is nothing more amiable and truly noble in human beings than to think modestly of themselves, and charitably of each other; to make use of every opportunity of refining their ideas, and enlarging their minds; to entertain sentiments of the Deity, suitable to his greatness and the perfection of his attributes; and to crown the whole by a correspondent course of action.

The little we are capable of knowing with certainty, even of the objects most familiar to us, conveys a humiliating lesson to the pride of man: while the numerous opportunities of improvement we enjoy are so many incitements to vigilance in the acquisition of knowledge. The means of improving ourselves, and others, are put into our hands, and we are intitled to esteem, or censure, as we improve or neglect to use them. Indolence, in this part of the great business of life, is criminal in proportion to our abilities to be useful, and to the claim society has upon us for our assistance to repress its evils, and promote its temporal felicity.

Every man is capable of being useful in some respect to others; and, by his connection with society, cannot stand an indifferent spectator; if he does not accelerate, he will retard, some motion in the system, and increase its disorder. He, who, with talents capable of being employed to the service of others, sits down with views centering wholly in himself, and neglects to employ them farther than his own necessities require, is guilty of a breach of trust; society owes him no esteem, but may with propriety deem him one of its burdens. For, although the duties of mankind begin at home, they ought not to end there.

As we receive numerous benefits from the exercise of other mens abilities, we also owe the exercise of our own to the common wants of society; and, in order to become useful and respectable members of it, we ought to be diligently employed in promoting its interests.

Providence has wisely proportioned and adapted the faculties of mankind to the general good of the whole: by some peculiar secret modification of their frame we find their pursuits differently directed.

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Hence the unconquerable disposition, in some men, to peculiar studies in philosophy and the arts, which have no charms in the views of others, and their indefatigable industry in traversing the most barren and craggy regions of science.

By these means, however such may be despised by the ignorant, they become valuable members of society, and contribute their stores to the public treasury of knowledge. And were men to be active in their own proper spheres, in proportion to their abilities, the clouds of ignorance would soon be dispersed from our horizon, and much of the unhappiness, now complained of and experienced among us, would soon cease to exist.

The talents of some men are peculiarly formed for the acquisition of wealth: in others, nature has implanted an irresistible thirst after knowledge: they are both useful in their stations, while they act therein with propriety: great are the duties of each; and, if they neglect to fulfil them, great will be their condemnation. The rich man fills a station wherein he has ample opportunity of doing good in the distribution of his wealth to the poor, the hungry, and the naked, among his brethren. He is surrounded with those whose afflictions claim his assistance, and to whom he may lend his treasure with the most profitable usury. The man of great abilities, who spends his time and employs his talents in the acquisition of wisdom, moves in a sphere of still higher dignity, and is qualified to confer benefits on society still more valuable. He may instruct the ignorant, correct the vulgar prejudices of the times; set the great duties of religion and morality in a clear and striking light, and raise, in the minds of his fellow creatures, just and honourable ideas of the perfections of Deity and the wise administration of his providence in the oeconomy of nature.

But the testimony of past ages, and our own observation in the present, have convinced us, that, of both these classes of men, some have been found, who have so far deviated from their respective duties, as in the exercise of their talents to counteract the noble purpose for which those talents were given them. The rich man's views in the acquisition of riches have centered in himself: he has amassed (and sometimes by means which a generous mind would reject with disdain) a larger portion of this world's good than falls to the lot of an individual; and, in proportion as his riches increase, his heart becomes more insensible of the duty of benevolence and charity. The kindly feelings of sympathy for the distressed of others grow weaker and weaker; he hears the complaints of the wretched without emotion; and sees the wretchedness of suf-

fering indigence, in all its sad variety, without pity. In this situation, and with a mind so sordid, he is an enemy to the happiness of society, he has so engrossed to himself an unreasonable portion of that wealth, which in other hands would be employed in the noblest purposes; and employs to the injury of mankind those very means which providence had favoured him with for the salutary purpose of promoting its happiness.

The men whose faculties are adapted to, and employed in, the investigation of science, are sometimes still greater enemies to the general good of society.

Conscious of their superiority over others in mental accomplishment, they too often sacrifice to the ideal phantom, fame, those talents which, if properly exercised, would prove a blessing to society. While their minds are exercised in the pursuit or distribution of knowledge, their actions give the lie to their own precepts, and are as reprehensible as those of the unlettered vulgar: while they can ascertain the boundaries of truth and error to a hair's-breadth with the nicest precision, and, in speculation, delineate virtue in the most lively colours and with the most expressive accuracy, they cherish in themselves the vices to which human nature is incident with the most criminal indulgence. Others have endeavoured to sap the foundations of all religion, by introducing sentiments destructive not only of its purity but its essence; and, under the specious pretence of rescuing the minds of men from superstition and popular prejudices, have relaxed the sacred obligations of virtue and morality, and poisoned the minds of those they pretended to instruct and reform. Of all the projects that give pain to the human mind, surely none can so deeply affect any sensible heart, as that of exalted genius and fine abilities voluntarily inlisting in the service of vice, and thereby corrupting the principles and morals of those whom they ought to have guided in the path of virtue!

This *abuse* of fine talents, and misapplication of human learning, has led some short-sighted ignorant bigots to disclaim the *use* of the one, and with supercilious grimace to affect to pity those who possess the other. They have condemned the free exercise of mens understandings, because some exercised them improperly, and, to liberty of thought, added licentiousness of conduct. They have also termed human learning vain and unprofitable, because some have perverted it to unworthy purposes. Incapable of thinking deeply themselves, they condemn it in others; and, like owls, whose eyes are too weak to bear the lustre of the sun, they shrink from those bright flashes of conviction which sometimes dart through the gloom with which their minds are surrounded. Let such enjoy the

satisfaction

satisfaction arising from such Gothic sentiments: No wise man will envy them the triumphs of their own ignorance over abilities which they never can attain, or join them in notions so far beneath the dignity of reasonable beings to entertain.

When the Deity formed man, he endowed him, not only with powers capable of procuring him things fit and necessary for the accommodation of his body, but with a capacity of contemplating the divine perfection in the amazing scenery of nature, and of ranging the intellectual and moral worlds in search of knowledge. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord," lighted up with a spark of celestial fire, and designed to illuminate his path through life with increasing radiance; and finally to rejoin its sacred original fountain in the full lustre of a perfect day. To improve this capacity to the utmost, and employ it in the investigation of truth and science, is the indisputable duty of man. Wisdom is that inestimable treasure which will never fail, but enrich, adorn, and exalt, the mind, to objects suited to its dignity throughout all the successive stages of its eternal existence.

And, notwithstanding the idle clamours of weak and bigotted men against speculation, human learning, and the refinement of our intellects, to exercise our faculties in the investigation of truth, to examine with an honest solicitude what is presented to us under that sacred appellation, to expose error though under the most sanctified garb, and to "vindicate the ways of God to man," are employments which wisdom has applauded with one uniform voice in all ages, which are in themselves the most honourable, and will afford permanent satisfaction, when all these clamours against them shall cease for ever.

The ignorant rich man may glory in his riches, and boast of his talents to acquire them; he may squint with insulting sneer on the wise man, because of his intention to this world's treasure; but weigh them in the scale of real dignity, and the latter character will appear infinitely superior. An Erasmus in rags is more amiable than a Croesus in all the trappings of royalty! Avaro, with the fortune of an Eastern prince, is, in the scale of intelligence, but little superior to the animals that draw his chariot. Eugenio, with but just enough to procure him the common necessaries of life, has a capacity little inferior to that of an angel. If you converse with Avaro, his ideas extend no farther than the calculation of interest, the course of exchange, the rules of quadrille, the properties of a coach-horse or a pointer: but spend an hour with Eugenio, and you will be charmed with his fine sense and improving conversation: He will lead you through the flowery regions of science, explain the wonders of nature, unlock its secret springs,

spring, reconcile the seemingly jarring phenomena, and trace the sacred band of Deity through all the beautiful variety of his works.

I am, &c. EUSEBIUS.

Reflections on the Study of History.

IT is not without reason that history has always been considered as the light of ages, the depository of events, the faithful evidence of truth, the source of prudence and good counsel, and the rule of conduct and manners. Confined, without it, to the bounds of the age and country wherein we live, and shut up within the contracted circle of such branches of knowledge as are peculiar to us and the limits of our own private reflections, we continue in a kind of infancy, which leaves us strangers to the rest of the world, and profoundly ignorant of all that has preceded, or even now surrounds, us. What is the small number of years, that make up the longest life, or what the extent of country, which we are able to possess or travel over, but an imperceptible point, in comparison of the vast regions of the universe, and the long series of ages which have succeeded one another since the creation of the world? And yet, all we are capable of knowing must be limited to this imperceptible point, unless we call in the study of history to our assistance, which opens to us every age and every country, keeps up a correspondence betwixt us and the great men of antiquity, sets all their actions, all their achievements, virtues, and faults, before our eyes, and, by the prudent reflections it either presents or gives us an opportunity of making, soon teaches us to be wise before our time, and in a manner far superior to all the lessons of the greatest masters.

History may properly be called the common school of mankind, equally open and useful both to great and small, to princes and subjects; and still more necessary to princes and great men than to all others. For how can awful truth approach them, amidst the crowds of flatterers which surround them, and are continually admiring and commending them, or, in other words, corrupting and poisoning their hearts and understandings; how, I say, can truth make her feeble voice be heard amidst such tumult and confusion? How venture to lay before them the duties and slaveries of royalty? How shew them wherein their true glory consists, and represent to them, that, if they will look back to the origin of their institution, they may clearly find they were made for the people, and not the people for them? How put them in mind of their faults, make them apprehend the just judgement of posterity, and disperse

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the thick clouds which the vain phantom of their greatness and the inebriation of their fortune have formed around them? These services, which are so necessary and important, can be rendered them only by the assistance of history, which alone hath the power of speaking freely to them, and the right of passing an absolute judgement upon the actions of princes, no less than fame, which Seneca calls *liberrimam principum judicem*. Their abilities may be extolled, their wit and valour admired, and their exploits and conquests boasted; but, if all these have no foundation in truth and justice, history will tacitly pass sentence upon them under borrowed names. The greatest part of the most famous conquerers they will find treated as public calamities, the enemies of mankind, and the robbers of nations; who, hurried on by a restless and blind ambition, carry desolation from country to country, and, like an inundation or a fire, ravage all that they meet in their way. They will see a Caligula, a Nero, and a Domitian, who were praised to excess during their lives, become the horror and execration of mankind after their deaths: whereas, Titus, Trajan, Antoninus, and Marcus Aurelius, are looked upon as the delights of the world, for having made use of their power only to do good. It is history, in fine, which fixes the seal of immortality upon actions truly great, and sets a mark of infamy on vices, which no after age can ever obliterate. It is by history that mistaken merit and oppressed virtue appeal to the incorruptible tribunal of posterity, which renders them the justice their own age has sometimes refused them, and, without respect of persons or the fear of a power which no longer subsists, condemns the unjust abuse of authority with inexorable rigour.

There is no age or condition which may not derive the same advantages from history; which, when it is well taught, becomes a school of morality for all mankind. It condemns vice, throws off the mask from false virtues, lays open popular errors and prejudices, dispels the delusive charms of riches and all the vain pomp which dazzles the imagination, and shews, by a thousand examples, that are more availing than all reasonings whatsoever, that nothing is great and praiseworthy but honour and probity. From the esteem and admiration, which the most corrupt cannot refuse to the great and good actions that history lays before them, it confirms the great truth, that virtue is man's real good, and alone renders him truly great and valuable. This virtue we are taught by history to revere, and to discern its beauty and brightness through the veils of poverty, adversity, and obscurity, and sometimes also of disgrace, and infamy: on the other hand, history inspires us with the contempt and hor-

ror of vice, though clothed in purple, surrounded with splendor, and placed on a throne.

I look upon history as the first master to be given to children; equally serviceable to entertain and instruct them, to form their hearts and understandings, and to enrich their memories with abundance of facts, as agreeable as useful. It may likewise be of great service, by means of the pleasure inseparable from it, towards exciting the curiosity of that age which is ever desirous of being informed, and inspiring a taste for study. Thus, in point of education, it is a fundamental principle, and constantly observed in all times, that the study of history should precede all the rest and prepare the way for them. Plutarch tells us that Cato the Elder, the famous censor, whose name and virtue brought so much honour to the Roman commonwealth, took upon himself a peculiar care in the education of his son, without trusting to the care of masters, and drew up a collection of historical facts expressly for his use, and wrote them over in large characters, with his own hands, that the child, he said, might be able, from his infancy, without going from home, to become acquainted with the great men of his own country, and form himself upon those ancient models of probity and virtue.

Generous Behaviour of two Negroes: a true Story.

A Gentleman, returned from Virginia, where he has lived for ten years, and whose veracity may be depended on, relates as follows :

A planter of that country, who was owner of a considerable number of slaves, instead of regarding them as human creatures and of the same species with himself, used them with the utmost cruelty, whipping and torturing them for the slightest fault. One of these, thinking any change preferable to slavery under such a barbarian, attempted to make his escape among the Mountain-Indians, but, unfortunately, was taken and brought back to his master. Poor Arthur (so he was called) was immediately ordered to receive 300 lashes, stark naked, which were to be given him by his fellow slaves, among whom happened to be a new negro, purchased by the planter the day before. This slave, the moment he saw the unhappy wretch destined to the lashes, flew to his arms, and embraced him with the greatest tenderness; the other returned his transports, and nothing could be more moving than their mutual bemoaning each other's misfortune. Their master was soon given to understand that they were countrymen and intimate friends, and that Arthur had formerly, in a battle with a neighbouring nation, saved his

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friend's life at the extreme hazard of his own. The new negro, at the same time, threw himself at the planter's feet, with tears, beseeching him, in the most moving manner, to spare his friend, or, at least, to suffer him to undergo the punishment in his room, protesting he would rather die ten thousand deaths than lift his hand against him. But the wretch, looking on this as an affront to the absolute power he pretended over him, ordered Arthur to be tied to a tree, and his friend to give him the lashes; telling him, that, for every lash not well laid on, he should himself receive a score. The new negro, amazed at a barbarity so unbecoming a human creature, with a generous disdain, refused to obey him, at the same time upbraiding him with his cruelty; upon which, the planter, turning all his rage on him, ordered him to be immediately stripped, and commanded Arthur (to whom he promised forgiveness) to give his countryman the lashes himself had been destined to receive. This proposal, too, was received with scorn; each protesting he would rather suffer the most dreadful torture than injure his friend. This generous conflict, which must have raised the strongest feelings in a breast susceptible of pity, did but the more inflame the monster, who now determined they should both be made examples of, and, to satiate his revenge, was resolved to whip them himself. He was just preparing to begin with Arthur, when the new negro drew a knife from his pocket, stabbed the planter to the heart, and, at the same time, struck it to his own, rejoicing, with his last breath, that he had revenged his friend and rid the world of such a monster.

What a glaring instance is here of barbarity, in one bred among Christians, and of a noble disinterested friendship and true greatness of soul in these two unhappy wretches! Had they had the happiness of a proper education and been blessed with the lights of Christianity, such geniuses, in all probability, would have exerted themselves in a glorious manner for the service of their country or all mankind. What manner of excuse, then, can we make for treating this part of our species with contempt and partiality? What, in a European, would be called a glorious struggle for liberty, we call, in them, rebellion, treachery, &c. Perseverance we term obstinacy, and melancholy (the constant attendant of slavery in a thinking soul) sullenness and savage gloominess; nay, we put them so little on the footing of common humanity, that there is only an insignificant fine set on a white man that murders them.

In a breast, sensible of the least touches of humanity, compassion must arise, to see our fellow-creatures (for they are not the less so for being of a different climate and complexion) reduced to the most abject state in the whole creation; and how

base is it to add to the weight of their misery by the barbarous usage they generally meet with! To take those unhappy people, without the least provocation, from their own country, from every thing that is dear to them, a tender loving wife and children perhaps, and plunge them into irredeemable slavery, is shocking to think of! Nay, the misfortune does not end here; for their posterity, in general, are to undergo the same fate; and life, which heaven designed the first and greatest blessing, is to them a continued scene of misery. Hope, the great comforter of mankind, is for ever excluded: nor have their masters any more regard to their immortal part, never instructing them in the lights of Christianity, themselves forgetting the chief precept of it in their usage to them, viz. doing as they would be done by.

The only arguments, that can be urged in defence of this barbarous trade, are, that the slaves they purchase are such beforehand, and that it is but a change of savage for Christian masters; nay, that it is saving the lives of thousands of them, who would otherwise be sacrificed to their idols: but, in reality, the Europeans are the idols, to whose cruelty and avarice these poor wretches are sacrificed. It is they are the authors of all the wars, bloodshed, treachery, &c. we so much condemn in them. It is to get them slaves they do this, and practise crimes unknown among them before the arrival of the white people; and, when an European ship appears on the coast, it is a sure forerunner of rapine, murder, and the greatest calamity. Then how unworthy human nature, and how opposite to the rules laid down in the gospel, by our great Master, is that kidnapping sort of traffic! But in a free people, as the English are, who on all occasions shew the greatest abhorrence of slavery, it is doubly criminal.

Nature is not so partial as to confine her favours to any nation or climate; virtues, as well as vices, are the produce of all countries; and a nobleness of soul, among these savages as we call them, often breaks forth, in spite of that cloud of ignorance that hangs over them; nor, indeed, is it impossible, when one reflects on the surprizing revolutions arts and sciences have made, but that, some centuries hence, they may be transferred to Africa or America, and the natives of these countries have it in their power to revenge the injuries, done to their forefathers, on the Europeans, who may, at that time, make as despicable a figure in the world as the natives of those places do now.

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THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER V.

*Why, all delights are vain; but that most vain,
Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.*

SHAKESPEAR.

WHERE the stream of the Tigris rolls through a delightful valley near Bagdad, stood the palace of Zamti, a monarch noted throughout all the East for his wisdom and learning; he had drunk deep at the fountain of knowledge, and, by the industry of indefatigable youth, arrived at the summit of human attainments; for him riches flowed in perpetual streams from a thousand unexhausted sources, and each rising sun ushered in a variety of untried pleasures; pleasures, which in time became the great business, instead of the amusements, of life: but long was he not carried on by the deceitful tide of dissipated vanity; it pleased the prophet to illuminate his mind, (as he himself hath declared in the following story,) and, by salutary instruction, to put a stop to the mad career of unbridled passions, through which he became a minister of reproof to presumption, and a light to the foot of ignorance; in extricating it from the labyrinth of error.

Zamti, whom the hand of prosperity overwhelmed with wretchedness, communicates a small portion of his knowledge, that the doubting sons of men may be still; that the advocates of pleasure may reform and be happy.

One morning as I was sitting in a bower, enriched with all the variety which I could invent to captivate the senses or lull to ease the understanding, and surveying an unbounded scene, where the verdure was variegated with most beautiful flowers which impregnated every breeze with fragrance, keen reflection cast a gloom over my thoughts; I lamented my condition and the wretchedness of my fellow-creatures, upbraiding providence for withholding from me that happiness which I had erroneously supposed sublunary enjoyments would put in my possession. On a sudden the prospect disappeared; I found myself seated on the declivity of a mountain, and at my right-hand a genius, whose eyes were piercing as the sun, and whose countenance was full of majesty. I gazed upon him with reverential awe and silent astonishment, and, before my surprise had subsided, he accosted me.

Zamti, said he, thou hast made a wrong estimate of the goods of fortune, which, instead of keeping in subserviency,

thou hast suffered to become thy masters, and; by these means, thou hast defeated the purpose, for which they were given thee: the happiness, which thou art in pursuit of, lies in a more confined circle than that of indulging unbounded appetite: the volume of nature is before thee, look forward, receive instruction, and be wise.

I looked, and saw at a small distance an extensive plain, through the middle of which ran a strait path, rough and uneven at its entrance, but growing gradually smoother and wider; it was spacious, and as beautiful as the polished surface of the finest marble, at the farthest end whereof stood a plain humble mansion. From this path branched out several others, much wider and more pleasing to the eye; many of them were covered with a delightful verdure, and diversified with shady walks, falling streams, and numberless females in rich attire, dancing to the sound of musical instruments: at the ends of these were palaces proudly towering to the skies. I had almost forgot to mention, that some high walls were placed at regular distances on the narrow path, which seemed impassible without the assistance of some beautiful virgins who stood at the top of them.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of what I had seen, I enquired of my friendly genius, who answered me: the valley, Zamti, which thou hast seen, is the valley of human life, and the narrow road passing through it the direct way to that humble mansion, the seat of stable felicity; the walls thereon are obstacles which the votaries of false pleasures meet with in their passage; and the virgins, by name, faith, virtue, knowledge, temperance, patience, godliness, brotherly-kindness, and charity, are the sure helpers of the sincere in heart and their conductors to felicity. But, what said I, are the other paths which I see? These, replied he, are the paths of various temptations, youthful allurements, and gaudy vanity; the shady walks and falling streams are gilded baits for the unwary; and the women, all sisters, acknowledge one mother, who keeps yonder proud palaces, her name is Prostitution; she has bred her fair daughters "to the taste of lustful appetite, to sing, to dance, to dress, and trol the tongue, and roll the eye:" the scene, Zamti, is now different; look again, and weigh well what thou seest.

I now beheld an innumerable multitude at the entrance of the path; but many were deterred from taking it, and turned off to trifle amongst the flowers which had commanded their attention; at first they seemed only to have an inclination to stop a short time amongst them and get recruited for their journey, or fill their pockets with some pieces of shining
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metal that lay in great heaps; but I soon saw them surrounded with those nymphs of destruction, who effectually captivated them, and led them away to the palace of perishing delights.—Others, by the assistance of faith, scaled the first wall, some gained the second, the third, and fourth, though at these many turned aside and met the same fate as the former.—I could not help remarking, that several, who had come by a steady pace to the two last walls, endeavoured to pull them down, or to pass over without the assistance of their virgin-keepers, and seemed determined either to do so or try a different path:—they failed in the attempt, and I observed many feathered creatures, in the shapes of vultures, harpies, ravens, and cormorants, sat on their shoulders, the weight of which prevented them from mounting the walls. The genius informed me these creatures were pride, envy, avarice, resentment, hatred, mistrust, suspicion, and discord: here, seeing me dwell with too much eagerness and emotion on this scene of human folly, he said, Zamti, I know thy understanding will furnish thee with the meaning of what thou hast hitherto seen; look once more towards these paths which afforded so enchanting a prospect, and along which thou sawest such multitudes stray.

I looked again, but how great was my surprize! the grass seemed as if it had been burnt up, the trees were faded, the waters full of dead carcases, the women changed into most horrible figures, the ground was covered with briars and thorns, the palaces lay in ruins, and the unhappy wretches, who had been so fatally misled, bewailed their misfortune or ill-conduct in the bitterness of keen-edged anguish, and despaired of finding any means for retrieving their lost time or returning back; this, though extremely disagreeable, was absolutely necessary, except they chose to enter into a dungeon of impenetrable darkness that stood on one side the palace, which now tottered over their heads, whilst they were deliberating what to do: many lingered in a state of despondency, nourishing hatred and brooding over discontent. Some indeed were so resolute as to come forward, though at every step their limbs were dreadfully torn, and blood gushed from their wounds; to these I perceived the road grew better, as they came near to faith, and with joy of heart I saw some of them surmount every difficulty.—Here the genius again accosted me.

Thus, Zamti, said he, thou seest the unhappy fate of those, who, like thee, have placed too much dependence on uncertain riches or more uncertain pleasures; appetite, which at first gave rise to a variety of destructive passions, at last led them astray

astray and deprived many of reason; the few whose understandings are not totally debilitated pay dearly in this life for their unsubstantial enjoyments; the rest are swallowed up in eternity.

Here I bowed in humble reverence to the genius, who once more addressed me in this language.

Zamti, thou hast spent thy life in acquiring knowledge; thou hast riches, thou hast pleasures; but yet thou art not happy, thou lackest a train of virtues: thou hast wandered without restraint over the enchanting fields of vain variety, but thou hast not sought after righteousness; thou hast not considered that happiness consists in purity of heart.—The transitory delusions of life wound the possessor only with the arrows of discontent, because they are replete with the bewitching gratifications of folly: forsake them then; apply thy wisdom in making men happy; and employ it in researches after truth. The sun sees no end of thy treasures, and yet thou seemest ignorant of thy own power to bestow blessings on the thousands of thy people: look around thee; is not nature all-bountiful, and shall Zamti, the favourite of fortune, be as a blot on the fair face of creation? good and evil, true pleasures, and certain calamities, are set forth to thy view: happiness depends alone on thy own free choice: quit thy perishing joys, relinquish thy roving amusements; thou wilt then possess the serenity of a tranquil unclouded friend, and be able to look down on all thy actions with the calm satisfaction of conscious rectitude. If melancholy thoughts oppress thee, remember that thine own indolence and inactivity in the service of actual virtue have given birth to the gloomy offspring; repine not with discontent, nor arraign providence of unkindness; but take a view of the many thousands, who, a long day of calamity past, are now chearful, contented, and happy, though regaling themselves with their last sequin, whilst thou hast it in thy power to revel in unbounded luxury. Dispose thyself with resolution to act aright; dismiss thy women, withstand the adversities of the mind, and place a steady reliance on the goodness of providence; accustom thyself to serious meditation, so shall thy mind acquire a greatness which nothing can affect nor hurt, and the gentle gales of peace waft thy brittle bark to the haven of felicity, where thou shalt experience joys which cannot fade and pleasures without end. Go then, Zamti, remember what thou hast seen, and let my instructions sink deep into thy heart; direct the feet of the wanderer to virtue, for that alone leads to happiness.—I now turned to thank him, but he was vanished from me, and I found myself in my own bower.

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Such, sons of men, was the vision which I saw, and such I communicate to you, that ye may not search for felicity in temporal things and meet with disappointment. No longer squander riches in unlawful pursuits, but employ them in clothing the naked, in feeding the hungry, and in relieving poverty from the iron-hand of oppression: fix your hearts on things that are above; thus shall you anticipate an evidence of that joy, which will bring on the perfection of felicity and make you rejoice in the steadfast hopes of possessing it to all eternity.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Remonstrance of Dorothy Spinsler, to the Editor of the Monthly Ledger,

Humbly sheweth,

THAT as matrimony is in general no displeasing theme to your sex, and is confessedly a satisfactory subject to ours, I wonder that your monthly repository hath not oftener exhibited more essays on so interesting a concern; you may therefore easily suppose, that I was mightily pleased to find in your last Ledger such excellent thoughts on marriage; but, as that seems only calculated for those who are already joined by conjugal bonds, I wish the same good gentleman, or some other person as well qualified, would be so charitable as to add something in favour of that happy state, which may persuade all single men of the impropriety of their remaining so, and to acquaint them, that within my knowledge there is a numerous sisterhood, who would be glad of an opportunity to practice his good advice.

I request this the more earnestly, as we have a pretty large fraternity of old-bachelors in the environs of this neighbourhood, who, I must own, are good kind of creatures were they not so odd and pertinacious, which I hope will be easily corrected by the wisdom of such a counsellor.

For, you must know that I have found out, (by their discourse,) that they are either too wise or too foolish to promote their own happiness or ours; and, to speak the truth, they seem to be only a kind of dead cyphers in society, for want of that consequence which a prudent wife and a well regulated family would certainly dignify them with. Now, if you could but once convince them of this, it might lower their self-sufficiency, heighten their opinion of our good sisterhood, and prevent

prevent their assuming such a superiority over their married brethren; for those of my acquaintance are great disputers, and pretend to settle the boundaries of right and wrong to a hair's-breadth. In short, they are too logical to traverse the path of common sense; and, I am apt to believe, Mr. Smart had these sort of gentlemen in view, when he talked to us the other evening so much about nonentities in community, and the like, too exalted for our comprehension: however he joined us in the conclusion, that these said batchelors are apt to be opinionative, and that, while they affect to be more cautious than their neighbours, they often fulfil the proverb of being "more nice than wise;" and we were well agreed, that, by reasoning too much or too little, they were frequently bewildered in the maze of their own uncertain conjectures.

But, as your own aim seems to be moral rectitude, pray engage some of your ingenious correspondents to write a treatise, that may teach these singletony gentlemen, that they were not created merely for themselves; and please to let them tell the designing part of these specious pretenders, that we can see plainly through the mask, that all their pretensions are only to cover extravagance, indolence, or licentious liberty, very inconsistent with the superlative genius they so vainly assume. If you think the annexed serious reflection (which, luckily for my purpose, I found lately in rummaging over some old letters) may be likely to serve our cause, be so kind as to publish it, as, perchance, it may serve to awaken that dull race of mortals from their lethargic insensibility; and be assured, Mr. Editor, it cannot fail to oblige many female complainants, beside your very sincere friend,

DOROTHY SPINSTER.

P. S. I am rather doubtful that you will think me too severe; but I am willing to compensate, by acknowledging that I do believe we elderly spinsters are given a little to fretfulness, and it is probable that disappointment and neglect have spoiled many a good temper, if not made us somewhat formal and peevish.

C O P Y.

Dear cousins,

YOUR friend's jesting effort, to ridicule matrimony in yesterday's conversation, was certainly puerile and defective, more witty than true; yet the uncertainty what kind of impression it may make on your young and volatile mind induced me to send you the following reflections.

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The apostle Paul declared, that "marriage was honourable in all men;" this was his opinion when he wrote to the Hebrews, several years after he wrote to the Corinthians, intimating, "that they who married did well, but they that married not did better." It appears from the above, as well as from his epistle to Timothy, that he (afterwards) thought it wrong to discourage that ordinance, and numbered those, forbidding to marry, amongst those who propagated other destructive doctrines at that time. The advice is very expressive, not only to libertines, but to such as impose on themselves voluntary penances and unrequired austerities, who form their religion more through the false medium of contracted dispositions, and shallow conceptions of duty, than from the actual commands of that almighty Power, which created male and female for the reciprocal comfort of each other.

Timothy was a beloved disciple, to whom this apostle gave particular directions; and I with the giddy, the thoughtless, and even the well-meaning, man, who is of a too scrupulous turn of mind, would well consider the following texts, *Tim. iv.* "Now the Spirit speaketh expressly, that, in the latter days, some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving," &c. and again he expressly says, "I would that the younger women marry."

Marriage was of divine institution before the depravity of man by the fall; for, in the beginning of time, God said, "It is not good for man to be alone;" and it has been acknowledged as his holy command through every succeeding generation. Who then shall dare to promulgate sentiments derogatory to the order of his holy appointment, or endeavour to counteract by their example the wise purposes of his providence? All things natural and religious bespeak his approbation of this happy union; and, so strong is the general bias, that no difficulty will affright, nor poverty restrain, the majority of mankind from preferring a situation which constitutes the most exalted and perfect friendship, if not perverted by such minds as would pervert all good. Were this propensity confined to the unthinking multitude, we might doubt whether it was right; but we see the considerate, the judicious, and the religious, regarding this ordinance as a divine appointment, which will continue to the end of the world.

The advantages of the married state, in opposition to the libertinism so generally avowed and practised in the single state; with the many and mutual comforts that over-balance the cares of a married situation, open too capacious a field for my present retrospection; having rather confined myself to a religious view of this command, published in the old and new Testament, and confirmed to us by the condescension of our blessed Saviour, who wrought his first miracle at the marriage in Cana: his reply to the tempting Pharisees is noted by Matthew and Mark, and is worthy of observation; "he answered and said unto them, have ye not read that he, that made them at the beginning, made them male and female; and he said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife. What therefore God has joined together let no man put asunder." The like admonitions we may find repeated in Scripture, for encouragement to those who are desirous to enjoy that state agreeably to the sacred institution. Much is said to the same good purpose by Moses to the favourite people of Israel; and David mentions their maidens being not given in marriage among the punishments they suffered for their transgression.

Having therefore so many witnesses of the divine command, we should be careful how we depreciate the order of providence, through a desire of false freedom, or any other fallacious pretence.

I might add much more; but I choose to refer you to your uncle's animadversions, whose superior abilities and enlarged understanding cannot fail of enforcing this duty with the energy it deserves; and, for that purpose, I wish you to introduce a similar conversation the next time your supercilious laughter makes you a visit; being satisfied that Mr. Wiseman will soon convince him that more propriety is expected from his better judgement; at least, I have no doubt but that his arguments will prove sufficient to strengthen your opinion of what is right, as I know it is easy to alledge stronger reasons to support the expediency, lawfulness, and obligation, of so wise an establishment; therefore I need not add more, than that I am, with great sincerity, your affectionate well-wisher,

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A brief Account of the Crusades, or Holy War.

IN the year 1096, the noise of those petty wars, which had embroiled England and some parts of the Continent, quite sunk in the tumult of the Crusades, which now engrossed the attention of all Europe, and have ever since engaged the curiosity of mankind as the most signal and most durable monument of human folly that has yet appeared in any age or nation. After Mahomet had, by means of his pretended revelations, united the dispersed Arabians under one head, they issued forth from their deserts in great multitudes, and, being animated with zeal for their new religion and supported by the vigour of their new government, they made deep impression on the Eastern empire, which was far on the decline with regard both to military discipline and to civil policy. Jerusalem, by its situation, became one of their most early conquests, and the Christians had the mortification to see the holy sepulchre, and the other places consecrated by the presence of their religious founder, fallen into the possession of infidels. But the Arabians, or Saracens, were so employed in military enterprises, by which they spread their empire, in a few years, from the banks of the Ganges to the Streights of Gibraltar, that they had no leisure for theological controversy: and though the Alcoran, the original monument of their faith, seems to contain some violent precepts, they were much less infected with the spirit of bigotry and persecution than the indolent and speculative Greeks, who were continually refining on the several articles of their religious system. They gave little disturbance to those zealous pilgrims who daily flocked to Jerusalem, and they allowed every man, after paying a moderate tribute, to visit the holy sepulchre, to perform his religious duties, and to return in peace. But the Turcomans, or Turks, a tribe of Tartars who had embraced Mahometanism, having wrested Syria from the Saracens, and having in the year 1065 made themselves masters of Jerusalem, rendered the pilgrimage more difficult and dangerous to the Christians.

The barbarity of their manners, and the confusions attending their unsettled government, exposed the pilgrims to many insults, robberies, and extortions; and these zealots, returning from their meritorious fatigues and sufferings, filled all Christendom with indignation against the infidels, who profaned the holy city by their presence, and derided the sacred mysteries in the very place of their completion. Gregory the VIII. among

the other vast ideas which he entertained, had formed the design of uniting all the western Christians against the Mahometans; but, from various causes, he was hindered from making any great progress in this vast undertaking. The work was reserved for a meaner instrument, whose low condition in life exposed him to no jealousy, and whose folly was well calculated to coincide with the prevailing principles of the times.

Peter, commonly called the Hermit, a native of Amiens in Picardy, had made the pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Being deeply affected with the dangers to which that act of piety now exposed the pilgrims, as well as with the instances of oppression under which the eastern Christians laboured, he entertained the bold, and in all appearance impracticable, project of leading into Asia, from the farthest extremities of the West, armies sufficient to subdue those potent and warlike nations which now held the holy city in subjection and slavery. He proposed his view to Martin II. who filled the papal chair; who, though sensible of the advantages attending the success of such a scheme, resolved not to interpose his authority till he saw a greater probability of success. He summoned a council at Placentia, which consisted of 4000 ecclesiastics, and 30000 seculars; and which was so numerous, that no hall could contain the multitude, and it was necessary to hold the assembly in a plain. The harangues of the pope, and of Peter himself, representing the dismal situation of their brethren in the East, and the indignity suffered by the Christian name, in allowing the holy city to remain in the hands of infidels, found the minds of men so well prepared, that the multitude suddenly and violently declared for the crusade, and solemnly devoted themselves to perform this service, so meritorious as they believed it to God and religion.

But, though Italy seemed thus to have zealously embraced the design, Martin knew, that, in order to insure success, it was necessary to enlist the greater and more warlike nations in the same engagement. And, having previously exhorted Peter to visit the chief cities and sovereigns of Christendom, he summoned another council at Clermont in Auvergne.

The fame of this great design being universally diffused, procured the attendance of the greatest prelates, nobles, and princes; and, when the pope and the hermit renewed their pathetic exhortations, the whole assembly, as if impelled by an immediate inspiration, exclaimed with one voice, *It is the will of God, it is the will of God*: words deemed so memorable, and so much the result of a divine influence, that they were employed as the signal of rendezvous and battle in the future exploits of those adventurers.

Men

Men of all ranks flew to arms with the utmost ardour; and an external symbol too, a circumstance of chief moment, was here chosen by the devoted combatants. The sign of the cross, which had been hitherto so much revered among Christians, and which, the more it was an object of reproach to the Pagan world, was the more passionately cherished by them, became the badge of union, and was affixed to the right shoulder of all who enlisted themselves in this sacred warfare.

Europe was at this time sunk into profound ignorance and superstition. The ecclesiastics had acquired the greatest ascendancy over the human mind. The people, who, being little restrained by honour and less by law, abandoned themselves to the worst crimes and disorders, knew of no other expiation than the observances imposed on them by their spiritual pastors; and it was easy to represent the holy war as an equivalent for all penances, and an atonement for every violation of justice and humanity. But, amidst the abject superstition which now prevailed, the military spirit also had universally spread itself; and, though not supported by art or discipline, was become the general passion of the nations governed by the feudal law. All the great lords possessed the right of peace and war: they were engaged in perpetual hostilities with each other: the open country was become a scene of outrage and disorder: the cities, still mean and poor, were neither guarded by walls nor protected by privileges, and were exposed to every insult: individuals were obliged to depend for safety on their own force or their private alliances; and valour was the only excellence which was held in esteem, or gave one man the pre-eminence above another. When all the particular superstitions, therefore, were here united in one great object, the ardour for military enterprizes took the same direction; and Europe, impelled by its too ruling passions, was loosened, as it were, from its foundations, and seemed to precipitate itself in one united body upon the East.

All orders of men, deeming the crusades the only road to heaven, enlisted themselves under these sacred banners, and were impatient to open the way with their swords to the holy city. Nobles, artisans, peasants, even priests, enrolled their names; and to decline this meritorious service was branded with the reproach of impiety, or, what perhaps was esteemed still more disgraceful, of cowardice and pusillanimity. The infirm and aged contributed to the expedition by presents and money; and many of them, not satisfied with the merit of this atonement, attended it in person, and were determined, if possible, to breathe their last in sight of that city where their Saviour had died for them.

Women

Women themselves, concealing their sex under the disguise of armour, attended the camp; and forgot still more the duty of their sex, by prostituting themselves without reserve to the army. The greatest criminals were forward in a service which they regarded as a propitiation for all crimes; and the most enormous disorders were, during the course of these expeditions, committed by men inured to wickedness, encouraged by example, and impelled by necessity. The multitude of the adventurers soon became so great that their more sagacious leaders became apprehensive lest the greatness itself of the armament should disappoint its purpose; and therefore they permitted an undisciplined multitude, computed at three hundred thousand men, to go before them under the command of Peter the Hermit and Walter the Moneyless. These men took the road towards Constantinople, through Hungary and Bulgaria; and, trusting that heaven by supernatural assistance would supply all their necessities, they made no provision for subsistence on their march. They soon found themselves obliged to obtain by plunder what they had vainly expected from miracles; and the enraged inhabitants of the countries through which they passed gathering together in arms, attacked the disorderly multitude, and put them to slaughter without resistance. The more disciplined armies followed after, and, passing the Straits at Constantinople, they were mustered in the plains of Asia, and amounted in the whole to seven hundred thousand combatants.

Amidst the universal phrenzy which spread itself by contagion throughout Europe, especially in France and Germany, men were not entirely forgetful of their present interests; and both those who went on this expedition, and those who stayed behind, entertained schemes of gratifying, by its means, their avarice or their ambition. The nobles who insisted themselves were moved, from the romantic spirit of the age, to hope for opulent establishments in the East; and, in pursuit of these chimerical projects, they sold at the lowest price their ancient castles and inheritances, which had now lost all value in their eyes. The greater princes, who remained at home, took the opportunity of annexing to their crown many considerable fiefs, either by easy purchase, or the extinction of heirs.

The pope frequently turned the zeal of the crusaders from the infidels against his own enemies, whom he represented as equally criminal with the enemies of Christ. The convents, and other religious societies, bought the possessions of the adventurers; and, as the contributions of the faithful were commonly intrusted to their management, they often diverted into this channel what was intended to be employed against the infidels.

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fidels. But no one was a more immediate gainer by this epidemic fury than the king of England, (William the Conqueror,) who kept aloof from all connections with those fanatical and romantic warriors.

Robert, Duke of Normandy, impelled by the bravery and mistaken generosity of his spirit, had early enlisted himself in the crusade; but, being always unprovided with money, he found that it would be impracticable for him to appear in a manner suitable to his rank and station at the head of his numerous vassals and subjects, who, transported with the general rage, were determined to follow him into Asia. He resolved therefore to mortgage, or rather to sell, his dominions, which he had not talents to govern, and he offered them to his brother, the king of England, for the very unequal sum of 10,000 marks; and the bargain was soon concluded. The king was put in possession of Normandy and Maine, and Robert, providing himself with a magnificent train, set out for the Holy Land in pursuit of glory, and in full confidence of securing his eternal salvation.

In the year 1100, William, Earl of Poitiers, and Duke of Guienne, inflamed with the glory, and not discouraged by the misfortunes, which had attended the former adventurers in the crusades, had put himself at the head of an immense multitude, computed to amount to 60,000 horse, and a much greater number of foot; and he proposed to lead them into the Holy Land against the infidels. He wanted money to forward the preparations requisite for this expedition; and therefore mortgaged to William Rufus all his dominions. This done, he proceeded on his journey, and having joined the rest of the adventurers who were assembled on the banks of the Bosphorus, opposite to Constantinople, they proceeded on their enterprise, but immediately experienced those difficulties which their zeal had hitherto concealed from them, and for which, even if they had foreseen them, it would have been almost impossible to provide a remedy.

The Greek Emperor, Alexis Comnenus, who had applied to the western Christians for succour against the Turks, entertained hopes, and those but feeble ones, of obtaining such a moderate supply, as, acting under his command, might enable him to repulse the enemy; but he was extremely astonished to see his dominions overwhelmed on a sudden by such an inundation of licentious barbarians; who, though they pretended friendship, despised his subjects as unwarlike, and detested them as heretical. By all the arts of policy, in which he excelled, he endeavoured to divert the torrent; but, while he employed professions, caresses, civilities, and seeming services, towards

towards the leaders of the crusade, he secretly regarded those imperious allies as more dangerous than those open enemies by whom his empire had been formerly invaded. His dangerous policy was seconded by those disorders inseparable from so vast a multitude, who were not united under one head, and who were conducted by leaders of the most independent and untractable spirit, unacquainted with military discipline, and determined enemies to civil authority and submission. The scarcity of provisions, the excesses of fatigue, the influence of unknown climates, joined to the want of concert in their operations and to the sword of a warlike enemy, destroyed the adventurers by thousands, and would have abated the ardour of men, impelled to war by less powerful motives. Their zeal, however, their bravery, and their irresistible force, still carried them forward, and continually advanced them to the great end of their enterprise. After an obstinate siege they took Nice, the seat of the Turkish empire; they defeated Soliman in two great battles, and made themselves masters of Antioch.

[To be concluded in the next number.]

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

If the following is not inconsistent with the plan of conveying amusement to your readers through the channel of your entertaining Ledger, I shall not grudge my trouble in transcribing a few anecdotes of the late celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, as they came into my hands:

I am your occasional correspondent, A. S.

THE eminence of this great man in his faculty cannot be distinguished under too brilliant circumstances, since his merit and understanding entitle him to the highest pinnacle of honour which it seems possible for a man to attain. As his profession in life was no less than the preservation of the human species, he did not endeavour to make himself master of it by an useless application to the rubbish of antiquity in old rusty volumes that required ages to be perused, but by a careful examination of the most valuable treatises that saw the light from modern hands. His books, while he was a student in this art, (before he arrived to be a practitioner,) were very few, but well chosen; so few, indeed, as to make Dr. Bathurst, one day in a surprize, ask him, where was his study; upon which, pointing to a few vials, a skeleton, and a herbal, he received for answer, *Sir, this is Radcliffe's library*: not unlike the reply which was made by Agesilaus to such

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such another question, when it was demanded, Where were the walls of Sparta: that king, pointing by way of return to the ships in the harbour, said, These are the walls and bulwarks for its defence.

Among the number of the Doctor's patients, who should apply to him, one day, but a credulous old woman in behalf of her husband? she hoped his worship would be prevailed with to tell her the distemper her husband lay sick of, and to prescribe proper remedies for his relief: with that she presented him with a bottle of his water. In return to which the Doctor found occasion to ask, Where is he? Sick in bed, four miles off, cried the petitioner. And that's his water, no doubt? resumes the querist. Yes, and please your worship, the replies. And, being asked what trade he was of, she tells him that of a boot-maker. Very well, mistress, cries the Doctor; and, taking the urinal, empties it in the chamber-pot; then, filling it with his own, dismisses her with this advice: Take this home to your husband, and, if he will undertake to fit me with a pair of boots by the sight of my water, I will make no question of prescribing for his distemper by a view of his.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Observations on the Use of Coffee.

ANY general remarks that I can offer, respecting the medicinal qualities of coffee, appear so much anticipated*, that I shall principally confine myself to a few facts, which my acquaintance with the West-India islands has afforded me; and as there is a considerable uniformity in the diet of the natives, the effects which result will be thereby more evident. The female sex confine themselves more particularly to the use of coffee: they drink it in large quantities as well as very strong, though prepared in a method somewhat different from that practised in Europe; instead of boiling the coffee, agreeable to the fashion here, they pour hot water upon it in the manner tea is made, whereby the finest parts of the coffee only are extracted.

VOL. II.

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The

* Ellis on Coffee, with Dr. Fothergill's judicious remarks, 4to, with an elegant engraving. Coffee, indeed, has long been a subject of enquiry, so early as 1652: one Edwards, an English Turkey-merchant, brought home with him a Greek servant, who first introduced the roasting and making of Coffee into England. Vid. Anderson's Chronolog. Deduction of Commerce, v. 2. p. 88.

The men are not so generally addicted to this sober repast but substitute wines, punch, and spirituous liquors, instead of it.

How far this may influence the health of the different sexes is difficult to determine; it is however very certain, that the women in general arrive to a more advanced age: the other sex, it must be admitted, are more exposed to the weather and to laborious and dangerous employments; but it is likewise probable, that the difference in diet is one considerable cause of the different degrees of longevity. I have known even laborious men, who have been accustomed to an immoderate indulgence in the use of coffee, and nevertheless enjoy vigorous health in the supine clime of the West-Indies. A friend of mine, whose concerns oblige him to undergo severe exercise in the open field, exposed to heat and change of weather, has daily drunk for the space of several years, about a gallon of strong coffee, which he takes as his common drink; he is now in advanced years, has a fine succession of children, and enjoys a large share of health and spirits.

Though a few examples of the salubrity of coffee, when copiously indulged, may not authorize a practice of this kind, yet one may from hence rationally infer, that it is by no means pernicious when used in moderate quantities, and that, in a preventive view at least, this innocent regale may be usefully substituted for wine and other intoxicating liquors. In this country, I presume, many advantages would result to a change in the present custom of drinking wine after dinner, by introducing coffee at the conclusion of this meal, whereby the ladies would not be obliged to withdraw from the table; a practice which the free use of wine probably hath familiarized, though greatly to the exclusion of innocent and rational conversation, which the valuable part of the sex always inspire, and whose company, on most other occasions, is courted and valued; but how this rudeness was first admitted after a social repast is not easily accounted for.

We may however justly conclude, that every means of promoting sobriety and rational conversation must conduce to public good in a moral as well as in a political view, and merits more immediate encouragement, when, at the same time, health is thereby preserved; for it appears, from the experiments and observations of judicious physicians, that coffee assists digestion, relieves head-ach, and produces a grateful sensation in the stomach, particularly after a full meal or any unusual fatigue*.

From

* Vid. Percival's Experimental Essays, v. 2. p. 122. & seq.

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From the discouragements to the cultivation of Coffee, many islands, which once exported this berry, do not cultivate at present sufficient for their own consumption; but, in a political light, it is a matter of much importance to promote the cultivation of such articles of commerce, in our possessions beyond the Atlantic, as do not interfere with the manufactures or natural produce of the mother country *: and, as a late writer remarks, if the European nations should continue, as of late years, to naturalize in their own western plantations the fine productions of China, Persia, Arabia, Syria, Egypt, and Turkey, it will in time bring the direct commerce to the Levant to a very narrow compass †.

Many objections to the West-India coffee have been started, from its inferiority to the Turkey in taste and flavour; but these, as hath been already intimated, arise principally from neglect in preserving this berry from imbibing the exhalations of other bodies. A bottle of rum, Dr. Percival remarks ‡, placed at some distance from a canister of Coffee, so impregnated the berries in a short time as to injure their flavour. Some years since, a few bags of pepper were conveyed in a coffee-ship from India, the effluvia of which being absorbed by the coffee, the whole cargo was spoiled §.

Inattention to accidents of this kind, I imagine, is the chief source of complaint against West-India coffee, and perhaps the little time it is kept, previous to its use, may be another, as the experiments I have frequently made, to ascertain the different qualities of coffee, convince me that they depend chiefly upon these circumstances; it may even be doubted whether the iron vessels, in which coffee is roasted, do not affect the genuine flavour of this dietetic berry, as well as the slowness and degree of the heat employed in this operation ||.

HYGEIA.

S s 2

To

* Political Essays on the present State of the British Empire. Sir Josiah Child on Trade.

† Anderson's Chronological Deduction of Commerce, vol. 2. p. 88.

‡ Experimental Essays, vol. 1. p. 129.

§ Ibid. Miller's Gardener's Dictionary, 8th edition, article coffee.

|| Semina coffe in vasis ferreis torrenda non sunt, quoniam et ferrum olei partem attrahit, et particulae martiales a seminibus succipiuntur, inde in vasis terreis, crusta vitrea indutis, tostio melius perficitur. Comment. de Rebus T. 11. p. 529.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE complicated scenes of misery, which are to be met with in this city, have sometimes created a wish that no instance which falls in my way, might so far escape my observation and care as not to administer such a relief as is in my power; for though the objects prove not always grateful for the favour done, or render themselves unworthy thereof, yet the satisfaction resulting from helping such, as might appear in distress, is a sufficient reward: and the following story, which is strictly true, evinces to me the advantage of attending to those tender feelings we have on the sight of such an object, not to pass them by hastily; but, by making a suitable enquiry into their condition, we sometimes have an opportunity of seeing worthy objects in the depth of human misery.

In passing along one of the streets of this city, in the common course of my business last winter, I observed a young person cross the way with a man's coat and hat on, but who appeared to be a female by her countenance, with an aspect inexpressibly distressed, beyond the power of my pen to describe; being sensibly touched therewith, it led me to reflect on her condition; and, prompted by compassion, I stopped her to know who she was, with a view only to give her a small temporary relief, and with that view took her to a cook's-shop to give her some food: on hearing which, she, with great emotion, said, I have a father, a mother, and a sister, all ill, and they have nothing to eat: this produced a larger supply from me than I first proposed, and, on considering the case, it raised great compassion. I sent her home with what I purchased, and ordered her then to go to the General-Dispensary, in Aldersgate-Street, where I also, as soon as convenient, went and procured them some medical help; by which means, and through the assistance of Benevolus, a neighbouring tradesman, who, on seeing the girl at my house, kindly offered it, I got also a true account of their distress.

The man, a journeyman-taylor, by sickness being rendered unable to work, the source of supply was by that means gone; and, after pawning furniture, apparel, and everything that would raise money for a supply, had nothing left, and had been one day without food, and the poor girl was, when I met with her, going to the baker who used to serve them with bread, to beg a few raspings, as the last resource to assuage hunger.

I could not be so insensible to human woe as to refuse my help: my own family supplied them with broths to aid the medicines; and, through the charitable and kind assistance of many,

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(who, on hearing the case, cheerfully contributed,) I was enabled to help this poor distressed family, not only with food, but to redeem some of their apparel and furniture, and to raise the man so far to health as to go again to work for the support of his family.

The girl above-mentioned, about seventeen years of age, having all the marks of innocence about her, and, when dressed in proper apparel, a comely person, attributing the whole of this relief to the interposition of providence, became the object of my future care; it appearing to me not complete until she was otherwise provided for: for which purpose I continued the subscription until I got sufficient to clothe her; and the innocency of her aspect and deportment recommended her to a worthy gentleman, who hired her to wait on his wife then sick.

In this station she continued for about five months, when sickness obliging her to go into an hospital, she was deprived of her place though not of the gentleman's respect, she having conducted herself with sobriety and decency; when, on her receiving a letter from an ancient grandfather, to whom I had before written and acquainted him of her distress, he, though poor himself, sent for her, and by my assistance she was conveyed down to him in the north of England; and, by a letter lately received from a person of credit there, to whom I recommended her, I find she hath so conducted herself as to get into a sober and reputable family as a servant.

It is not with a view to raise my reputation this account is given; I was only the instrument through providence to help the distressed: I think myself amply repaid in procuring and providing for the girl, who may probably in time be a valuable member of society.

I am a citizen of the world, and owe good-will to all; no profession of religion should be neglected or slighted. The great Author of the Christian religion regards not names, he sees the integrity of the heart under all modes and professions; and, being the common parent of all, his love is universal, and those who are upright in heart before him, have ground of hope for preservation, and his signal interposition is sometimes obvious to the attentive mind.

I shall therefore conclude this relation with the words of Seneca, an ancient heathen philosopher: "We should look up to that Power to whom we are indebted for all we can pretend to that is good."

A Friend to Mankind.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS the intention of your monthly publication is to preserve whatever is useful or entertaining, I presume the inclosed copy, from a manuscript account of the discovery and usage of the embalmed body of that great soldier and statesman Thomas Beaufort, third son of John of Gaunt, may not be unacceptable to most of your readers, if I may judge from myself in perusal of it; especially as it is the only account to be depended on yet transmitted to the public; by giving it a place you will oblige

A constant Reader.

N. B. The manuscript may be seen at the Bell, Edmonton, where it lies for public inspection.

C O P Y.

Bury St. Edmunds.

ON the 20th of February, 1772, some labourers, employed in breaking up part of the old abbey-church, discovered a leaden coffin, which contained an embalmed body, as perfect and entire as at the time of its death; the features and lineaments of the face were perfect, which were covered with a mark of the embalming materials; the very colour of the eyes distinguishable, the hair of the head a brown intermixed with some few grey ones; the nails fast on the fingers and toes, as when living; the stature of the body about six feet tall, and genteelly formed: the labourers, for the sake of the lead, which they sold to Mr. Faye, a plumber in this town, for about fifteen shillings, stripped the body of its coffin, and threw it promiscuously among the rubbish. From the place of its interment, it was soon found to be the remains of Thomas Beaufort, third son of John de Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, by his third dutchess, lady Catharine Swinesford, relict of Sir Otho de Swinesford of Lincolnshire; he took the name of Beaufort from the place of his birth, a castle of the dukes in France. He was half-brother to K. Henry the Fourth, created duke of Exeter and knight of the garter; in 1410, lord chancellor of England; in 1412, high admiral of England, and captain of Calais. He commanded the rear-guard of his nephew King Henry the fifth's army, at the battle of Agincourt, on the 25th of October, 1415; and, in 1422, upon the death of King Henry the Fifth, was, jointly with his brother Henry, Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, appointed by the parliament to the government, care, and education,

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of the royal infant, Henry the Sixth. He married Margaret, daughter of Sir Thomas Nevil, by whom he had issue only one son, who died young; he was a great benefactor to this church; and died at East-Greenwich, 1427, in the fifth year of King Henry the Sixth, and was interred in this abbey-church near his dutchefs, (as he had in his will directed,) at the entrance of the chapel of our lady, close to the wall.

On the 24th of February following, the mangled remains were inclosed in an oak coffin, and buried about eight feet deep, close to the north-side of the north-east pillar, which formerly assisted to support the abbey belfry. Before its interment, the body was mangled and cut with the most savage barbarity by T—— G—— C——, a young surgeon in this town, lately appointed Bath king at arms; the skull sawed in pieces, where the brain appeared; it seemed somewhat wasted, but perfectly contained in its proper membranes; the body ripped up from the neck to the bottom; the cheek cut through by a saw entered at the mouth; his arms chopped off below the elbows, and taken away; one of the arms the said C—— confesses to have in spirits.

The crucifix, supposed a very valuable one, is missing. It is believed the body of the dutchefs was found within about a foot of the duke's on the 24th of February: if she was buried in lead, she was most likely conveyed away clandestinely the same night.

In this church several more of the ancient royal blood were interred, whose remains are daily expected to share the same fate. Every sensible and humane man reflects with horror at the shocking and wanton inhumanity with which those princely remains of the grandson of the victorious King, Edward the Third, have been treated, even worse than the body of a common malefactor, and that 345 years after his death."

The truth of this circumstance having been artfully suppressed, or very falsely represented, in the country newspapers, and the conveyance of public intelligence rendered doubtful, no method could be taken to convey a true account to the public, but by this mode of offering it.

The

The speech of *Fabritius* to *Phyrrhus*,—*E. L.*—*Charity*,
—the two last Letters from *Theodosius* to *Constantia*,
and *Alexis*,—in the next.

Philo Pietas,—*E. R.*—The Account of *Hateby*,
—*Eusebius's* Extract from *Rollin's* History,—*Connoisseur*,
—*Christianus*,—*Ferdinand Fig*,—*E. H. N.*
and *Apis*, are received.

Just published: FOX'S DIVINITY CATALOGUE, contain-
ing a very extensive and valuable Collection of scarce Theolo-
gical Books, in the English, Greek, Latin, and other Lan-
guages, including 800 Volumes of Sermons, which are
now selling remarkably cheap, at the Prices printed in the
Catalogue; by WILLIAM FOX, at Numb. 128, in Hol-
born, opposite Fetter-Lane. Catalogues may be had at the
Place of Sale; also of Messrs. Brotherton and Sewell, Corn-
hill; Johnson, St. Paul's Church-Yard; Elmsly, in the
Strand; Millan, Charing-Cross; and T. Letchworth, at
Number 33, Tooley-Street, Southwark.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market
Mark-Lane.

	Jan. 1.		6th.		10th		13th		17th		20th		24th	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Wheat, Red	44	55	44	55	44	55	44	55	44	54	44	54	44	54
Ditto White	44	55	44	55	44	55	44	55	44	54	44	54	44	54
Rye, —	27	28	27	28	27	28	27	28	27	28	27	28	27	28
Barley, —	24	28	24	28	24	28	24	28	23	26	23	26	23	26
Oats, —	13	21	13	21	13	21	13	21	13	20	13	20	13	20
Jan. 27. Red and White Wheat, 42s 5d. Rye, 26s 2d. Barley, 20s 2d. Oats, 13s 1d.														

* * Any persons, who take in the Monthly Ledger, may
also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the Reviews,
and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the E-
ditor of the Monthly Ledger, at Number 33, Tooley-street,
Southwark.

P O E T R Y.

Retirement, an irregular Ode.

FAR from those scenes where riot
 reigns,
 Where folly sits inshrin'd,
 To heav'n-taught science blind,
 In painted vest, with vacant mind, }
 Or tyrant fashion, rules, with ever-
 changeful sway;
 Within the bosom of a shade,
 Fit for pensive musing made,
 I'll to retirement tune the rustic lay:

While thrushes pour the notes of love,
 O let me catch the thrilling sound,
 And mark the beauties of the grove,
 Where flow'rs, sweet-breathing, deck
 the velvet ground:
 Or on yon sedge margin, where
 The streams of Cam, as crystal clear,
 Meander through the vale,
 While on her flow'ry banks the shepherd
 stands,
 And breathes his tender tale!

Deep within the mirror lie
 The glories of another sky;
 There Iris bends her mimic bow,
 And gold-embroider'd clouds, in shapes
 fantastic, glow.
 Sorrow here shall not intrude,
 Or overspread the smiling scene;
 Bright peace shall here expand her silver
 wings,
 And scatter beams of joy unknown to
 kings.
 Here, in vision bright, the muse,
 Descending soot, my fancy views,
 Some happy bard t'inspire,
 With her celestial fire,
 To form the tuneful lay, or sweep the
 trembling lyre.
 Methinks I hear the solemn sound
 Stealing on my raptur'd ears,
 And warbling through the vast profound
 Like the music of the spheres.
 See, spread along the river's side,
 With tops inverted in the tide,
 Those moss-grown walls which science
 calls her own,
 Where art and learning fix their awful
 throne.

In yon cloud-piercing turret * Newton sat,
 All nature opening to his boundless
 view,

Look'd through her laws, and, with pre-
 cision great,

The revolutions of yon planets drew:
 Or, where the burning comets stray,
 Pursu'd their path, with ken refin'd,
 "Beyond the solar walk or milky way,"
 Delighted, rang'd his comprehensive
 mind!

A mind which nature form'd with won-
 d'rous pow'r,
 Her vast etherial regions to explore,
 And wing'd for sacred flight above the
 starry sphere!

O! could I catch one spark of that bright
 flame! —

Vain is the wish; — that fire is fled
 Back to the source of light, from
 whence it came,
 And Newton's number'd with the dead.

O! humbling thought to vanity and pride!
 That eye, which pierc'd the regions of
 the skies,

And ken'd the deep-hid sources of the
 tide,

Now, mix'd with dust, in cold oblivion
 lies.

Thus fares it with all human things,
 Heroes, philosophers, and kings;
 Awhile they shine, and then decay,
 And mingle with their kindred clay.

Rise, then, my soul, in thought extatic
 rise,
 Superior bliss awaits thee in the skies;
 Exert thy noblest pow'rs to gain th'im-
 mortal prize.

In this retirement contemplate
 The vanity of human state;
 Assume the dignity of man,
 And form thy life on reason's plan.

Converse with nature; read her ample
 page:

Her language is the voice of truth,
 Whisp'ring, in the ear of youth,
 Precepts of wisdom, and instruction sage.
 Hither, hither, oft repair.

To taste reflection's balmy joys;
 Though smiles the world, with aspect
 fair,

Her boasted treasures are but toys.
 In these sweet shades, where virtue loves
 to dwell,

Where the lark wakes the morn with
 notes of praise,

* The Observatory, on Trinity-College.

Study the noble art of acting well,
And peace will crown the ev'ning of
thy days.

MUSIDORUS.

Eman. Coll. Cambridge.

*A Paraphrase of the forty-third Chapter of
Ecclesiasticus.*

YON concave bright, the deep eth-
erial blue,
With all its studded stars and glorious shew,
Th' emerging sun, that darts the golden
ray,
Bespeak thy pow'r, great Origin of day.
Though parch'd is nature's vegetable
pride,
Nor can mankind its zenith rage abide;
Intense than the furnace glows its rays,
And fires the mountains with its kindling
blaze;
The fiery beams gleam noxious on the
fight,
Nor bear the nerves th' insufferable light;
Yet these sublimely, these thy pow'r dis-
play,
Who speed'd their course along th' ethereal
way.
At thy command the moon renews her
light,
And lifts her lucid crescent o'er the night;
Now wax'd, now wan'd, in varied sheen
appears,
Guides the sidereal months and forms the
years.
Soft minister of thee, to whom 'tis giv'n
To lead the host that decks the blazing
heav'n;
Whether their fires in constellations rise,
Or dance in mystic rounds th' incircled
skies,
Thy glorious finger stretch'd yon splendid
bow,
Bent the grand arch, and gave the gor-
geous glow.
Thou bad'st the snow, in waving flakes,
alight,
And the mind marvels at the dazzling
fight,
The North-wind blows, and, lo! the
drifts arise,
Like rav'ning vultures, gath'ring in the
skies;
Dreadful, in air, th' impending burden
sails,
And falls, like locusts, on th' affrighted
vales.
E'en marble mountains tremble at thy
sign,
Then prostrate nations own the pow'r is
thine!

Or when th' uprooting whirlwind earth
deforms,
On, raging, sweeps her plains the brumal
storms:
Or when, furcharg'd with fire, the South-
wind brings
A baleful vapour hanging on his wings,
It mounts aloft, and pealing thunders rise,
Fire heav'n's high vault, and rend the lu-
rid skies.
Thy light-plum'd snows in wav'ring beau-
ty fly,
Like birds in flocks, soft winnowing
through the sky:
(A hoary vesture cloaths the naked fane,
Whilst the strong frost confines the flu-
tuate lake.)
More pow'rful still o'er rapid streams pre-
vail,
Condens'd, refulgent as the warrior's
mail:
Then hills and fields forego their man-
ling green,
An arid, naked, desolated, scene.
When the soft mist dissolves, the potent
pow'r
Renews the greens, and opes the willing
flow'r;
The genial dews a verd'rous beauty yield,
When sultry winds have parch'd the blas-
ted field.
At thy behest appear'd, wild oceans sleep,
Or bright isles rise amidst the billowy deep.
The voy'ger tells how waves like moun-
tains rise,
Till their lash'd foam seems mingled with
the skies:
Thy word speaks peace throughout the vast
domain,
And then he tells the wonders of thy
reign:
What swim in shoals, or solitary keep,
The fin'd or footed natives of the deep;
How the leviathan his bulk displays,
And where behemoth quits the flood to
graze:
That, playful, through the surging ocean
sweeps,
Or heaves a living mountain o'er the
deeps;
This from th' incumbent waters rears his
head,
Snorts to the hills, and rolls the flow'ry
mead.
By thy conserving breath all things subsist,
The green earth blooms, and all its tribes
exist:
To reach thy works in vain our thoughts
we raise!
How must th' eternal sum transcend our
praise!

Yet sing th'
play.
Even the song
Not daring fa
Nor the wrap
Ineffable thy
Immense and

SWEET
Adorn'
Mild, mode
Her nature
She was not
Or pictur'd
Yet had the
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For al

Yet sing th' efficient cause we can't display,

Even the song, though impotent the lay.
Not daring fancy can thy pow'r descry,
Nor the wrapt prophet aptly magnify.
Ineffable thy praise, in works reveal'd,
Immenſe and unimagin'd thoſe conceal'd !

NORVICUM.

CLARINA.

SWEET innocence and artleſs truth
Adorn'd Clarina's early youth ;
Mild, modeſt, unaffected, free,
Her nature was ſimplicity :
She was not all that poets feign,
Or pictur'd goddeſſes obtain ;
Yet had the meek-ey'd damſel join'd
A pleaſing form and virtuous mind.
In all her dreſs exactly neat,
Where youthful modes and plainneſs meet ;
Studious t' improve her fleeting day,
Still diligent, alert, and gay.

Such was the ſober country maid,
Whom cuſtom late to town convey'd.
But, oh ! how ſad a change enſu'd !
With deep regret her loſs we view'd.
Her gentle manners now give place
To forward airs and borrow'd grace ;
Her looks and ſtudied motions riſe,
With coquetry and coy diſguiſe.
Her lips, which late beſpoke her heart,
Now pour impertinence and art ;
Her eyes, which beam'd good-nature's ray,
A thouſand fooliſh thoughts betray ;
Her time's now loſt in new affairs,
In idle goſſiping and airs.
Her vain attire ſhould ſeem deſign'd
The mirror of her vainer mind.
The decent veil is thrown aſide,
To expoſe her boſom's riſing pride.
The faſhions now engroſs her care,
Dut, gewgaws, lace, and 'broider'd hair ;
And dancing turns to night the day,
To pleaſe the vain and court the gay.

O ! Clara, Clara, whence the cauſe
Of nature's violated laws ?
Can affection, pride, and art,
Be lovelier than an honeſt heart ?
Why all this fooliſh idle toil,
Once-charming Clarina to ſpoil ?
Know, that thy honourable name
Is blaſted by the breath of ſame ;
And all, that now thy hopes employ,
Muſt ſoon thy heart's repoſe deſtroy.
Know, Clarina, it was thy mind
Fiſt gain'd thee friends, ſo firm and kind ;
But now our friendſhip bids adieu,
For all we lov'd is loſt by you.

To the Editor of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

HAVING met with an acroſtical rebus in your Ledger, I amuſed myſelf half an hour in finding it out ; and, at ſent, you have the production of that half-hour's leiſure ; and, ſhould not any of your ingenious readers furniſh you with a more ſuitable answer, it is much at your ſervice for inſertion. I am, &c.

P. O.

NESTOR's the prince for his great
age renown'd ;
An organ yields a pleaſing ſolemn ſound ;
Rheſus, the Thracian king, at night was ſlain,
By Diomedes, on the Trojan plain ;
King William does the nob'e hero ſtand,
Who, by victorious arms, ſubdu'd this land ;
The Cretan king, who raſhly ſlew his child,
Was Idomeneus, by his vow beguil'd ;
In Cyprus' iſle Cytherea was ador'd ;
Wiſe Homer did the Trojan wars record :
Th' initials of theſe names, when rightly join'd.

The city NORWICH will expreſs, you'll find.

Charter-Houſe Square.

ELEGY.

TELL me, ye nymphs, where Angelina roves :
Say, does ſhe bloom the goddeſs of the groves ?
Or, ſlowly pacing o'er the favour'd plains,
Draw the keen glances of th' enamour'd ſwains ?
Oh ! Angelina, whither doſt thou fly ?
Where veil the ſplendors of thy piercing eye ?
Why from my heart withdraw the rays of light,
Loſt in the ſhadows of eternal night ?
So feels the world ; by angry Phœbus driv'n
To gloomy ſhades below, the orb of heav'n.
Ah ! then, ariſe, in all thy beauty's bloom ;
Thy radiant charms ſhall diſſipate the gloom ;
From my fond lyre theſe plaintive ſtrains remove,
And wake to rapture all the notes of love.
Come, my dear maid, my Angelina, come,
Lockt hand in hand, together let us roam,

T t 2

Climb

Climb the steep heights of yonder mountain's side,
Where the rude torrent rolls his foaming tide ;

Where moss-grown rocks in mighty fragments lie,
Nod o'er the vales, and tremble in the sky.
Ah no ; these scenes of terror will displease,
And rouse the slumbers of a soul at ease.
'Tis the close covert of the shady grove,
Whose scenes, umbrageous, are the scenes of love :

Still more adorn'd, when pearly riv'lets stray,
Whose winding waters " win their easy way."

Here let me whisper all that love inspires,
My fond effusions and my chaste desires ;
Breathe the soft numbers flowing from the heart,
Tell what I feel, and ask thy healing art.

Z.

Reflections on Winter.

SWIFT fly the hours ! But now, yon tower's grove
Gave soothing melody to zephyr's wing ;
There the sweet warblers tun'd their notes of love,
And, from their sprays harmonious, call'd it spring.

But now, those fields, in lively green array'd,
Declare the beauties of approaching May ;
E'en ev'ry humble flow'ret of the mead
Blush'd, sweetly blush'd, to meet the rising day.

O'er the flow rising of yon eastern hills
The harmless flock leapt wanton o'er the lawn ;
The trusty shepherd sought the crystal rills,
And shunn'd the scorching rays of coming noon.

Too bright, too lovely, was the scene to last ;
Ah ! much too gay the flow'rets not to fade ;
Its blooming honours met the sudden blast,
And sunk its trophies in a winter's shade.

Winter, stern tyrant, calls the day his own,
And spreads his conquest : lo ! the sick-
en'd eye

Points what his cruel ravage has o'er-
thrown,
And robs reflection of the ready sight.

Not only man the mighty loss sustains ;
The whole creation wears the face of woe ;
The lambskins now, depriv'd of flow'ry plains,
With mournful bleatings, chide the falling snow.

The homely robin, from the neighbouring thatch,
In softest music, does the loss deplore,
And want, pale want, compels him to the hatch,
The clasp of which he durst not stand before.

" Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,"
And sure his notes must touch the rustic maid :
Oft with a few small crumbs the wanton's blest,
And she with daily sonnets is repaid.

How vain the wish for to relieve the scene,
Or change the hoary rev'rend face of time !
Nature herself assumes the awful theme,
And cries, vain man, be cautious of thy prime.

Though gay and careless in thy younger days,
Nor want, nor misery, thy thoughts engage,
Though pleasure oft with youthful fancy strays,
Yet cares and wrinkles wait the steps of age.

ROMEO.

A Morning Ode.

RISING from her orient bed,
Grey-ey'd morning lifts her head ;
Opens the rosy gates of light,
And dispels the gloom of night.
Sweetly smiles the new-born day,
Rise, my fair one, rise, and play.
Now the lark, in airy flight,
'Bove the misty mountain's height,
Wings aloft her rapid way,
Warbling forth her melting lay.
Herds, that graze the dewy lawn,
Joyful, at th' approach of dawn,
Sportive, frisk it o'er the dale,
And with lowings fill the vale.

Plumy

Plumy son
Ebbing fa
Gaily ha
Haste, my
Fields, in
Gaily gre
Flow'rs,
Lift their
Trees, w
Shed their
Cloth'd
Waving,
Gently m
Freed from
Mountain
Lift their
Deck'd w
Breathes
All the f
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Clad in
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On her
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Num'ro
Haste, r
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Chearful
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Linnets
Warble
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Flowy songsters, all around;
 Echoing far the cheerful sound,
 Gladly hail the rising day;
 Haste, my charmer, haste away.
 Fields, in vernal beauty bright,
 Gayly greet the ravish'd sight;
 Flow'rs, that deck th' enamel'd meads,
 Lift their gay luxuriant heads;
 Trees, with op'ning blossoms crown'd,
 Shed their fragrant sweets around;
 Cloath'd with verdure, shady woods,
 Waving, hide the crystal floods,
 Gently murmuring through the plains,
 Freed from winter's icy chains.
 Mountains, wond'ring as they rise,
 Lift their green heads to the skies.
 Deck'd with flow'rs, the fertile vale
 Breaths a sweet odours through the gale.
 All the face of nature, gay,
 Tells th' approach of smiling May.
 Clad in mild majestic state,
 Balm'y zephyrs round her wait,
 And, softly whisp'ring as they fly,
 On her snowy bosom die.
 Seel she revels o'er the plain,
 Num'rous graces in her train!
 Haste, my fair one, haste away,
 Take the sweets of blooming May.
 Cheerful warblers of the grove
 Their notes attune to joy and love:
 Linnets, perch'd on yonder spray,
 Warble forth th' am'rous lay;
 Whilst, soft cooing through the vale,
 Turtles tell their love sick tale.
 Like the linnets and the dove,
 Hear, oh hear, the voice of love,
 Plac'd beneath the cooling shade,
 By soft hands of nature made,
 Where the woodbine and the rose
 All their blushing sweets disclose,
 Where, slow trickling o'er the ground,
 Crystal streamlets murmur round,
 Let my fair-one there employ
 Smiling hours in love and joy;
 Let my fair-one there receive
 All sweets that virtuous love can give.

AMYNTOR.

With a Present. By Mr. Cunningham.

LET not the hand of amity be nice,
 Nor the poor tribute from the
 heart disclaim;
 A trifle shall I come a pledge of price,
 If friendship stamps it with her sacred
 name.

The little rose, that laughs upon its stem
 One of the sweets with which the gar-
 dens teem,
 In value fears above an eastern gem,
 If tender'd as the token of esteem.

Had I vast hoards of massy wealth to send,
 Such as your merits might demand —
 their due;
 Then should the golden tribute of your
 friend
 Rival the treasures of the rich Peru.

Two Characters from real life.

SERENE as ev'ning, mild as rose-
 lip'd spring,
 When fragrant incense floats on zephyr's
 wing,
 In peace Calista spends her balcyon days;
 Bright in her conduct all the virtues blaze.
 Sweet from her tongue the melting accents
 flow,
 Like mercy soothing sweet the ear of woe,
 No pride intrudes, or jarring passions vex,
 No ruffling cares her peaceful soul perplex.
 Love, beauty, grace, and modesty combine
 To dignify her soul, and make her shine
 Pre-eminent, unrivall'd, fair, and bright,
 Of all mankind the wonder and delight.
 Thus she, while virtue all her actions
 guides,
 Along the stream of life serenely glides.

The Contrast.

ROUGH, loud, and stormy, like the
 wintry wind,
 Rolls the hoarse tumult of Sophronia's
 mind.
 In fretful strife employ'd, she knows no
 rest,
 For furious passions shake her tortur'd
 breast.
 Fear in her looks and fury in her eye
 The horrors of Medusa's face supply.
 With pride and fell revenge her heart's re-
 plete,
 Of ev'ry vice the well-accustom'd seat;
 With envy, horror, rage, and fear, oppress,
 Each hell-born harpy preys within her
 breast.

SKETCH.

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having the account of *S. Forbergill*, with the Reflections on the Weighty Sentences which he uttered a little before he died; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be had of the editor, price 2d.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From January 16, to January 21, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	4	3	3	3	0	2	0	2	10

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	7	—	—	3	4	2	4	3	5
Surry,	6	5	—	—	3	2	2	4	3	11
Hertford,	6	10	—	—	3	5	2	3	3	11
Bedford,	7	0	4	8	3	2	2	2	3	4
Cambridge,	6	6	3	7	3	1	1	11	2	9
Huntingdon,	6	11	—	—	3	0	2	2	3	1
Northampton,	7	4	5	2	3	9	2	1	3	9
Rutland,	7	1	—	—	3	7	2	0	2	10
Leicester,	7	3	5	2	3	11	2	1	3	8
Nottingham,	6	5	5	0	3	7	2	2	3	6
Derby,	6	10	—	—	4	1	2	7	4	2
Stafford,	7	6	5	4	4	0	2	2	4	6
Salop,	7	4	5	8	3	9	2	0	4	6
Hereford,	6	8	—	—	3	3	1	11	3	5
Worcester,	7	7	5	0	4	0	2	5	4	4
Warwick,	7	7	—	—	4	1	2	7	5	2
Gloucester,	8	3	—	—	3	8	2	4	4	4
Wiltshire,	6	11	—	—	3	1	2	4	4	7
Berks,	7	0	—	—	3	2	2	4	3	10
Oxford,	7	7	—	—	3	7	2	7	4	3
Bucks,	7	0	—	—	3	3	2	1	3	4

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	3	3	1	3	2	2	1	3	2
Suffolk,	5	9	3	0	2	11	2	0	2	11
Norfolk,	5	8	3	4	2	7	2	0	3	1
Lincoln,	6	1	4	4	3	2	1	6	3	2
York,	6	1	4	7	3	2	1	11	3	6
Durham,	5	11	4	1	3	1	1	11	3	11
Northumberland,	5	9	4	1	3	1	2	1	3	8
Cumberland,	6	2	4	3	3	1	1	11	4	0
Westmoreland,	6	5	—	—	2	9	1	11	3	6
Lancashire,	6	3	—	—	3	2	2	1	3	4
Cheshire,	6	8	—	—	4	1	2	3	—	—
Monmouth,	7	3	—	—	3	2	1	9	3	7
Somerset,	7	7	3	10	3	3	1	11	6	3
Devon,	7	0	—	—	3	2	1	7	—	—
Cornwall,	6	5	—	—	3	3	1	9	—	—
Dorset,	6	9	—	—	2	10	2	2	4	5
Hampshire,	6	9	—	—	3	3	2	3	4	0
Sussex,	6	4	—	—	3	1	2	1	3	4
Kent,	6	5	—	—	3	7	2	2	3	1

From January 9, to January 14, 1775.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	6	0	4	1	3	1	1	6	3	5
South Wales,	7	1	5	10	3	1	1	8	3	7

Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans	Big.
4 11	3 5	2 8	2 0	2 6	2 4

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For December, 1774.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1	N.W.	fresh 29 $\frac{1}{10}$	38 40	Frosty.
2	S.	fresh 29 $\frac{4}{10}$	39 42	Rainy day.
3	S.W.	little 29 $\frac{1}{10}$	43 46 $\frac{1}{2}$	Moist foggy day.
4	S.W.	little 29 $\frac{2}{10}$	46 48	Forenoon fair, afternoon rain.
5	E.	fresh 29 $\frac{6}{10}$	46 46 $\frac{1}{2}$	Fair.
6	E.	strong 29 $\frac{9}{10}$	40 43	Frosty.
7	N.E.	little 30	37 38 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto.
8	W.S.W.	little 29 $\frac{8}{10}$	37 38	Snow and frost.
9	N.W.	little 29 $\frac{1}{10}$	34 35	Severe frost.
10	S.W.	little 29 $\frac{3}{10}$	34 38	Afternoon heavy rain.
11	S.	fresh 29 $\frac{7}{10}$	44 46	Afternoon fair.
12	S.	fresh 29 $\frac{5}{10}$	48 51	Fair.
13	S.	strong 30	49 52	Ditto, night rain.
14	S.	fresh 29 $\frac{9}{10}$	49 50	Heavy rain.
15	W.	little 30	48 49	Fair.
16	S.W.	little 30	44 $\frac{1}{2}$ 46	Ditto.
17	S.W.	little 29 $\frac{9}{10}$	45 45 $\frac{1}{2}$	Frequent showers.
18	E.	little 29 $\frac{9}{10}$	44 $\frac{1}{2}$ 46	Foggy, with some rain.
19	S.	little 30 $\frac{1}{10}$	46 48	Foggy.
20	N.W.	little 30 $\frac{1}{10}$	44 45	Ditto.
21	N.	little 30 $\frac{1}{10}$	43 44 $\frac{1}{2}$	Ditto, with mizzling rain.
22	N.	fresh 30 $\frac{2}{10}$	42 42 $\frac{1}{2}$	Fair.
23	N.	little 30 $\frac{4}{10}$	41 42	Ditto.
24	N.	little 30 $\frac{5}{10}$	40 41	Ditto and frosty.
25	W.	little 30 $\frac{5}{10}$	37 38	Severe frost.
26	N.W.	little 30 $\frac{1}{10}$	37 $\frac{1}{2}$ 38	Frost and extremely foggy.
27	N.	little 30 $\frac{5}{10}$	38 39	Slight frost.
28	N.W.	little 30 $\frac{5}{10}$	39 39 $\frac{1}{2}$	Mild thaw.
29	N.W.	fresh 30 $\frac{7}{10}$	39 $\frac{1}{2}$ 40	Brilliant day.
30	N.	little 30 $\frac{4}{10}$	36 36 $\frac{1}{2}$	Severe frost.
31	N.E.	fresh 30 $\frac{1}{10}$	35 37	Ditto, evening rain.

PRICES



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*The Oeconomy of Nature : by Isaac F. Biberg, Upsal. Amœnitat.
Academ. vol. ii. Concluded from P. 294.*

§. 15.



AS soon as animals come to maturity and want no longer the care of their parents, they attend, with the utmost labour and industry, according to the law and œconomy appointed for every species, to the preservation of their lives. But, that so great a number of them, which occur every where, may be supported, and a certain and fixed order be kept up amongst them, behold the wonderful disposition of the Creator, in assigning to each species certain kinds of food, and in putting limits to their appetites! So that some live on particular species of plants, which particular regions and soils only produce, some on particular animalcula, others on carcases, and some even on mud and dung. For this reason, providence has ordained that some should swim in certain regions of the watery element, others should fly, some should inhabit the torrid, the frigid, or the temperate, zones, and others

VOL. II.

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should

should frequent deserts, mountains, woods, pools, or meadows, according as the food, proper to their nature, is found in sufficient quantity. By these means, there is no terrestrial tract, no sea, no river, no country, but what contains and nourishes various kinds of animals. Hence, also, an animal of one kind cannot rob those of another kind of their aliment; which, if it happened, would endanger their lives or health: and thus the world, at all times, affords nourishment to so many and so large inhabitants, at the same time that nothing, which it produces, is useless or superfluous.

I think it will not be amiss to produce some instances, by which it will appear how providentially the Creator has furnished every animal with such cloathing as is proper for the country where they live, and also how excellently the structure of their bodies is adapted to their particular way of life; so that they seem to be destined solely to the places where they are found.

Monkeys, elephants, and rhinoceroses, feed upon vegetables that grow in hot countries, and therefore therein they have their allotted places. When the sun darts forth its most fervid rays, these animals are of such a nature and disposition, that it does them no manner of hurt; nay, with the rest of the inhabitants of those parts, they go naked; whereas, were they covered with hairy skins, they must perish with heat.

On the contrary, the place of rein-deer is fixed in the coldest part of Lapland, because their chief food is the liverwort, Fl. 980. which grows no where so abundantly as there; and where, as the cold is most intense, the rein-deer are cloathed, like the other northern animals, with skins filled with the densest hair, by the help of which they easily defy the keenness of the winter. In like manner, the rough-legged partridge passes its life in the very Lapland alps, feeding upon the seeds of the dwarf-birch; and, that they may run up and down safely amidst the snow, their feet are feathered.

The camel frequents the sandy and burning deserts, in order to get the barren camel's-hay. Mat Med. 31. How wisely has the Creator contrived for him! He is obliged to go through the deserts, where oftentimes no water is found for many miles about; all other animals would perish with thirst in such a journey; but the camel can undergo it without suffering; for his belly is full of cells, where he reserves water for many days. It is reported, by travellers, that the Arabians, when, in travelling, they want water, are forced to kill their camels, and take water out of their bellies, that is perfectly good to drink, and not at all corrupted.

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The pelican, likewise, lives in desert and dry places, and is obliged to build her nest far from the sea, in order to procure a greater share of heat to her eggs. She is therefore forced to bring water from afar for herself and her young; for which reason providence has furnished her with an instrument most adapted to this purpose, *v. g.* she has a very large bag under her throat, which she fills with a quantity of water sufficient for many days; and this she pours into her nest, to refresh her young and teach them to swim. The wild beasts, lions, and tigers, come to this nest to quench their thirst, but do no hurt to the young.

Oxen delight in low grounds, because there the food most palatable to them grows.

Sheep prefer naked hills, where they find a particular kind of grass, called the *festuca*, Fl. 95. which they love above all things.

Goats climb up the precipices of mountains, that they may browse on the tender shrubs; and, in order to fit them for it, they have feet made for jumping. *

Horses chiefly resort to woods, and feed upon leafy plants.

Nay, so various is the appetite of animals, that there is scarcely any plant which is not chosen by some and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water-hemlock to the goat; the goat gives up the monk's-hood to the horse, &c. for that, which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence, no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus spurge, that is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar, Fn. 825. That animals may not destroy themselves, for want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome; and, when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the grass; by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an oeconomic experiment, well known to the Dutch, that, when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days, and, when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.

Swine get provision by turning up the earth; for there they find the succulent roots, which to them are very delicious.

The leaves and fruits of trees are intended as food for some animals, as the sloth and the squirrel, and these last have feet given them fit for climbing.

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Besides

Vid. Derham's Physico-Theol. p. 319. note 7.

Besides myriads of fishes, the castor, the sea-calf, and others, inhabit the water, that they may be there fed; and their hinder feet are fit for swimming, and perfectly adapted to their manner of life.

The whole order of the goose-kind, as ducks, merganser, &c. pass their lives in water, as feeding upon water-insects, fishes, and their eggs. Who does not see, that attends ever so little, how exactly the wonderful formation of their beaks, their necks, their feet, and their feathers, suit their kind of life! which observation ought to be extended to all other birds.

The way of living of the sea-swallow, Fn. 129. deserves to be particularly taken notice of; for, as he cannot so commodiously plunge into the water and catch fish as other aquatic birds, the Creator has appointed the sea-gull to be his caterer, in the following manner. When this last is pursued by the former, he is forced to throw up part of his prey, which the other catches; but, in the autumn, when the fishes hide themselves in deep places, the merganser, Fn. 113. supplies the gull with food, as being able to plunge deeper into the sea. Act. Stock.

The chief granary of small birds is the knot-grass, Fol. Succ. 322. that bears heavy seeds, like those of the black bindweed. It is a very common plant, not easily destroyed, either by the road side, by trampling upon it, or any where else, and is extremely plentiful, after harvest, in fields, to which it gives a reddish hue by its numerous seeds. These fall upon the ground, and are gathered all the year round by the small birds. Thus bountiful nature feeds the fowls of the air.

The Creator has taken no less care of some amphibious animals, as the snake and frog kind; which, as they have neither wings to fly nor feet to run swiftly and commodiously, would scarcely have any means of taking their prey, were it not that some animals run, as it were, of their own accord, into their mouths. When the rattle-snake, a native of America, with open jaws, fixes his eyes on a bird, fly, or squirrel, sitting on a tree, it flies down his throat, being rendered stupid, and giving themselves up, as destitute of all refuge. On the other hand, we cannot but adore the Creator's great goodness towards man, when we consider the rattle which terminates this serpent's tail: for, by the means of that, we have an opportunity of guarding against this dreadful enemy, the sound warning us to fly; which, if we were not to do, and should be wounded by him, the whole body would be turned into a putrid corruption in six hours, nay, sometimes, in half an hour.

The limits of this dissertation will not permit me to produce more examples of this kind. But, whoever will be at the pains

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to take ever so slight a view of the wonderful works of the Creator, will readily see how wisely the plan, order, and fitness of things to divine ends, are disposed.

§. 16.

We cannot, without the utmost admiration, behold how providentially the Creator has acted, as to the preservation of those animals which, at a certain time of the year, are, by the rigour of the season, excluded from the necessaries of life. Thus the bear, in the autumn, creeps into the moss which he has gathered, and there lies all the winter, subsisting upon no other nourishment than his fat, collected, during the summer, in the cellulous membrane; and which, without doubt, during his fast, circulates through his vessels, and supplies the place of food; to which, perhaps, is added, that fat juice which he sucks out of the bottom of his feet.

The hedge-hog, badger, and mole, in the same manner, fill their winter-quarters with vegetables, and sleep during the frosts.

The bat seems cold and quite dead all the winter. Most of the amphibious animals get into dens, or to the bottom of lakes and pools.

In the autumn, as the cold approaches and insects disappear, swallows * seek for an asylum against the violence of the cold in the

* I never had but one credible testimony that swallows pass the winter at the bottom of lakes and ponds; and this from a gentleman of character, who saw a swallow, so found, brought to life by warmth. On the other hand, I know of no author but Herodotus who mentions their being seen in any country during the winter. He (lib. 2. p. 109, edit. Steph.) says, that swallows and kites continue all the year about the springs of the Nile. What he mentions, concerning kites, deserves some notice, *viz.* that they lie concealed in holes a few days: Pliny says a few months: Gesner repeats the same, adding, that they have been found in hollow trees somewhere in Upper-Germany; but he seems to relate this upon hearsay only. Aldrovandus gives the same account as Gesner, and adds, that they winter in Ægypt; but whether upon the authority of Bellonius, or any other credible writer, does not appear. He quotes a passage from that author, concerning the appearance of a vast number of kites at the mouth of the Bosphorus; but this happened at the latter end of May, and seems to prove nothing; for the time, marked for their appearance by Calippus, who observed near the Hellespont, is the month of March. Willughby says that kites are supposed to be birds of passage, and then quotes from Bellonius the place abovementioned.

From what has been said, it appears evident, that nothing certain is known, by the moderns, about the disappearance of these remarkable

the bottom of lakes, among the reeds and rushes ; from whence, by the wonderful appointment of nature, they come forth again. The peristaltic motion of the bowels ceases in all these animals while they are obliged to fast ; whence the appetite is diminished, and so they suffer less from hunger. To this head may be referred the observation of the celebrated Lister, concerning those animals, that their blood, when let into a basin, does not coagulate, like that of all other animals, and so is no less fit for circulation than before.

The moor-fowls work themselves out walks under the very snow. They moult in the summer ; so that, about the month of August, they cannot fly, and are therefore obliged to run into the woods ; but then the moor-berries and bilberries are ripe, from whence they are abundantly supplied with food. Whereas the young do not moult the first summer, and, therefore, though they cannot run so well, are able to escape danger by flight.

The rest of the birds, who feed upon insects, migrate every year to foreign regions, in order to seek for food in a milder climate ; while all the northern parts, where they live well in the summer, are covered with snow.

Insects, in the winter, generally lie hid within their cases, and are nourished with the surrounding liquor, like the fœtus of other animals ; from whence, at the approach of spring, they awake and fly forth, to the astonishment of every one.

However, all animals, which lie hid in winter, do not observe these laws of fasting. Some provide store-houses, in summer and autumn, from which they take what is necessary, as mice, jays, squirrels, bees.

§. 17.

What I have observed, in a few words, concerning the migration of birds into foreign countries, gives me an opportunity of illustrating this subject farther, by instances.

The starling, *Fn. 183.* finding, with us, after the middle of summer, worms in less plenty, yearly goes into Schonen, Germany, and Denmark.

The female chaffinches, every winter, about Michaelmas, go in flocks to Holland ; but, as the males stay with us, they come back the next spring, unless such as choose to breed no more.

In the same manner, the female Carolina yellow-hammer, in the month of September, while the rice, on which she feeds,

markable birds ; yet their coming was regularly noted by the ancient writers, and coincided with that of swallows ; as appears by the old calendars of Geminus and Ptolemy, and from the observations of Eudoxus, Eusebius, Calippus, and Dositheus.

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is laid up in granaries, goes towards the South, and returns in the spring to seek her mate.

Our aquatic birds are forced, by necessity, to fly towards the South, every autumn, before the water is frozen. Thus we know that the lakes of Poland and Lithuania are filled with swans and geese every autumn; at which time they go in great flocks, along many rivers, as far as the Euxine. But, in the beginning of spring, as soon as the heat of the sun molests them, they turn back, and go again to the northern pools and lakes, in order to lay their eggs: for there, and especially in Lapland, there is a vast abundance of gnats, Fn. 1116. which afford them excellent nourishment, as all of this kind live in the water before they get their wings.

The woodcocks, Fn. 141. live in England in winter, and depart from thence at the coming on of spring, after they have paired.

The swallow-tailed sheldrake, Fn. 96. crosses Sweden in April, and does not stop till she has reached the White-sea.

The cobbler's-awl, Fn. 137. goes every autumn into Italy.

The arctic driver, Fn. 121. goes into Germany every spring and autumn.

The missel-thrush, Fn. 189. fills our woods in the spring, but leaves us in the winter.

The pied chaffinch, Sys. Nat. 10. 97. 1. during the winter, being obliged to leave the alps, * hastens into Sweden, and often into Germany.

The gulls visit Spain and Italy.

The raven † goes into Schonen.

By these migrations birds also become useful to many different countries, and are distributed over almost all the globe. I cannot forbear expressing my admiration here, that all of them exactly observe the times of coming and going, and that they do not mistake their way.

There is a very large shell-fish in the Mediterranean, called the pinna, blind as all of that genus, but furnished with very strong calcareous valves. The scuttle-fish is an inhabitant of the same sea, and a deadly enemy to the former: as soon as the scuttle-fish sees the pinna open its shell, he rushes upon her like a lion, and devours her. The pinnoteris, or pinnophylax, is of the crab-kind, naked, like the hermit, and very quick-sighted. This cancer, or crab, the pinna receives into her covering; and, when she opens her valves in quest of food, lets him out to

* The author means the northern alps.

† I have translated the word corvus by raven, because Linnæus does not mention the carrion-crow at all, either in the Faun. Suec. or in the Sys. Nat. before the late edition.

to look for prey. During this, the scuttle-fish approaches; the crab returns, with the utmost speed and anxiety to his hostess, who, being thus warned of the danger, shuts her doors and keeps out the enemy. That very sagacious observer, D. D. Hasselquist, in his voyage towards Palestine, beheld this curious phenomenon, which, though well known to the ancients, had escaped the moderns. Arist. Hist. lib. 5. c. 15. relates, that the pinna kept a guard to watch for her; that there grew, to the mouth of the pinna, a small animal, having claws, and serving as a caterer, which was like a crab, and was called the pinnophylax. Plin. lib. 9. 51. says, the smallest of all the kinds is called the pinnoterres, and therefore liable to injury; this has the prudence to hide itself in the shells of oysters. Again, lib. 9. 66. * he says, the pinna is of the genus of shell-fish; it is produced in muddy waters, always erect, nor ever without a companion, which some call the pinnoterres, others the pinnophylax. This sometimes is a small squill, sometimes a crab, that follows the pinna for the sake of food. The pinna is blind, and when, upon opening its shell, it exposes itself as a prey to the smallest kind of fishes, these immediately assault her, and, growing bolder upon finding no resistance, venture in: the guard, watching its time, gives notice by a bite; upon which, the pinna, closing its shell, shuts in and kills them, and gives part of whatever happens to be there to its companion.

§. 18. *Destruction.*

We have observed above, that all animals do not live upon vegetables, but that there are some which feed upon certain animalcula: nay, there are some which subsist only by rapine, and daily destroy numbers of the peaceable kind.

These animals are destroyed, but in such a manner that the weaker generally are infested by the stronger, in a continued series. Thus the tree-louse lives upon plants; the fly called *musca aphidivora* lives upon the tree-louse; the hornet and wasp-fly upon the *musca aphidivora*; the dragon-fly upon the hornet

* This is taken out of Aristotle, who seems to have thought that the pinna grew from that which really is its beard, and which it throws out upon the adjoining bodies, in order to fix itself. For, he says, the pinna is produced from the byssus, which is generally supposed to mean the beard of this shell-fish, and to have been used for making the finest of stuffs, frequently mentioned by ancient writers, under the name of byssine garments, and of which they now, in some countries, make stockings, as I am informed. This notion, of the pinna growing from the byssus, or beard, is of the same kind with that which prevailed formerly in relation to the goose-tree, mentioned by many writers, of whom a long list may be seen in the tenth edition of the Syst. Nat.

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hornet and wasp-fly; the spider on the dragon-fly; the small birds on the spider; and, lastly, the hawk-kind on the small birds.

In like manner, the monoculus * delights in putrid waters; the gnat eats the monoculus, the frog eats the gnat, the pike eats the frog, the sea-calf eats the pike.

The bat and great-sucker make their excursions only at night, that they may catch the moths, which at that time fly about in vast quantities.

The wood-pecker pulls out the insects which lie hid in the trunks of trees. The swallow pursues those which fly about in the open air.

The mole pursues the worms; the large fishes devour the small: nay, we scarcely know an animal that has not some enemy to contend with.

Amongst quadrupeds, wild beasts are most remarkably pernicious and dangerous to others, as the hawk-kind among birds. But, that they may not, by too atrocious a butchery, destroy whole species, even these are circumscribed within certain bounds. First, as to the most fierce of all, it deserves to be noted how few they are, in proportion to other animals. Secondly, the number of them is not equal in all countries. Thus France and England breed no wolves, and the northern countries no tigers or lions. Thirdly, these fierce animals sometimes fall upon and destroy one another. Thus the wolf devours the fox; the dog infests both the wolf and the fox; nay, wolves, in a body, will sometimes venture to surround a bear. The tiger often kills its own male whelps. Dogs are sometimes seized with madness and destroy their fellows, or with the mange destroy themselves. Lastly, wild beasts seldom arrive at so great an age as animals which live on vegetables; for they are subject, from their alkaline diet, to various diseases, which bring them sooner to an end.

But, although all animals are infested by their peculiar enemies, yet they are often able to elude their violence by stratagems and force: thus the hare often confounds the dog by her windings.

When the bear attacks sheep and cattle, they draw up together for mutual defence. Horses join heads together and fight with their heels; oxen join tails and fight with their horns.

Swine get together in herds, and boldly oppose themselves to any attack, so that they are not easily overcome; and it is worth while to observe, that all of them place their young, as less able to defend themselves, in the middle, that they may remain safe during the battle.

VOL. II.

X x

Birds,

* An insect that has no name in English, as far as I can find.

Birds, by their different ways of flying, oftentimes escape the hawk. If the pigeon had the same way of flying as the hawk, she would hardly ever escape his claws.

It deserves also to be remarked, how much some animals consult their safety by night. When horses sleep in woods, one, by turns, remains awake, and, as it were, keeps watch. When monkeys, S. N. 2. 10. in Brasil, sleep upon trees, one of them keeps awake, in order to give the sign when the tiger creeps towards them; and, in case the guard should be caught asleep, the rest tear him to pieces.* Hence the hunting of rapacious animals is not always successful, and they are often obliged to labour for a whole day to no purpose. For this reason, the Creator has given them such a nature, that they can bear fasting a long time. Thus the lion lurks in his den many days without famishing; and the wolf, when he has once well satisfied his hunger, can fast many weeks without any difficulty.

If we consider the end, for which it pleased the supreme Being to constitute such an order of nature, that some animals should be, as it were, created only to be miserably butchered by others, it seems that his providence not only aimed at sustaining, but also at keeping a just proportion amongst, all the species; and so prevents any one of them increasing too much, to the detriment of men and other animals. For, if it be true, as it is most assuredly, that the surface of the earth can support only a certain number of inhabitants, they must all perish, if the same number were doubled or tripled. Derh. Phys. Theol. p. 237.

There are some viviparous flies which bring forth 2000 young. These, in a little time, would fill the air, and, like clouds, intercept the rays of the sun, unless they were devoured by birds, spiders, and many other animals.

Storks and falcons free Ægypt, from frogs, which, after the inundation of the Nile, cover all the country. The same birds, also, clear Palestine of mice. Bellonius, on this subject, says as follows: "The storks come to Ægypt in such abundance, that the fields and meadows are white with them. Yet the Ægyptians are not displeased with this sight; as frogs are generated in such numbers there, that, did not the storks devour them, they would over-run every thing: besides, they also catch and eat serpents. Between Belba and Gaza, the fields of Palestine are often desert, on account of the abundance of mice and rats, and, were they not destroyed by the falcons, that come here by instinct, the inhabitants could have no harvest."

The white fox, S. N. 8. 7. is of equal advantage in the Lapland alps; as he destroys the Norway rats, Fn. 26. which are generated there in great abundance, and thus hinders them

* Maregraf. Bras. 227. Biberg.

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from increasing too much in proportion, which would be the destruction of vegetables.

It is sufficient for us that nothing is made by providence in vain, and that whatever is made is made with supreme wisdom: for it does not become us to pry too boldly into all the designs of God. Let us not imagine, when these rapacious animals sometimes do us mischief, that the Creator planned the order of nature according to our private principles of œconomy; for the Laplanders have one way of living, the European husbandman another, and the Hottentots and savages a third; whereas, the stupendous œconomy of the Deity is one, throughout the globe; and, if providence does not always calculate exactly, according to our way of reckoning, we ought to consider this affair in the same light as when different seamen wait for a fair wind, every one with respect to the part he is bound to, who, we plainly see, cannot all be satisfied.

§. 19.

The whole earth would be overwhelmed with carcases and stinking bodies, if some animals did not delight to feed upon them. Therefore, when an animal dies, bears, wolves, ravens, foxes, &c. do not lose a moment till they have taken all away. But, if a horse, *e. g.* dies near the public road, you will find him, after a few days, swollen, burst, and at last filled with innumerable grubs of carnivorous flies, by which he is entirely consumed and removed out of the way, that he may not become a nuisance to passengers by his poisonous stench.

When the carcases of fishes are driven upon the shore, the voracious kinds, such as the thornback, the hound-fish, the conger-eel, &c. gather about and eat them. But, because the flux and reflux soon change the state of the sea, they themselves are often detained in pits, and become a prey to the wild beasts that frequent the shores. Thus the earth is not only kept clean from the putrefaction of carcases, but, at the same time, by the œconomy of nature, the necessaries of life are provided for many animals. In the like manner, many insects at once promote their own good and that of other animals. Thus gnats lay their eggs in stagnant, putrid, and stinking, waters, and the grubs, that arise from these eggs, clear away all the putrefaction: and this will easily appear, if any one will make the experiment, by filling two vessels with putrid water, leaving the grubs in one and taking them all out of the other: for then he will soon find the water, that is full of grubs, pure and without any stench, while the water, that has no grubs, will continue stinking.

Lice increase in a wonderful manner in the heads of children that are scabby; nor are they without their use, for they consume the redundant humours.

The beetle-kind, in summer, extract all moist and glutinous matter out of the dung of cattle, so that it becomes like dust, and is spread by the wind over the ground. Were it not for this, the vegetables, that lie under the dung, would be so far from thriving, that all that spot would be rendered barren.

As the excrements of dogs are of so filthy and septic a nature that no insect will touch them, and therefore they cannot be dispersed by those means, care is taken that these animals should exonerate upon stones, trunks of trees, or some high place, that vegetables may not be hurt by them.

Cats bury their dung. Nothing is so mean, nothing so little, in which the wonderful order and wise disposition of nature do not shine forth.

§. 20.

Lastly, all these treasures of nature, so artfully contrived, so wonderfully propagated, so providentially supported, throughout her three kingdoms, seem intended, by the Creator, for the sake of man. Every thing may be made subservient to his use, if not immediately, yet mediately; but not so to that of other animals. By the help of reason, man tames the fiercest animals, pursues and catches the swiftest; nay, he is able to reach even those which lie hid in the bottom of the sea.

By the help of reason, he increases the number of vegetables immensely; and does that, by art, which nature, left to herself, could scarcely effect. By ingenuity, he obtains from vegetables whatever is convenient or necessary for food, drink, cloathing, medicine, navigation, and a thousand other purposes.

He has found the means of going down into the abyss of the earth, and almost searching its very bowels. With what artifice has he learned to get fragments from the most rocky mountains, to make the hardest stones fluid like water, to separate the useful metal from the useless dross, and to turn the finest sand to some use! In short, when we follow the series of created things, and consider how providentially one is made for the sake of another, the matter comes to this, that all things are made for the sake of man; and for this end more especially, that he, by admiring the works of the Creator, should extol his glory, and at once enjoy all those things, of which he stands in need, in order to pass his life conveniently and pleasantly.

§. 21.

This subject, concerning the œconomy of nature, a very small part of which I have lightly touched upon, is of such importance and dignity, that, if it were properly treated, in all its parts, men would find wherewithal to employ almost all the powers

powers of the mind ; nay, time itself would fail before even the most acute human sagacity would be able to discover the amazing œconomy, laws, and exquisite structure, of the least insect ; since, as Pliny observes, nature no where appears more herself than in her most minute works. Every species of created beings deserves to engross one examiner.

If, according to gross calculation, we reckon in the world 20000 species of vegetables, 3000 of worms, 12000 of insects, 200 of amphibious animals, 2600 of fishes, 2000 of birds, 200 of quadrupeds, the whole sum of the species of living creatures will amount to 40000. Out of these, our country has scarcely 3000 ; for we have discovered only about 1200 native plants, and about 1400 species of animals. We, of the human race, who were created to praise and adore our Creator, (unless we choose to be mere idle spectators,) should, and in duty ought to, be affected with nothing so much as the pious consideration of this glorious palace. Most certainly, if we were to improve and polish our minds by the knowledge of these things, we should, besides the great use which would accrue to our œconomy, discover the more excellent œconomy of nature, and more strongly admire it when discovered.

*Omnium elementorum alterni recursum sunt ;
Quicquid alteri perit in alterum transit.*

SENEC. Nat III. 10.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

PHYSICIANS have treated largely on the humours of the body, and metaphysicians have written much on the humours of the mind ; but I do not recollect that any person has written directly upon that species which is distinguished by the appellation of WHIMSICAL : I shall therefore bestow a few lines on that subject.

This humour all minds are more or less troubled with at certain times ; but it is peculiarly common with some old bachelors and old maids : a *whimsical humour* is strongly expressed in their very countenances ; their dress and address are whimsically precise and formal ; they eat and drink by weight and measure, and do every thing by the rule of *whim* : every trivial domestic incident sets this humour afloat, throws them off an equilibrium, and renders them troublesome, impertinent, and disagreeable, to every body about them.

The *whimsical humour* has a principal share in the conduct of human life and manners, and is one of the main sources of human

human infelicity: it is the parent of every new fashion, and sometimes of an obstinate attachment to an old one. In childhood and dotage it prevails the most, though it often predominates, in a great degree, over many in the middle stage of life, especially among those who have the most leisure to correct it.

The busy part of the world, who have families to support by industry, have but little leisure to indulge this humour: their attention is absorbed in cares for the *utile*: but many, in the superior classes of nobility and gentry, having nothing else to do, are governed by whim and caprice; and whoever would recommend themselves to their favourable notice, must accommodate themselves to its paroxysms.

Some are either whimsically good-natured or whimsically ill-natured; and discover as little reason in their conduct as the inhabitants of Luke's-hospital. This mental disease is somewhat similar to the cutaneous one, vulgarly called the itch; that which gratifies the humour does but increase it.

This *humour* is generally attended with a fever upon the spirits and a delirium, accompanied with an appetite which nothing can satiate. — The whole world is ransacked to feed it with novelties, and the greater part of our commerce is carried on to satisfy its craving.

This *humour* appears early in children; and, through the neglect of parents and nurses, it “grows with their growth, and strengthens with their strength.” It is ever craving for that which is unwholesome; and, being indulged, it often brings on the rickets, surfeits, and a train of other diseases, which sap the very stamina of the constitution, and render the subjects of them ever after very weak, both in body and mind. Sweetmeats, gew-gaws, ribbons, and trinkets, captivate the child; and the *whimsical humour* of the child imposes on the man a variety of things, *a little more specious, but as empty quite*.

It may be difficult to apply a remedy for this humour in adults, to whom it has long been habitual; but a proper mode of education might prevent its moral influence in children, and thereby secure them from the many inconveniences and inquietudes which it so frequently brings upon the unhappy subjects of it.

The misfortunes of the vicious and abandoned, male or female, originate too frequently from the want of a proper education in their earlier life and the misconception of their parents. For we often find the natural good-temper of a child destroyed by an absurd compliance with its repeated different inclinations for different objects, gratifications, or pursuits; and there is nothing so detrimental, nothing so fatally pernicious, to children, as giving them too great indulgence.

What

What we call *humouring* of children, we may with propriety call *ruining* of children; for this mistaken fondness is too generally productive of the most unhappy effects. In proportion as a child is too much indulged, its attachment and regard to the parent gradually decrease, as the child gradually rises to maturity; for a continuance of this baneful usage instils into its tender ideas not a natural but interested affection.

We will suppose a married couple to have an *only* child; and, because it is an *only* child, it shall be indulged with almost every thing that it asks or wishes for: whatever mischief it is detected in, it shall be only reprov'd for in the gentlest and mildest terms; and, though there be twenty repetitions of the offence, the reproof shall be only, "Tommy, you are a naughty boy, and must really be whipt." Poor little Tommy falls a-crying, and tender mamma then gives the child six-pence to *make it up* with him: two or three servants are discharged for behaving *ill-naturedly* to the child; and he is taken from school, because the school-master had the impudence to correct him for his faults.

Tommy, in process of time, becomes a *promising youth*: his foibles turn to vices, he has a propensity to every thing that is bad, and an adherence to nothing that is good. However culpable his actions, he must not be reprimanded; however unreasonable his requests, he must not be disappointed; however absurd his positions, he must not be contradicted: he had not been used to these things.

His parents, when too late, discover their error; and find, that the past unfortunate practice of *humouring the child* hath brought on a *detestation of the man*: he is too proud for the sensible, too extravagant for the prudent, too vicious for the well-disposed: and, as to any parental reproof, at this time of life, it is by no means admissible; for this *humouring* of the child took root, and gradually ripened to a fullness of disease, never to be cured by reprehension, admonition, solicitude, or example.

The same imprudent conduct to females has an equally unfortunate effect. It is, in the first place, productive of pride, that dreadful evil, from which an endless series of unhappiness inevitably proceeds. It is creative of extravagance, carelessness, and a weakness of mind liable to the grossest impositions; and it occasions an immoderate desire after pleasure, which has too often a woeful termination; for, when the passions are unguided by reason, they consequently lead to no good. I therefore, surely, am justifiable in my assertion, that the result of too great indulgence to females is equally unfortunate.

But I hope it is not concluded, from what I have said, that I would encourage parents to use severity to their children; for this would be the occasion of equally bad effects: but there is a prudential,

prudential, a happy, *medium* to be observed in the bringing them up. However, as I do not mean to write a treatise upon education, (being truly sensible of my inability,) I shall only just observe, that I think it possible for a child both to love and fear it's parents, at the same moment, without receiving either any improper indulgences or severities.

LYSANDER.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE excellent Thoughts on Marriage, in the last Ledger but one, and the humble Remonstrance of Dorothy Spinster, with the letter subjoined in the last, which is no less witty and sensible than true, brought to my mind a conversation that happened a little time ago, among some very judicious persons, *on the state of matrimony*: it was observed, there is a natural propensity in every person, male and female, to think themselves unsettled till they are married, notwithstanding they have the clearest conviction of the number of unhappy marriages, and the many great and important duties contained in that state. These, and such-like, observations, occasioned a gentleman to make the following reflections.

After a person, said he, has overcome the airy flights of a romantic imagination, which, more or less, every one feels in the heat of youth, and begins to think soberly on that state which seems to promise most felicity, he cannot but see many troubles and inconveniences which he must suffer from the present state of things in the world, which never can be avoided or altered; yet nevertheless, like a weary traveller, after a long day's painful toil, glad to comfort himself with the thought of reaching home at last, and sitting by his own fire-side, (where, though it is but homely, and he feels many inconveniences, he enjoys himself because *it is his own*,) he chooses to come to that point where there is nothing farther to expect, nothing more to look for; all wanderings are at an end, and he sits down, married, quite content that the end of life is answered, and that he has gained his home.

I thought these reflections so lively and so just that I desired one present to turn them into verse; and the next day I received the following lines, which are at your service, if you deem them worthy a place in your Ledger.

A.

Tell me no more of pleasure's airy flight,
The gay delusions of romantic youth:
Can fancy's schemes afford a just delight,
Unfound by search, unrealis'd by truth?

Abt

*Ab! tell me not of ever-during bliss: —
For us, who roll on life's tempestuous wave,
Not purest love can soothe to constant peace,
Nor firmest friendship from afflictions save.*

*Fresh as the morn, the traveller essays
His destin'd journey, while deceitful views
Beguile the tedious road, o'er which he strays,
And through the day his unknown way pursues.*

*At length, o'ertail'd, the shell'ring home he gains;
Bleak blow the winds, and darkness veils the sky;
He crowds his fire, and in this cottage reigns,
Content no more the devious maze to try.*

*So we, 'enamour'd of life's gaudy scene,
Through youth's short period, grasp the painted air;
Still disappointed, still in hopes to glean
Unfading harvests from a field so fair.*

*Weary, at last, we seek a rest to find;
And, though but mean or irksome be our lot,
Still 'tis our own: and, with a quiet mind,
Earth's greatest blessing is this homely cot.*

P.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

ON reading part of the Roman history, a few days past, I could not pass, without particular notice and regard, the speech of Fabricius to Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, (on that monarch's making him very advantageous offers,) which breathes such an uncommon spirit of disinterestedness, and abounds with such excellent instructions, as to merit, I think, a place in the Ledger: in this, I shall be pleased if my ideas agree with your better judgement. As I meet with any thing of significancy, I will communicate it. I am, &c.

B.

IT would be needless (says Fabricius to Pyrrhus) for me to mention the experience I may have in state-affairs, as well as in those of a private nature, since you have been told these things by others. You also seem to be so well informed of my poverty, that there will be no occasion for me to acquaint you that I have neither money to put out at interest nor slaves to produce me any income; all my wealth consisting in a house, of little or no appearance, and in a small field, which yields sufficient for my subsistence. However, should you imagine that poverty makes my condition inferior to that of all other Ro-

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mans, and that, although I fulfil the several duties which constitute the man of honour, I yet am not so well respected because I am poor, give me leave to say, that you have not a just idea of me, whether you yourself may have formed it, or have been told so by others.

Though I am not possessed of a considerable estate, I never thought, nor can yet think, that my poverty ever did me the least injury, when I consider myself as one who shares in the public posts, or as a private man. Did my country, because of my indigence, ever refuse me any of those glorious posts which are the noblest objects of exalted spirits? I am raised to the highest dignities; I am placed at the head of the most illustrious embassies; I assist at the most august ceremonies; and am intrusted with the most holy functions of divine worship. When affairs of the highest importance are to be debated, I have my seat in councils, and give my opinion in them. I am upon a level with those who boast the greatest wealth and power; and, if I have the least cause for complaint, it is that I am too much applauded and too highly honoured by my fellow-citizens.

During my enjoyment of these several employments, I am not obliged, any more than other Romans, to expend my own money. Rome, in raising its citizens to the highest offices, does not impoverish and ruin them; for this city indulges all the succours necessary, and that with the utmost liberality and magnificence, to those who enjoy the several posts; it not being with Rome, as with many other cities, where the government is extremely poor, whilst many of its members are immensely rich. We are all wealthy so long as the commonwealth enjoys affluence, because it is rich only for us. By admitting, indiscriminately, to public employments, the rich as well as poor, according as it judges men worthy of them, it reduces all the citizens to a level, and does not know any other difference or distinction than that of virtue and merit.

With regard to my fortune, so far from repining at it, I look upon myself as the happiest of men, when I compare my condition with that of the rich; and I even feel inwardly, on this occasion, a kind of complacency and pride. My little field, though not over fruitful, furnishes me sufficiently with all things necessary, provided I do but bestow the proper culture, and preserve the produce of it. Do I need any thing more? All food, when seasoned by hunger, is agreeable to me: when I am parched with thirst, it is luxury to quench it; and, when I am fatigued, I taste the sweets of sleep with exquisite pleasure. I content myself with a suit that shelters me from the inclemencies of winter; and, among the several moveables which may be of like use, the meanest always suit me best.

It would be unjust in me to accuse fortune, since she furnished me with all that nature requires. Superfluities, indeed, she has not lavished upon me, but then she has not inspired me with the desire of them. What cause have I, then, for complaining? It is true; that, for want of this affluence, I am incapacitated from assisting the necessitous, which is the only advantage for which the opulent may justly be envied: but, as I allow the commonwealth and my friends a share in the little I possess, as I do my fellow-citizens all the service in my power, and, in a word, exert myself to the utmost, what have I to reproach myself with?

The thought of accumulating riches never once entered my mind. Being employed so many years in the government, I had a thousand opportunities of amassing great treasures, without the least reproach to my integrity. Could a more favourable one be desired than that which presented itself some years since, when, invested with the consular dignity, I was ordered to march, at the head of a powerful army, against the Samnites, the Lucanians, and Brutii? I laid waste a large tract of ground. I defeated the enemy in several battles; stormed many rich cities; enriched the whole army with the plunder of them; paid to every citizen the monies he had disbursed, towards defraying the expences of the war; and, after being honoured with a triumph, deposited 400 talents in the public treasury.

Now, after having neglected so considerable a booty, any part of which I might have applied to my own use; after contemning riches that have been so justly acquired; and after having sacrificed, to a love of glory, spoils taken from the enemy, in imitation of Valerius Publicola, and many other great personages, who, by their generous disregard of wealth, carried the power of Rome to so high a pitch; would it become me, O king, to accept of your proffered gold? What opinion would mankind entertain of me, and what example should I set to my fellow-citizens? At my return to Rome, how would it be possible for me to withstand their sight, much less their reproaches? Would not our censors, those venerable magistrates, whose business it is to keep a watchful eye over the manners and behaviour of the several individuals, oblige me to inform the whole city of the gifts you now would force me to accept? I therefore advise you to keep your riches, and to leave me in the possession of my poverty and reputation.

On the morrow, Pyrrhus, trying all methods to unsettle Fabricius's mind, ordered one of his largest elephants, completely armed, to be placed behind the hangings; and, in the midst of their conversation, the tapestry was drawn aside, when the elephant, raising his trunk over Fabricius's head, set up a

hideous roar. Fabricius, though he had never seen this animal, was not in the least intimidated, but, turning gently about and smiling, "Neither your gold (says he) yesterday, nor your terrible animal to-day, can make the least impression upon me." Pyrrhus was so well pleased with Fabricius, that he offered him the first employments in his council and in his army, in case he would come over to him after the peace. However, the Roman still refused; when the monarch, amazed at the greatness of his mind, released the prisoners (which he had taken in a battle with the Romans) and dismissed Fabricius.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The two last Letters of Theodosius and Constantia.

CONSTANTIA to THEODOSIUS.

THE everlasting doors of futurity are thrown open: the race of life is almost run; and this, probably, is the last time that your Constantia will have the happiness of pouring out her heart to you. I am seized with the first symptoms of that pestilential fever which has been so universally fatal that it brings with it almost the certainty of death. Now, therefore, before my faculties are overcome by the disease, I devote to you one hour more of a life in which you have had so great a share.

In a situation like this, it is natural to look back, and to take a view of the country, through which we have travelled, before we lose sight of it for ever. The ways, through which I have walked, though in many circumstances peculiar, and unlike the allotment of others, have yet, like others, been various and different, in the different periods of the journey. Before my present illness, I drew up a short view of my life, part of which I will now transcribe, that, with you, it may serve as an apology for my conduct, when I shall be no more.

An Apology for the life of Sister CONSTANCE, written by herself, and addressed to Father FRANCIS.

YOU know how early I lost the best and most affectionate of mothers. That was a misfortune, which, though only bewailed with tears that had no meaning, left behind it a cloud that overshadowed the rest of my life. Had my infant years been trained by her, I should have acquired the habits of virtue from the influence of example; the want of this was much to be lamented; for there is a happy contagion, in the power of living excellence, which, while we admire, we necessarily imitate,

Those

Those virtues, which we draw from preceptorial speculation, are seldom more than speculative; but those, which we derive insensibly from the imitation of exemplary characters, become lasting and habitual. But, besides the loss of a happy and excellent pattern of every female virtue, I was deprived, at the same time, of those maternal cares, those tender assiduities, that watch over the young mind, accelerate the progress of reason, and supply the want of experience by precept. Of these advantages I was wholly destitute; for my father, inattentive to every thing but the acquisition of wealth, thought but little of the improvement of his daughter; or, if he thought of it at all, concluded that she would necessarily improve, in proportion to the advancement of her fortune. Accordingly, I was abandoned to the common forms of female education, without those private attentions, those exemplary influences, which are of infinitely greater importance than all general instructions.

Thus unapprehensive and uninformed, in the first thoughtless advances from childhood to maturity, is it to be wondered that the amiable and accomplished Theodosius should find an easy admittance to a heart where every passion was awake, all unguarded, and none restrained?

But the severity of wisdom itself (prudence, you have told me, is but the ape of wisdom) could have had few objections against the passion that I entertained; for did it not receive a sanction from the object? What did I admire in Theodosius? Was it a symmetry of features? Was it not the piercing genius and the cultivated mind? While his knowledge enlightened, his sensibility charmed, me; and, while at once he taught my heart and mind to expand, is it to be wondered that he made room for himself? The powers of genius have an irresistible charm for taste; and, while Theodosius was forming the mind of Constantia, he was cherishing a plant which, like the gourd of Jonah, as soon as it sprang up, would stretch its arms to embrace him.

When this intercourse of growing tenderness was at an end, when the obstinacy of ridiculous pride divided the families of Theodosius and Constantia, what did I not feel, from the apprehension of being separated from the man I loved! Pride, however, came in to my aid; I shed a few angry tears, and commanded my heart to be at ease. But, alas! I soon found that Theodosius was dearer to me than I imagined: yet, even with this conviction, by the united influences of pride, fear, and shame, my natural attachments to him were overborn, and, without consulting either my happiness or my inclination, I had the insatiation to acquiesce with that proposal of my father which banished Theodosius from public society.

This

This was the most culpable circumstance in my life : a fault, which, indeed, brought its punishment along with it, and for which the miseries of one period and the penitence of another have, I hope, made an adequate atonement.

The years, that passed between that event and my admission into this holy retreat, were miserably worn away, between the languor of melancholy and the acuteness of grief: yet that plaintive and unresigned state of mind was not, I trust, accompanied with any great degree of guilt, since it was not at the dispensations of providence that I murmured, but at the supposed consequences of my own folly. That I refused, with resolute indignation, the man, to whom, before, I had been so weak as not to deny my hand, was not enough to make satisfaction to my own heart. While I considered Theodosius as dead, and myself as, in some measure, the cause of his death, between the grief of affection and the inquietude of conscience, I was at length reduced to the most pitiable state, both of body and mind; the one emaciated with sorrow and watching, and the faculties of the other almost sunk in stupefaction.

Great distresses are the spectres of the mind; and, as it is fabled of the ghosts of self-murdered bodies, they hover over the scene where their object is entombed. Business and amusement, society and solitude, were alike impressed with the image of Theodosius: the painful idea pursued me through every avocation, nor could I find a retreat from it in the bosom of friendship. The sympathising heart of my Sophia added new softness to my own, and the tenderness of her friendship made me feel more sensibly the loss of Theodosius.

At last, my dear lamented friend, with some few more that pitied and regarded me, applied to my father for his permission that I might retire into a convent. Their generosity procured me what the voice of nature and the tears of duty had solicited in vain; and, by the irresistible offer of discharging the fees of my admission, they prevailed on the father of Constantia that she might be permitted to take the veil.

Since I entered upon the conventual life, my conduct has been too well known to you, if not to need an apology, at least, to be enlarged upon here. But, after these aspirations of gratitude that rise to heaven, after those truly grateful sentiments which I must ever entertain for those beneficent friends who procured my establishment in this place, what words shall I find expressive of that gratitude which is due to father Francis? that tender, that affectionate, father, who has nursed my mind with those parental assiduities which were somewhat above the most perfect nature of man, which could only flow from the heart where human sensibility was exalted and refined by the immortal

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graces, and where God himself elevated and expanded that philanthropy which he loves.

To the ever venerable father Francis I owe the greatest moral blessings that are attainable in this world, peace of conscience and rectitude of reason. For the recovery of the first, indeed, little more was necessary than the certainty that Theodosius was alive and happy; but the consolations of the father, added to the presence of the friend, replaced that quiet in my heart to which it had been so long a stranger. Those consolations, however, were not more soothing than the lessons, that attended them, were instructive. While from those I derived content and comfort, from these I received the lights of truth and reason, and was taught to look up, with an intelligent adoration, to that Being whose essence is goodness and wisdom. From the consideration of these distinguishing attributes, whenever he shall resume that life which he gave me, I shall resign it into his hands without sorrow and without fear.

With difficulty I had written thus far, when the importunity of my disorder obliged me to lay down the pen: I have now resumed it, and will bear it as long as I am able; for, while I hold but even an ideal conversation with you, the sense of pain is suspended. Other than bodily pain I have none. The presumption, with which my apology concluded, I find, was not in vain: I am perfectly indifferent to the approach of death; and, agreeably to the kind wish with which you once concluded a letter, I trust that "my spirit shall quit, without a sigh, the frame that confines it."

To you, my dearest friend, my most venerable father, (loved by every dear, and respected by every sacred, name,) to you, under the gracious appointments of providence, I owe this happy serenity. By giving me proper ideas of the Author of nature and the obligations of his creatures, you have taught me to look on death as one of his best gifts, and on all beyond it without any apprehension.

Behold here the reward of your pious labours; behold, with pleasure, the resignation of a mind that you strengthened, of a heart that you armed against yourself!

"My heart was grieved, and it went even through my reins."

"So foolish was I and ignorant, even as it were an irrational creature before thee."

"Nevertheless, I am always by thee; for thou hast holden me by the right hand."

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and, after that, receive me in glory."

"Whom shall I have in heaven but thee? for there is none upon earth that I desire in comparison of thee."

"My

“ My flesh and my heart fail ; but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.”

And now, O dearest and most reverend of men, farewell. Whether we shall meet again, in any future allotment of being, is amongst the sacred councils of providence : I trust we shall. Until then, indulge one tender farewell from your Constantia ; accept one pious, one grateful adieu, from

CONSTANCE.

THEODOSIUS to CONSTANTIA.

LET not my Constantia be alarmed, when she sees that this letter is written by another hand ; let not that fortitude, with which she has so greatly supported her own sufferings, be dissolved in weakness for her friend ; nor that noble tranquility, with which she beholds the approach of death, be disturbed, when she is told his hand is on Theodosius. I doubt not that the eternal Providence, who, in his wisdom, interwove the interests of our passions and our lives, has, in his goodness, determined that they shall close together. If this be one of his gracious dispensations, I receive it not only with submission, but gratitude. What more could I desire of the divine beneficence than that, delivered from this prison of earth, I might accompany the spirit of my Constantia to the regions of everlasting happiness, to some more perfect appointment in the scale of beings, where the immortal faculties shall be refined from human frailty, and where the powers of the soul shall be expanded by a nearer approach to that perfection from which they are derived. Animated with hopes, and supported by sentiments, like these, let us wait without fear the approach of death, and receive him gladly, because he cometh as a friend. Indulge, my Constantia, the pleasing hope, that our souls will know each other in their future appointment. The pure attachments of love and friendship, founded upon, and supported by, esteem, may last beyond the grave, because they have their existence in the soul : and will not that Being, whose essence is love, support and cherish those connections which are agreeable to his commands, and those sentiments which are congenial with his own divine nature ? Will he, who commanded us to love one another, extinguish, in the grave, those virtuous affections which, when living, it was our duty to cultivate ? It is not improbable that our happiness, in heaven, may, in some measure, consist in the harmonious intercourse of a perfect society ; for I have no idea of a solitary happiness, even in the regions of perfection. Moreover, from what little accounts we find of the angelic state, in the sacred writings, we see that the ideas of association

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and intercourse are always annexed to them. If then it is not to be doubted that in our future state we shall associate with some order of beings, can any thing be more probable, than that we shall mix with those kindred and congenial spirits, who like ourselves have had their appointments on earth, whether in different times and places, or the same? If in the same, which is still probable, and if the identity of our spiritual natures cannot be destroyed, why should not the characteristics of the soul be known in heaven as well as upon earth? I am willing to believe, at least, that the eternal Goodness will permit this future knowledge; and though we know too little of the state of spirits to conceive the mode of their future communication, yet this we know, that it is in the power of God to permit what we wish for, and I trust that, in his kindness, he will permit it.

Then, O! my Constantia! for that state of exalted friendship, where the fears and frailties of mortality shall be known no more! for that happy intercourse of spiritual pleasures, which shall be no longer subject to the influences of chance or time, which shall neither be oppressed by langour, nor disturbed by anxiety. Compared with that ineffable complacency, that sublime delight which even the hope alone of these things inspires, what are sufferings, however peculiar, that we have hitherto endured? Were there, indeed, no future state of being to commence after this, who would not wish to be thus agreeably deceived? Who would not wish to triumph over those gloomy apprehensions, which the thought of annihilation must necessarily create, in a being to whom nature has given the love of existence?

But if the foretaste of future happiness be so great; if, when only contemplated through the imperfect medium of human imagination, it is capable of inspiring such exalted delight, how inconceivably great must the real and perfect enjoyment be! Let us here, my Constantia, indulge the utmost stretch of fancy: Whatever an almighty and all-beneficent being can give, and whatever our glorified faculties can receive, let us suppose our own. *He that giveth not of his Spirit by measure, he that openeth his hand, and shutteth it not again, shall not he freely give us all things?*

When I consider the wisdom and benevolence of that almighty Being, through whose kindness I have hitherto been supported in life, like my Constantia I can walk without trembling through the dark valley of the shadow of death; and whence, but from the same consideration, could your tender apprehensive heart derive that more than manly firmness which is visible in your letter? That information which you so

kindly ascribe to my instructions you have drawn from your own experience of the wisdom and the goodness of *providence*, to whom your gratitude is due for the rectitude of reason, as well as for every other blessing you enjoy.

I will no longer withhold your mind from the meditation of that glorious Being whose more visible favours we shall shortly obtain. Indeed my faculties are already too much confused for regular thinking; and death, I find, makes hasty paces towards me. Accept my last blessing.

“Bless, O God! O! Father of nature! bless my Constantia! support her gentle spirit under the conflict of death! and lead and conduct her by the light of thy countenance to thy everlasting rest!”

And now, O now farewell, my Constantia! my Constance! my sister! my friend! by every dear and every holy name, farewell! I have conversed with you until the last moment, but——but we shall meet again. *Adieu.*

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Essay against the Fear of Death.

UNWILLINGNESS to die, though it seems to arise from nature, can never be founded on reason and virtue: The majority of mankind choose to live; but why should they fix on such a choice, since so few in the common accepted sense of felicity, can be accounted happy? Why should the minority, who are endowed with sense and virtue, be unwilling to die, when they cannot be happy till death? Is this love of life from the sweetness we find in its solaces, in the enjoyment of pleasure, and the gratification of our appetites? or is it the pain or horror of death that affrights us? is it the fears and doubts of what shall become of us hereafter? or rather, is it not the guilt of conscience, already condemning us by the pre-apprehensions of future punishment? If death was to all equally terrible, we might really fear to die; there would be then more in death, and even more in life, than we imagine: But we see some as willing to die as others to live; some as willing to leave the world as the wise man when old is to leave the court; some, with resignation, meet it in all its tortures; some seeming piously to wish for it; and all these are persons who are esteemed wise as well as virtuous.

Every man in the play of this world, besides being an actor, is a spectator likewise. When the play is new begun with him that is in his youth, it promises so much that he is loath to leave

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leave it: when it grows towards the middle, the act of manhood, then he perceives the scenes grow thick, and, as they are filled with business, would gladly understand the end of it; but when the catastrophe draws near, and he knows what it will be, he is content to make his exit, and leave the stage of life to new successors.

The notions of death are different in two different sorts of men: one kind lives in a full joy; he sings, and revels, and sports, as if his harvest were continual, and as if the whole world were as mad and wanton as himself. This sort of man would do any thing rather than die, for he tells us by expressive actions, though his tongue mentions it not, that he expects a worse state hereafter. Another lives hardly, with a heavy heart, as if he were only born to act the sad man's part, and then die: this man often wishes for death, and hath it not; intimating that by death he expects a far better condition. These instances shew, that there is expected a misery or joy to attend a man after his departure from hence. The like is also evident in the good man and the bad; one avoiding what the other would wish, at least not with unwillingness refuse the offer; for the good man I reckon with the wife who can equally die or live: he knows while he lives the supreme Being will protect him, and when he dies receive him.

The state of living, I should think, could never be quiet till the fear of death is entirely conquered. Every spectacle of mortality affrights, every casual danger terrifies: the fear of death is worse than death itself; the fear of dying often kills us: death can kill us but once. I like therefore the saying of the emperor Julian in his last moments: "He that would not die when he must, and he that would die when he must not, are both cowards alike; what we know we must once do, why should we be afraid to do it at any time? What we cannot do till our time comes, why should we seek to do it before? That person is most happy who can die willingly when God would have him die, and can live as willingly when God would have him not die. To fear death argues an evil man, at least a very weak one. Socrates told the Athenians that they could do nothing but what nature had done before, condemn him to die." How unmoved did he drink his potion! how bravely did he meet the approach of death! Death, said he, is not terrible, if our life has not made it so.

CHARITY.

THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER VI.

Le naufrage & la mort sont moins funestes que les plaisirs qui attaquent la vertu ; néanmoins on cherche avec subtilité toutes les raisons qui les favorisent, & on se détourne, de peur de voir tomber celles qui les condamnent. Télémaque, Liv 1, 7.

SHIPWRECK and death are less fatal than pleasures which attack virtue, yet we subtilely hunt after all the reasons which favour them, and turn away our eyes that we may not see those which condemn them.

To encounter popular prejudices is, at least, a bold undertaking ; but it is a much more arduous task to attack popular pleasures : opposition to that many-headed monster, though not an untried, is a dangerous, achievement, in which a man runs the risk of having a cry raised against him from all quarters, and may expect the sarcastic strokes of the wit and the infidel ; but honest intention will ever be his safeguard, and confer upon him the only reward a good man commonly shares when his arguments are set at naught : conscious rectitude will support him at first in the conflict, and at last become the valuable, though it be the only, prize of his calling. Convinced of this, I shall proceed, and endeavour to lay aside all timidity : truth, I hope, is my guide, and I am sure a regard to society is my only inducement for sketching out this imperfect essay.

Were an angel, who hath been a perfect stranger to the inhabitants of England, to visit this island, and make observations of the principles and manners of the people, what would his ideas of them be, when he found that vice and immorality are openly and avowedly encouraged ? Is it not reasonable to suppose, that he would conclude they are not favoured with so divine a system of religion as hath been mercifully dispensed to them ? Or, if informed that they are, would he not think them a nation of most unaccountable, inconsistent, beings ? he certainly would : and that we are as certainly so, is obvious to every man of sober reflection. The longest life is but of short duration, too short for preparing us for a better and more lasting inheritance, except we act with the greatest circumspection ; and yet so much are we become attached devotees to transitory enjoyments, that it seems as if all were to end with our being here : as if to possess sensual joys were to act up to the perfection of our nature, and as if the highest bidder at the sale of unlawful pleasures were best entitled to our imitation and esteem ; else why do we see such an increase of places of dissipation,

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pation, and of their constant attendants and protectors? And to what else, but a depraved idea of good, can it be owing that such places fall under one general denomination of innocent diversions?

A gentleman * of extensive knowledge and great abilities has incontestably proved the unlawfulness of stage-entertainments; his arguments are conclusive, and founded on a rock which will stand the test of ages; and I cannot but be of opinion that great part of what he has urged may be used with the same success against the other numerous nurseries of vice.—The theatres, Vauxhall, Ranelagh, &c. afford an opportunity for a pernicious waste of time to many, who do not consider that they are in the actual commission of sin, by being contributors to every kind of debauchery. A superficial examiner throws to the account of innocent pleasures every amusement not forbidden in particular terms in the sacred writings; but let me ask such an one, (if he has any sense of good or ill remaining,) if he believes in the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, and seems at the same time to be convinced that the Deity requires obedience to his laws, which necessarily implies a justness of action comprehensively forming the sum of true religion:—I say, let me ask such an one whether it would not be exceedingly sinful to spend that particular portion of his life, which is set apart throughout the nation for the discharge of religious duties, in a course of dissipated pleasure? His answer would certainly be in the affirmative: if so, we are either to conclude that the scripture doctrine of watching and praying continually is esteemed by him as the injunctions of priestcraft only; or, that, he thinks a very small proportion of the time for our sojourning here, spent even in a formal manner, is amply sufficient to prepare us for eternity, provided we are permitted to live a certain term of years. Now admitting this last supposition, he is still on a very hazardous plan. The messenger who rideth on a white horse may attend upon him with the irrevocable summons long before that certain term upon which he has formed his calculation. Where then are the past mis-spent moments but in his recollection, like poisoned arrows rankling in his bosom? would he not then find the folly of his former conclusion, and acknowledge, that, as heaven has appointed this life only as a preparative to the next, every hour (except that which is necessarily spent otherways) ought to have been devoted to the important duties of religion? That, innocent as the above diversions may be termed, will he not be convinced, there can be “in act no trifle and no blank in time?” Thoughts like these will naturally arise from the reflection

* W. Law.

reflection of his own conduct, as it immediately concerns himself only; but how much will his reflections be imbibited, from the consideration that he has contributed largely to promote such a conduct in others, not only by example, but voluntary subscription; that he has paid others a price to induce them to dishonour virtue in running into extravagant rant, and which he himself would perhaps be shocked at, should he be forced to enter on such an illiberal course of life! I mean this of the theatres. To support our public gardens affords as fair a field for reprehension, if not more so; for it may perhaps be justly said, that the first prepare the mind for vicious purposes, and the last complete its ruin; almost innumerable instances might be produced in proof of this assertion; for as naturally as guilt seeks the society of guilt, so do the votaries of pleasure herd with their own kind. The hardy veteran leads on the raw recruit to action; and hackneyed wretches conduct the ignorant with most wonderful art to the slippery path of dangerous and sinful experience. An attachment to the gratification of sensual appetites is the very inlet to the troubled abyss of iniquity; and what, pray, nourishes this evil genius so much as our theatres and gardens for public amusement! We are entered into those sinks of corruption before we are able to judge for ourselves, and of course fashioned to the practice. A pretence, that a knowledge of the world is to be gained by keeping the polite company which frequent those places, is urged in defence of it; but heaven preserve us from that knowledge which cannot be acquired except at the expence of virtue! In this, as in other things, we make not use of our own serious judgement, but follow the custom of the inconsiderate; their opinion, in itself mere folly, gains us first to the side of ill, and then countenances our madness; thus the world finds us fools and then makes knaves of us; it robs us of our understanding and would rob us of our souls too. A trip to Covent-Garden is the beginning of our danger, when, if we have before thought of the matter seriously, the consideration that we are going to give away our money to support a set of abandoned wretches in their works of lewdness and profaneness, makes us consent with reluctance the first time; a second, a third, and perhaps a fourth, give us a painful reflection, and, even after this, our vicious companions must assure us repeatedly *there is nothing in it*, and encourage our fainting resolution till we become hardened in vice.

Probably occasional contributors to such unlawful diversions may plead in excuse, that they go very seldom, and consequently, as individuals, are clear of one charge, since the managers of the different places would be enabled to go on

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without their assistance. But do they consider, that as every chain is composed of several links, so its strength is lessened by a diminution of their number; "every little helps," setting aside the prevalence which ill-example gives. Again, let me state the matter somewhat differently, by asking such occasional idlers, whether, if the money spent this way had been disposed of for some charitable purpose; (such as for the erection of the noble edifice for deserted girls; that for the most forlorn of creatures, the penitent prostitute; and the lying-in hospital,) they would not have laid some claim to the merit of bestowing it on a laudable institution? It is evident they would; and without considering that these plans might have been executed without their donation: nay, their own ideas would readily suggest to them, that their contribution, though it might be only as the widow's mite, set a worthy example for others, and added strength to the spirit of the undertaking; just so it is with our example and practice of a different kind; and if in one case the good effects thereof are obvious, the bad effects of a different conduct must be equally so in the other.

I am well aware that some will treat this as an idle subject of no real consequence, and deny the whole of what is asserted by the fool's argument; *there is nothing in it*. The very answer either implies most egregious ignorance and inattention, or a certain doubt whether they are right or wrong; the truth of it is, they have been deep in the practice, and are afraid of examining for themselves, lest the matter should really be as sinful as it is represented. This is the case with us all, an unwillingness to see our faults is the grand and almost insurmountable difficulty; and, when we are rooted in the way of them, the very name of a contrary conduct becomes hateful to us. Men on this plan are ever cautiously on the guard, avoid shewing an apprehension of danger, and act to all appearance as if strangers to the challenges of conscience; but let my youthful readers be well assured, that those people are exceedingly dissatisfied with themselves; they have a confused notion that their practices are contrary to their eternal interest, notwithstanding that happy air of outward serenity and cheerfulness which is assumed: one hour's self-examination plunges them into the bitterness of reflection, and drives them to seek in repetition to wash away the remembrance of past crimes.

If what is advanced should lead any to examine impartially into the true state of themselves respecting public diversions, and to try their practices by the touchstone of unbiassed reason and religion, my end is answered; if any one be convinced of having acted improperly, I hope his future conduct will make amends for the past; let none then sit down without a thorough examination.

examination. Probably I argue from mistaken notions, and condemn these amusements without just reasons; yet, in a manner which so nearly concerns them, surely it behoves all to be cautious, and not rest satisfied that their foundation stands on a rock, when there is great reason to suppose it totters on the sandy brink of destruction.

Let not any conclude that the Speculator is actuated by the spirit of enthusiasm; he wishes not to convey an idea that true religion consists in flying from the sweets of social delight, or in mortifying every sense of pleasure; on the contrary, he believes that the duties thereof are not repugnant to any pleasures, but such as strengthen the influence of corrupt passions or depraved inclinations: but if we would enjoy the privilege of existence in a rational manner, it must be in the regular exercise of our superior faculties, in cultivating inward rectitude and the heavenly affections, which lead to charity, the bond of perfectness; then will the peace of God rule in our hearts, and give an assurance of joy in his presence, where there is a fullness thereof, and at whose right-hand are pleasures for evermore.

The SPECULATOR.

Erratum. In number V. page 310, line 25, of the *Speculator*, for *friend*, read *mind*.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IT is much to the credit of every civilized nation, to discountenance every species of diversion that is attended with cruelty to any part of the animal creation. As we are not capable of adding much to their happiness, we are by no means warranted to give them unnecessary pain; when we do so, we act contrary to reason, justice, and humanity, and to every noble principle implanted in human nature. To inflict pain unnecessarily, is not only injustice, but cruelty; and cruelty is the disgrace of mankind. From considerations of this sort, we observe with pleasure, that the barbarous diversions of *bull-baiting*, *cock-throwing*, and *cock-fighting*, are now generally exploded, as too *cruel*, and indeed too *low*, to afford pleasure to any sensible mind:—yet, in some places, the practice of *cock-fighting* is still continued, to the disgrace of all who are concerned in it. Here perhaps some ignorant persons, who are insensible to rational pleasure, may cry out, “Don’t the gentlemen at Newmarket fight cocks? and the gentlemen of one county challenge the gentlemen of another to fight a main of cocks

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cocks for considerable wagers? and why may not we divert ourselves in this manner as well as they?"

I answer, the *gentlemen*, as you call them, who descend so far below the dignity of *men* as to divert themselves with cruelty, are by no means worthy that character: whether in rags, or ornamented with a *star*, they rank equally with the lowest of the vulgar in the estimation of reason:—they seem not to consider that at those times they entirely lay aside the man, and reduce themselves *below* the very animals they are abusing.—To arm a couple of poor innocent creatures with weapons, and provoke them to fight and mangle each other, is a diversion calculated only for the meridian of ignorance.

No man who possesses the tender feelings of humanity, or who is not at that time as destitute of reason as the animals he diverts himself with, can take any pleasure in sports of this kind. If he thinks his boasted superiority over the animal world gives him a right to inflict unnecessary pain on them for his pleasure, he must on the very same principle admit, that *superior beings*, were there any wicked enough, have an equal right to sport themselves with his misery. Horse-racing is a species of the same unlawful amusement; and, notwithstanding this diversion is encouraged and followed by many who fill the higher ranks of life, it will find no allowance in the court of reason. In the present state of things there is little reason to expect that this practice should be discontinued; but it were much to be wished that a severe penalty were laid on all who fight or throw at cocks, or bait bulls, as a just punishment for practices so barbarous and wicked; for nothing contributes more to the honour of a state, than for the rulers of it to discourage inhumanity, and introduce a mild benevolent spirit throughout all ranks of the people.

It is a necessary part of the education of youth, to beget in them an early abhorrence of all acts of cruelty; and never to suffer them to amuse themselves with the pain and misery of animals; for there is much justice and philosophic truth in that humane sentiment of the inimitable Shakespear, where he says,

"The poor beetle that we tread upon,

"In corporal sufferance, feels a pang as great

"As when a giant dies!"

Account of the Crusades, continued from page 320 of last number.

AFTER the confederate armies had broken the force of the Turks, the soldan of Egypt, whose alliance they had hitherto courted, recovered his former authority in Jerusalem.

VOL. II.

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lem: he informed them, by his ambassadors, that, if they came disarmed to that city, they might now perform their religious vows, and that all Christian pilgrims, who should thenceforth visit the holy sepulchre, might expect the same good treatment which they had ever received from his predecessors. The offer was rejected; the soldan was required to yield up the city to the Christians, and, on his refusal, the champions of the cross advanced to the siege of Jerusalem, which they regarded as the consummation of their labours. By the detachments they had made, and the disasters which they had undergone, they were diminished to the number of 20,000 foot, and 1,500 horse; but these were still formidable, from their valour, their experience, and the obedience which, from the experience of past calamities, they had learned to pay to their leaders. After a siege of five weeks they took Jerusalem by assault, and, impelled by a mixture of military and religious rage, they put the numerous garrison and inhabitants to the sword without distinction. Neither arms defended the valiant nor submission the timorous; no age or sex was spared; infants on the breast were pierced by the same blow with their mothers who implored for mercy. Even a multitude, to the number of 10,000 persons, who had surrendered themselves prisoners and were promised quarter, were butchered in cool-blood by those ferocious conquerors.

The streets of Jerusalem were covered with dead bodies; and the triumphant warriors, after every enemy was subdued and slaughtered, immediately turned themselves, with sentiments of humiliation and contrition, towards the holy sepulchre. They threw aside their arms still streaming with blood; they advanced with reclined bodies, and naked feet and heads, to that sacred monument: they sang anthems to their Saviour, who had there purchased their salvation by his death and agony; and their devotion, enlivened by the presence of the place where he had suffered, so overcame their fury, that they dissolved in tears, and bore the appearance of every soft and tender sentiment.

So inconsistent is human nature with itself! and so easily does the most effeminate superstition ally both with the most heroic courage and with the fiercest barbarity!

This great event happened on the 5th of July, in the last year of the eleventh century. The Christian princes and nobles, after choosing Godfrey of Bouillon king of Jerusalem, began to settle themselves in their new conquests, while some of them returned to Europe, in order to enjoy at home that glory which their valour had acquired them in this popular and meritorious enterprize: but these conquests were not lasting.

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The infidels, though obliged to yield to the immense inundation of Christians, had recovered courage after the torrent was past; and, attacking on all quarters the settlements of the Europeans, had reduced these adventurers to great difficulties, and obliged them to apply a third time for succours from the west. But these repeated misfortunes, which drained the western world of its people and treasure, were not yet sufficient to cure men of their passion for those spiritual adventures; and a new incident rekindled with fresh fury the zeal of the ecclesiastics and military adventurers among the Latin Christians.

Saladin, a prince of great generosity, bravery, and conduct, having fixed himself on the throne of Egypt, began to extend his conquests over the east; and, finding the settlement of the Christians in Palestine an invincible obstacle to the progress of his arms, he bent the whole force of his policy and valour to subdue that small and barren but important territory. Taking advantage of dissensions which prevailed among the champions of the cross, and having secretly gained the count of Tripoly who commanded their armies, he invaded the frontiers with a mighty power; and, aided by the treachery of that count, gained over them at Tiberiade a complete victory, which utterly annihilated the force of the already languishing kingdom of Jerusalem. The holy city itself fell into his hands after a feeble resistance: the kingdom of Antioch was almost intirely subdued; and, except some maritime towns, nothing considerable remained of those boasted conquests, which, near a century before, it had cost the efforts of all Europe to acquire.

The western Christians were astonished at receiving this dismal intelligence. Pope Urban III. it is pretended, died of grief, and his successor, Gregory the VIII. employed the whole time of his short pontificate in rousing to arms all the Christians who acknowledged his authority. The general cry was, that they were unworthy of any inheritance in heaven, who did not vindicate, from the dominion of the infidels, the inheritance of God on earth, and deliver from slavery that country which had been consecrated by the footsteps of their Redeemer.

William, archdeacon of Tyre, having procured a conference between Henry II. of England and Philip of France, near Gisors, enforced all these topics; gave a pathetic description of the miserable state of the eastern Christians, and employed every argument to excite the ruling passions of the age; superstition, and jealousy of military honour. The two monarchs immediately took the cross; many of their most considerable vassals imitated the example, and the emperor Frederic the I. entered into the confederacy.—Troops were assem-

bled with a celerity proportioned to the ardour of the leaders; and well-grounded hopes were entertained of success.

But, before this great machine could be put in motion, there were still many obstacles to surmount. Philip, jealous of Henry's power, entered into a private confederacy with young Richard; and, working on his ambition and impatient temper, persuaded him to seek present power and independence, by disturbing and dismembering that monarchy which he was one day to inherit. Richard became the dupe of his artifice, and committed disorders which destroyed all hopes of success in the projected crusade.

To prevent this consequence, the two kings held a conference; but it produced no other consequence than their separating on worse terms than before. The propositions Philip made to Henry were such as the honour of that monarch could never submit to: but, exasperated at the rebellious conduct of Richard, too sensible of the desperate situation of his affairs, and overloaded with cares and sorrows, a fever seized him, of which he soon after expired at the castle of Chinon near Seumur.

Richard, soon after his accession to the throne, was impelled, more by the love of military glory than superstition, to act as if the sole purpose of his government had been the relief of the Holy Land, and the recovery of Jerusalem from the Saracens. This zeal against the infidels, being communicated to his subjects, broke out in London on the day of his coronation, and made them find a crusade less dangerous and attended with more immediate profit.

Richard, negligent of every prudential consideration, only consulted how to raise money for this expedition; he put to sale the revenues and manors of the crown: the dignity of chief justiciary, in whose hand was lodged the sole execution of the laws, was sold to the bishop of Durham for 1000 marks: the same prelate bought the earldom of Northumberland for life. Elated with the hopes of fame, which in that age attended no wars but those against the infidels, he was so blind to every other reflection, that, when some of his wiser ministers objected to this dissipation of the revenue and power of the crown, he replied, that he would sell London itself if he could find a purchaser. Nothing indeed could be a stronger proof how negligent he was of all future interests, in comparison of the crusade, than his selling, for so small a sum as 10,000 marks, the vassalage of Scotland, together with the fortresses of Roxborough and Berwick, the greatest acquisition that had been made by his father during the course of his victorious reign, and

and his accepting the homage of William, in the usual terms, for the territories which that prince held in England.

But Richard, though he sacrificed every interest and consideration to the success of this pious enterprize, carried so little the appearance of sanctity in his conduct, that Fulk, curate of Neuilly, a zealous preacher of the crusade, who from that merit had acquired the privilege of speaking the boldest truths, advised him to rid himself of his notorious vices, particularly his pride, avarice, and voluptuousness, which he called the king's three favourite daughters.—“You counsel well,” replied Richard, “and I herewith dispose of the first to the templars, of the second to the Benedictines, and of the third to my prelates.”

The emperor Frederic, a prince of great spirit and conduct, had already taken the road to Palestine at the head of 150,000 men, collected from Germany and all the northern states. Having surmounted every obstacle thrown in his way by the artifices of the Greeks and the power of the infidels, he had penetrated to the borders of Syria; when bathing in the cold river Cydnus, during the greatest heat of the summer season, he was seized with a mortal distemper which put an end to his life and his rash enterprize.

His army, under the command of Conrade his son, reached Palestine, but was so diminished by fatigue, famine, maladies, and the sword, that it scarcely amounted to 8000 men; and was unable to make any progress against the great power, valour, and conduct, of Saladin. These reiterated calamities, attending the crusades, had taught the kings of France and England the necessity of trying another road to the Holy Land; and they determined to conduct their armies thither by sea, to carry provisions along with them, and, by means of their naval power, to maintain an open communication with their own states and with the western parts of Europe. The place of rendezvous was appointed in the plains of Vezelay, on the borders of Burgundy.

Philip and Richard, on their arrival there, found their armies amount to 100,000 men; a mighty force, animated with glory and religion, conducted by two warlike monarchs, and not to be overcome but by their own mis-conduct or by the insurmountable obstacles of nature.

The Kings of France and England here reiterated their promises of cordial friendship, pledged their faith not to invade each others dominions during the crusade, mutually exchanged the oaths of all their barons and prelates to the same effect, and subjected themselves to the penalty of interdicts and excommunications, if they should ever violate the public and solemn

solemn engagement. They then separated: Philip took the road to Genoa, Richard that of Marseilles, with a view of meeting their fleets which were severally appointed to rendezvous in these harbours.

They put to sea, and, nearly about the same time, were obliged by stress of weather to take shelter in Messina, where they were detained during the whole winter. This event laid the foundation of animosities which proved fatal to their enterprise.

Richard and Philip were, by the situation and extent of their dominions, rivals in power; by their age and inclinations, competitors for glory: and these causes of emulation, which, had the princes been employed in the field against the common enemy, might have stimulated them to deeds of heroic valour, soon excited, during the present leisure and repose, quarrels between monarchs of such a fiery character. Equally haughty, ambitious, intrepid, and inflexible, they were irritated with the least appearance of injury, and were incapable by mutual condescensions to efface those causes of complaint which unavoidably rose between them. Richard, candid, sincere, undesigning, impolitic, violent, laid himself open on every occasion to the designs of Philip; who, provident, interested, and deceitful, failed not to take all advantages against him: and thus, both the circumstances of their disposition in which they were similar, and those in which they differed, rendered it impossible for them to persevere in that harmony which was so necessary for the success of their undertaking. Mutual animosities dissolved their friendship and weakened their strength, and after a variety of quarrels they set sail, and the English army arrived in Palestine in time to partake in the glory of the siege of Acre, or Ptolemais, which had been attacked for above two years by the united force of all the Christians in Palestine, and had been defended by the utmost efforts of Saladin and the Saracens. The remains of the German army, conducted by the emperor Frederic, and the separate body of the adventurers who continually poured in from the west, had enabled the king of Jerusalem to form this important enterprise. But Saladin having thrown a strong garrison into the place under the command of Caracos, his own master in the art of war, and molesting the besiegers with continual attacks and sallies, had protracted the success of the enterprise and wasted the force of his enemies.

The arrival of Philip and Richard inspired the Christians with new life; and these princes acting by concert, and sharing the honour and danger of every action, gave hopes of a final victory over the infidels.

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They agreed on this plan of operations; when the French monarch attacked the town, the English guarded the trenches: next day when the English prince conducted the assault, the French succeeded him in providing for the safety of the assailants. The emulation between these rival kings and rival nations produced extraordinary acts of valour: Richard, in particular, animated with a more precipitate courage than Philip, and more agreeable to the romantic spirit of that age, drew to himself the general attention, and acquired a great and splendid reputation. But this harmony was of short duration; and occasions of discord soon arose between these jealous and haughty princes. This discord spread itself among the inferior leaders and generals. A dispute between Guy de Lusignan and Conrade, marquis of Monferrat, about the crown of Jerusalem, increased the rupture, and divided the commanders. Philip espoused the interest of Conrade; the Templars, the Genoese, and the Germans, joined him. The Flemings, the Pisans, and the knights of the hospital of St. John, adhered to Richard and Lusignan. The opposite views of these monarchs brought faction and dissention into the Christian army, and retarded its operations.

But, notwithstanding these disputes, as the length of the siege had reduced the Saracen garrison to the last extremity, they surrendered themselves prisoners; stipulating, in return for their lives, other advantages to the Christians, such as restoring the Christian prisoners, restoring the wood of the true cross, &c. and this enterprize, which had long engaged the attention of all Europe and Asia, was at last, after the loss of 300,000 men, brought to a happy period.

But Philip, instead of pursuing the hopes of farther conquest and of redeeming the holy city from slavery, being disgusted with the ascendance assumed and acquired by Richard, declared his resolution of returning to France. He left however 10,000 of his troops with Richard, under the command of the duke of Burgundy; and renewed his oath never to commence hostilities against that prince's dominions during his absence. But he had no sooner reached Italy than he applied to pope Celestine III. for a dispensation from this vow; and, when denied that request, he still proceeded, though after a covert manner, against Richard.

On opening the next campaign, Richard attempted the siege of Ascalon, in order to prepare the way for that of Jerusalem; and marched the forces along the sea-coast for that purpose. Saladin proposed to intercept their passage, and placed himself on the road with an army amounting to 300,000 combatants. On this occasion was fought one of the greatest battles

battles of that age, and the most celebrated for the military genius of the commanders, for the number and valour of the troops, and for the great variety of events which attended it. Both the right wing of the Christians, commanded by D'Avesnes, and the left, conducted by the duke of Burgundy, were, in the beginning of the day, broken and defeated; when Richard, who led on the main body, restored the battle, attacked the enemy with intrepidity and presence of mind, performed the part both of a consummate general and gallant soldier, and not only gave his two wings leisure to recover from their confusion, but obtained a complete victory over the Saracens, of whom 40,000 perished in the field. Askalon soon after fell into the hands of the conquering Christians. Other sieges were carried on with equal success: Richard was even able to advance within sight of Jerusalem, the object of his enterprise, when he had the mortification to find that he must abandon all hopes of immediate success, and must put a stop to his career of victory. The crusaders, animated with an enthusiastic ardour for the holy wars, broke at first through all regards to safety or interest in the prosecution of their purpose; and, trusting to the immediate assistance of heaven, set nothing before their eyes but fame and victory in this world, and a crown of glory in the next. But, long absence from home, fatigue, disease, want, and the variety of incidents which naturally attend war, had gradually abated that fury, which nothing was able directly to withstand; and every one, except the king of England, expressed a desire of speedily returning into Europe. The Germans and Italians declared their resolution of desisting from the enterprise: the French were still more obstinate in this purpose: the duke of Burgundy, in order to pay court to Philip, took all opportunities of mortifying and opposing Richard: and there appeared an absolute necessity of abandoning, for the present, all hopes of farther conquest, and of securing the acquisitions of the Christians by an accommodation with Saladin. Richard, therefore, concluded a truce with that monarch; and stipulated, that Acre, Joppa, and other sea-port towns of Palestine, should remain in the hands of the Christians; and that every one of that religion should have liberty to perform his pilgrimage to Jerusalem unmolested. This truce was concluded for three years, three months, three weeks, three days, and three hours; a magical number, which had probably been devised by the Europeans, and which was suggested by a superstition well suited to the object of the war.

The liberty, in which Saladin indulged the Christians to perform their pilgrimages to Jerusalem, was an easy sacrifice on

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his part ; and the famous wars, which he waged in defence of the barren territory of Judea, were not with him as with the European adventurers, the result of superstition, but policy.

The advantage, indeed, of science, moderation, and humanity, was at that time intirely on the side of the Saracens ; and this gallant emperor in particular displayed, during the course of the war, a spirit and generosity, which even his bigotted enemies were obliged to acknowledge and admite.

Richard, equally martial and brave, carried with him more of the barbarian character, and was guilty of acts of ferocity which threw a stain on his celebrated victories. When Saladin refused to ratify the capitulation of Acre, the king of England ordered all his prisoners, to the number of 5000, to be butchered ; and the Saracens found themselves obliged to retaliate upon the Christians by a like cruelty. Saladin died at Damascus, soon after concluding this truce with the princes of the crusade : it is memorable that, before he expired, he ordered his winding-sheet to be carried as a standard through the streets of the city, while a crier went before, and proclaimed with a loud voice, " This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin, the conqueror of the east !" By his last will he ordered charities to be distributed to the poor, without distinction of Jew, Christian, or Mahometan.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Case of Thomas Wood, a Miller of Billericay, in Essex ; from the last Volume of Medical Transactions, published by the College of Physicians.

THOMAS WOOD is now 53 years old : his parents were intemperate, and he was rheumatic before he was thirteen. A favourable small-pox then rendered him healthy, and he had no complaints till he was 43. He had long indulged himself to excess in eating voraciously of fat meat three times a day, with large quantities of butter and cheese. He also drank strong ale for his common drink. When he was about 40 he began to grow very fat ; but his appetite was still good, and his sleep unbroken. Soon after he entered into his 44th year, he began first to be disturbed in his sleep, and to complain of the heart-burn, frequent sickness at his stomach, pains in his bowels, head-ach, and vertigo ; he was sometimes costive, sometimes in the other extreme ; had constant thirst, great depression of spirits, violent rheumatism, and frequent attacks of the gout ; he had also two epileptic fits ; but what

most alarmed him was, a sense of suffocation, which often came upon him, particularly after his meals. Under such a complication of diseases, he continued till he was 45, when the life of Cornaro was put into his hand.

Being convinced, by this book, that intemperance was the cause of all his complaints, he began by using animal food sparingly, and taking only one pint of his ale a day. Under this regimen, he grew better; and, at the end of two months, he became more sparing in his animal food, and took but half a pint of his ale in a day. In this course he continued above six months, when he left off the use of malt liquor intirely, drinking nothing but water, and eating only light meats. Some of his complaints, however, still remained; he was tormented with the rheumatism, and had now and then a slight fit of the gout. At the end of about five months more, he began the use of the cold-bath, and used it twice a week for near three years.

About the same time he began to ring the dumb bell, which he still continues. From the beginning of June, 1765, to the 25th of the following October, water was his only drink; and, from that time, he drank no more, till the 9th of May, 1766, about seven months; he then drank two glasses and a half of water, since which time he has drunk no more of any liquor, except what he has taken in the form of medicine. Since the 30th of June, 1767, he has abstained from cheese, having renounced butter somewhat sooner. The 31st of July following was the last day on which he tasted flesh; and his diet ever since has been principally pudding made of sea-biscuit. He takes but little sleep, generally going to bed about eight, and rising before two. His health is established, his spirits lively, and his sleep sound. His muscular strength is also so much improved, that he can carry a quarter of a ton weight, which he could not do when he was thirty years of age. His voice, which was lost for several years, is now clear and strong; his flesh is firm, his colour fresh; and, though he is supposed to have lost between ten and eleven stone, the integuments of his belly are not loose and pendulous, but contracted nearly in proportion to the diminution of his bulk. He has a tranquillity of mind which he never enjoyed before, and his plain diet is now become as agreeable to him as his fat meat and strong ale; so that he pays no tax for the health and happiness he enjoys.

To the question, "What first induced him to abstain from drink?" he answered, that his servant having one day forgot to bring him his water at dinner, he drank none, and, having observed that he was less oppressed by that meal than common, he determined to try whether a total abstinence from all liquors would not improve his regimen. He added, that he

was encouraged in this experiment by an observation he had made in feeding hogs: he never suffers these animals to drink, and his pork is highly valued for the whiteness and firmness of its flesh. He uses much exercise, particularly riding; but no degree or continuance of labour produces sensible perspiration: His pulse seldom beats forty-seven times in a minute; he never catches cold, though he is thinly clad, and exposes himself to all weathers.

The pudding, which is now, and has many years been, his only food, is made of one pound of flour, of which the best kind of sea-biscuit is made, boiled with a pint and a half of skimmed milk.

The paper containing this account is dated September, 1771

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Cautions to the Benevolent.

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

THIS is Christian duty, commanded by the highest authority, abundantly inculcated in holy writ. But it is impossible thus to love our neighbour, without sympathising with him in his affliction; or truly to sympathise with him, without affording him such assistance as may properly be within our power. "Who so hath this world's good," says the apostle, *John* iii. 15. "and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—Herein the sacred penman shews, that, where this love to our fellow-creature is wanting, the love of God is wanting. And, indeed, where the true love of God is shed abroad in the heart, it necessarily expands itself towards all his rational creation, and renders its possessors the children of him, "who maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth his rain on the just and on the unjust." *Matt.* v. 45.

Wouldst thou be glad of relief in thy distress? Afford it to thy afflicted neighbour, according to his need and thy own ability, whether his ease be that of grief, pain, sickness, or want.—To the last of these I would confine our present consideration; that is, to the due relief of the poor and needy.

Without question it is the duty of persons, who are of ability, to be proportionably open-hearted and liberal-handed: Yet, if their liberality be not directed by prudence, *hurt* may be done

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where *good* was intended.—Regard therefore ought to be had to a judicious choice of *objects*, a right measure in the *gift*, and a proper manner in the *conveyance* of it.

So far as my observation has reached, there has generally appeared an humble *modesty* attending worthy objects, which often requires they should be sought after.

And towards *some* of these, whose former situation may have been respectable, a *DELICACY* is requisite to be observed in the *mode* of assisting them.—It would border upon cruelty to cast these, as *common* paupers, upon a *parish* assistance; or to refer them for relief to those similar *public* provisions, which the liberality of the more able and benevolent members of the several communities to which they stand related may have made for their necessitous brethren.

If *present* help be all that their case requires, suffer them not to go begging for *themselves*! but let a kind friend, or a neighbour or two, save them that pain, by collecting what is necessary for them.—This, I apprehend, is no more than doing for *others* as we would be done by under the like circumstances.

If the case be such as calls for a *continued* relief, a monthly, quarterly, half-yearly, or annual, subscription, should be raised among the benevolent, as humanity and prudence may lead them to contribute.

When the season is severe, employment scarce, or provisions dear, it is both more equal, and more effectual, that *general* subscriptions be promoted for the relief of the poor in each parish, ward, or other proper division, than to suffer a few beneficent and cheerful givers to be over-burdened, whilst many of equal or superior abilities meanly save their purses.

It may not be improper for those kindly-disposed persons, who distribute money, bread, coals, &c. at certain periodical times, to consider whether this practice doth not create an undue dependence upon them in the minds of the craving receivers, and occasion such of them, as are capable of labour, to *lose* more in the article of their own *earnings*, by waiting for those donatives, than the value of them amounts to.—And it may not be amiss, also, for those charitable dispensers to reflect, that, if they are too indiscriminate in their distributions, they may, undesignedly, nourish the idle and unworthy in their vices, and proportionably deprive themselves of assisting the really deserving.—Permit me, also, to observe, that though true gospel-love cannot but exercise itself in doing good according to its measure, it will always discharge its duty in as *private* a manner as may be, in order to avoid an ostentatious appearance of exceeding others; agreeable to that divine precept,

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cept, "When thou doest alms, let not thy left-hand know what thy right-hand doeth." *Matt. vi. 3.*

A heart, filled with Christian benevolence, feels for *all*, and cannot deny relief to any in absolute want; yet, there is, certainly, a prudential difference to be made between worthy and unworthy objects, and between the less and the more worthy, particularly in private charities, which must be left to the discretion of the donors.

Subscriptions and donations to hospitals, and houses for the relief of the sick, the wounded, persons disordered in their senses, &c. are doubtless very serviceable and commendable; especially where the contributors spare what they give from their own possessions in *life-time*, rather than from their successors, when themselves can hold it no longer.—This observation, however, is not in the least intended to discourage *bequests* to the charitable institutions above-mentioned; but only to recommend what appears to me the most eligible method for answering the end proposed in the most effectual manner, both to the givers and receivers.

Contributions for the relief of such pitiable objects as are immured in prisons for small debts, and procuring their liberty by compounding with their creditors, after the manner of the societies generously associated for that purpose in London and Norwich, are approvable charities: for, by these means, the immediate objects are rescued from those infectious sinks of vermin, vice, and corruption, the common jails; husbands are restored to their wives, parents to their children, and many useful hands to the service of the community.

Respecting common beggars, with whom the streets of the metropolis, and too many road-towns and villages, are illegally and shamefully infested, it is scarcely to be doubted that many, if not most of them, are rather objects of punishment than of charity. The bold and pressing importunity of some, and the self-commiserating tone and incessant teasing of others, sufficiently denote that their applications arise more from idleness and artifice than casual necessity. The laws stile these *vagrants*, and provide properly against them. The grand defect is in not putting those laws in execution; which it is in the power of any one inhabitant to do, and penal for constables, headboroughs, &c. upon application, to refuse*.

Giving

* By an act passed in the 17th of George II. it is enacted, "That it shall be lawful for one justice of peace to commit vagrants (being thereof convicted, either by his own view, confession, or the oath of one witness) to the house of correction. And that any person may apprehend, and carry before a justice, any such

Giving to common beggars enables them to support the practice, and encourages them to continue a burdensome imposition upon the public; whilst such as have a juster claim to its beneficence may be starving at home, for want of confidence to apply to others, or for want of friends to apply for them; and, when such are impelled by hard necessity to crave the charity of passengers, they seldom appear before twilight; and then with such modesty and diffidence, that they easily take a denial, and have sometimes been seen to withdraw in tears, and with such piercing marks of anguish, as have induced their refusers to follow and relieve them.

Great abuse is committed by the common run in this trade of *begging*, as it hath long been carried on under various pretences.

Some present you with written petitions, signed with respectable names, frequently obtained by imposition, or forged, to deceive those to whom they apply.—But, in order to put an effectual stop to this mode of begging, I would propose that no persons whatever should at any time be encouraged, who solicit charity in their own names, either verbally, or by written petitions.

Others pretend to have been ruined by fires, by inundations, by being taken captive and carried into slavery, or by other casualties of the most distressing kinds.

Abandoned females will accost you with infants at their backs, or in their arms, frequently not their own, but borrowed

such persons as go about from door to door, or place themselves in streets, highways, or passages, to beg alms, in the parishes or places where they dwell; and, if they shall resist, or escape from the person apprehending them, they shall be punished as rogues and vagabonds.—And the said justice, by warrant under his hand and seal, may order any overseer where such offender shall be apprehended, to pay five shillings to any person in such parish or place so apprehending them, for every offender so apprehended.

This reward of five shillings is ordered to be paid by the parish, for suffering their poor to beg, although within their own parish: for, if they are apprehended begging out of it, they incur a farther degree of guilt, becoming thereby rogues and vagabonds, and the reward for apprehending each is ten shillings, to be paid by the county.”

See Burn's Justice, vol. 4, p. 300.

And by the said statute it is farther enacted, “ That if any constable, or other person, charged by any justice so to do, shall refuse, or neglect, to use his best endeavours to apprehend, or convey to some justice, such offender, he shall (being convicted thereof on view, or by the oath of one witness before one justice) forfeit ten shillings to the poor, by distresses.”

Ibid. p. 304.

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rowed of their associates, or stolen from others, and taught to cry most vehemently, at pleasure, to move your compassion.

Some lurk about your premises to see what they can steal; and, if you surprise them where they should not be, they instantly fall to begging, to cover worse designs.

These, and many more impositions, are too often practised, and ought to put the benevolent upon their guard: for, though such may possess considerable affluence, and have much to spare, it is greatly to be regretted that their well-intended donations should be lost in such *unworthy* channels, whilst the number of applications, from the *really* necessitous and worthy, is so great, as to render the relief of each individual almost impracticable.

The reader will easily perceive, that these cautions are not intended for those who are so destitute of bowels, as to add hundred to hundred, and thousand upon thousand, instead of dutifully dispensing to the afflicted, poor, and needy.—Rules and reasons are thrown away upon such; *their* ear is *deaf* to distress, *their* hearts are closed in the *earth*, and seared against sympathetic tenderness. These act as if they accounted their *money* better worth saving than their *souls*. And to what end do they gather it by piece-meal, but to lose it in the *lump*, when undeniable death shall part them and their treasure, and exhibit the large and long-useless heap as a monument of their folly!

Very different are such, who consider themselves only as *stewards*, intrusted by, and accountable to, the great Creator and sovereign Owner of all things; and who therefore avoid superfluities, luxuries, and excesses of every kind, contenting themselves with a plain and wholesome sufficiency, and even refraining from what many would esteem only *conveniences*, that they may have it more in their power “to do good, and to communicate.”

Such are those who “love their God with all their hearts, and their neighbour as themselves;” and such ought *every Christian* to be.

PHILOPAUPER.

The

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Mark-Lane.

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	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Wheat, Red	42a54	42a54	42a54	42a54	46a55	46a55	46a55
Ditto White	42a54	42a54	42a54	42a54	46a55	46a55	46a55
Rye, —	26a27	26a27	26a27	26a27	25a27	25a27	25a27
Barley, —	20a26	20a26	20a26	20a26	23a27	23a27	23a27
Oats, —	13a19	13a19	13a19	13a19	14a18	14a18	14a18
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POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

Observing, in a late Ledger, a translation from Metastasio, if the following be deemed worthy a place, it is at the Editor's service, and I doubt not but it will be productive of that entertainment, to the generality of your young readers, which the perusal of it hath already afforded

ALEXIS.

Liberty.

THE tender look, the winning smile,
No more shall my fond heart be-
guile;

Nice! thy arts are vain;
The pitying gods my peace restore;
Freedom's a golden dream no more;
At length I've burst my chain.

In me no wonted ardour glows,
No more my colour ebbs and flows
When on thy face I gaze;
My heart ne'er flutters at thy name,
No symptoms of a lurking flame
My peaceful rest betrays.

At night in dreams I seldom see
Thine image, or first think on thee
When in the morn I wake;
I ne'er when absent from thee sigh,
No pain perceive when thou art by,
Nor any pleasure take.

If any one thy beauty prize,
I feel no soft emotions rise,
Or at my wrongs repine;
I with my rival talk of thee,
But not one spark of jealousy
Disturbs this heart of mine.

View me with pity or disdain,
Alike thy smiles or frowns are vain,
Nor love nor heat impart:
Those eyes have lost their former sway,
No more can find the well-known way
Once leading to my heart.

Cheerful or sad, howe'er my days
I pass, to thee I owe no praise,
To thee impute no blame;
The grove, the hill, the enamell'd
green,
Without thee, chaſt each gloomy scene,
With thee, look still the same.

VOL. II.

Frankly I own thou still art fair;
But yet, methinks, there others are
Whose charms with thine might vie:
Excuse me, in that lovely face
I spy a fault, which seem'd a grace
To my once partial eye.

When from my breast I wrench'd the
heart,
I blush to think my tortur'd heart
Was cleft almost in twain.
Who would not some sharp pains endure,
The wounds of slighted love to cure
And be himself again?

The lime-caught bird would rather
choose
Some plumes than liberty to lose;
Time loſt that loſs repairs:
In vain we to retake him strive,
The ſhy experienc'd fugitive
Eludes all future ſnares.

Because thou art my conſtant theme,
Perhaps ſome latent ſpark may ſeem
Still in my breaſt to burn;
Nice! when dangers are no more,
As often as we talk them o'er
Our pains to pleaſures turn.

The ſoldier thus, from cruel wars
Returning, loves to count his ſcars,
Fights o'er his paſt campaigns:
Thus the glad captive, newly free
From a long painful ſlavery,
Delights to ſhew his chains.

To pleaſe myſelf I talk, nor care
Whether thou think'ſt me now ſincere,
Or what thy thoughts may be;
I aſk not if my numbers pleaſe,
Or whether thy boſom be at eaſe
Whene'er thou think'ſt on me.

Which of us two wants comfort moſt?
Thou haſt a conſtant lover loſt,
I quit a fickle fair:
Nice! a heart, ſo true, ſo kind,
As mine, is very hard to find;
Coquets ſwarm every where.

The following ode to death made its appearance ſome years ſince in the Gentleman's Magazine; but, as it has beauty of ſentiment and a peculiar elegance of compoſition to recommend it, if

C c c the

the Editor of the Monthly Ledger thinks it worthy a place in his useful publication, I believe the revival of it will prove agreeable to many of his readers.

C.

Ode to Death.

Translated, from the French of the King of Prussia, by Dr. Hawkeſworth.

YET a few years, or days, perhaps,
Or moments, pass with silent lapse,
And time to me shall be no more;
No more the sun these eyes shall view;
Earth o'er these limbs her dust shall strew,
And life's fantastic dream be o'er.

Alas! I touch the dreadful brink,
From nature's verge impell'd I sink,
And endless darkness wraps me round;
Yes, death is ever at my hand,
Fast by my bed he takes his stand,
And constant at my board is found.

Earth, air, and fire, and water, join
Against this fleeting life of mine;
And where for succour shall I fly?
If art with flatt'ring wiles pretend
To shield me, like a guardian friend,
By art, e'er nature bids, I die.

I see this tyrant of the mind,
This idol flesh to dust consign'd,
Once call'd from dust by pow'r divine:
Its features change; 'tis pale, 'tis cold;
Hence, dreadful spectre! to behold
Thy aspect is to make it mine.

And can I then, with guilty pride,
Which fear nor shame can quell or
hide,

This flesh still pamper and adorn?
Thus, viewing what I soon shall be,
Can what I am demand the knee,
Or look on aught around with scorn?

But then this spark, that warms, that
guides,
That lives, that thinks, what fate be-
tides,

Can this be dust, a kneaded clod?
This yield to death, the soul, the mind,
That measures heaven, and mounts the
wind,

And knows at once itself and God?

Yet, dumb with wonder, I behold
Man's thoughtless race, in error bold,
Forget, or scorn, the laws of death;

With these, no projects coincide,
Nor vows, nor toils, nor hopes, they
guide,

Each thinks he draws immortal breath,

Each, blind to fate's approaching hour,
Intrigues or fights for wealth or power,
And slumb'ring dangers dares provoke;
And he, who tott'ring scarce sustains
A century's age, plans future gains,
And feels an unexpected stroke.

Go on, unbridled desperate band,
Scorn rocks, gulphs, winds, search sea
and land,

And spoil new worlds wherever found;
Seize, haste to seize, the glitt'ring prize,
And sighs, and pray'rs, and tears, despise,
Nor spare the temple's holy ground.

They go, succeed; but, look again,
The desperate band you seek in vain,
Now trod in dust, the peasant's scorn;
But who, that saw their treasures swell,
That heard th' insatiate vow rebel,
Would e'er have thought them mortal
born?

Great Cause of all! above, below,
Who knows thee must for ever know,
Immortal and divine!
Thy image, on my soul impress,
Of endless being is the best,
And bids eternity be mine.

Transporting thought! but am I sure
That endless life will joy secure?
Joys only to the just decreed!
The guilty wretch expiring goes
Where vengeance endless life bestows,
That endless misery may succeed.

Great God! how awful is the scene!
A breath, a transient breath, between!
And can I jest, and laugh, and play?
To earth, alas! too firmly bound!
Trees, deeply rooted in the ground,
Are shiver'd when they're torn away.

Vain joys! which envied greatness gain;
How do ye bind with silken chains,
Which ask Herculean strength to break?
How with new terrors have ye arm'd
The power, whose slightest glance alarm'd,
How many deaths of one ye make!

See the world's victor mount his car,
Blood marks his progress wide and far;
Sure he shall reign, while ages fly!
No; vanish'd like a morning cloud,
The hero was but just allow'd
To fight, to conquer, and to die!

And

And is it true, (I ask with dread,
That nations heap'd on nations bled,
Beneath his chariot's fervid wheel?
With trophies to adorn the spot,
Where his pale corpse was left to rot,
And doom'd a hungry reptile's meal?

Yes: fortune, weary'd with her play,
Her toy, this hero, swept away,
And scarce the form of man is seen;
Awe chills my breast, my eyes o'erflow!
Around my brows no roses glow,
The cypress mine, funereal green!

Yet, in this hour of grief and fears,
When awful truth unveil'd appears,
Some pow'r unknown usurps my
breast;
Back to the world my thoughts are led,
My feet in folly's labyrinth tread,
And fancy dreams that life is best.

How weak an empress is the mind,
Whom pleasure's flow'ry wreaths can
bind,
And captive to her altars lead!
Weak reason yields to phrenzy's rage,
And all the world is folly's stage,
And all that act are fools indeed.

And yet 'tis strange, this sudden flight,
From gloomy cares to gay delight,
This fickleness so light and vain,
In life's delusive transient stream,
Where men nor things are what they
seem,
Is all the real good we gain!

Partial Fondness. A Tale, founded on Fa-H.

*Example draws where precept fails,
As sermons are less read than tales.*

FULL in St. James's courtly air
There liv'd a young and noble pair;
Liv'd childless, and not quite content;
Two at a birth at length were sent;
Both girls, the sex my lady chose.
"For boys a mother can't dispose."
My lord, who fear'd his name would fail,
With'd one, at least, hat prov'd a male.
Forward apace the children came,
In feature, size, and sense, the same.
The small-pox takes them both; and one
Has a kind fort and next to none;
T'other, sweet babe; alas! it lies
At point of death; the doctor tries
His utmost! my good lady sigh'd!
"And, doctor, should it live, she cried,

Is beauty safe?" The formal prig
Shrugg'd, and shook his important wig,
And answer'd, "No, my lady! no!
As ev'ry charm will doubtless go!"
Now, first, her sparklers dropt a tear;
"Ah! doctor! this was all my fear!
No longer then attempt to save!
This were more cruel than the grave!"
How next the doctor used his skill
We wave—against a parent's will.
The child recovers; but no more
The twins resemble as before!
"From Venus, this, or one as fair,
That, from some monster, all will swear;
This, in charms rising like the day,
That, a mis-shapen lump of clay:
A thing so hideous, that, when seen
Abroad, 'twill give the world the spleen;
No more like me than shade to light;
I scarce, myself, can bear the sight.
While t'other, most delightful creature,
Reflects mamma in ev'ry feature."

So thought her ladyship, so said,
And quite unlike the girls were bred.
Sophy the beauty's call'd; the plain,
Maria: hark my lady's strain.
While both stand prattling at her knee,
"Her mammy's darling Soph shall be!
Soph is the charming name, Sophia!
How sweet the sound, to dull Maria;
And sister's person, too, my dove!
Has nothing to engage my love;
No rosy cheek! no sparkling eye!
No lip ting'd with the cherry's die!
No, Sophy echo'd with a sneer,
My sister's name and person's queer!"
Maria heard with conscious smart,
Sob went her little tortur'd heart;
Nature gush'd out in tears! her tongue
Thus hiss'd, and wise for one so young:
"To please mamma, if that will do,
I will be nam'd and made anew;
I will be Soph, if mam' will let her,
And get as good a face and better."
Here many a parent's heart had broke:
Thus our unfeeling parent spoke!
"Nor love, nor kiss, shall part from me
To such an ugly beast as thee:
But, Soph I'll kiss, and love her too!"
And round her Soph her arms she threw,
Gave twenty kisses in a breath,
And almost hugg'd her dear to death.
For afternoons her Soph is dress'd,
She loves to see the child caress'd!
Lisping around the room it plays;
How charming all its little ways!
She sweetens every lady's cup;
With this, with that, indulg'd to sup;
And where's Maria? with her maid,
In dirty frock, not Soph's brocade:

Soph dines at Matruhy's own right-hand,
And, just behind, her maid must stand:
Where dines Maria? you shall know;
She dines among the slave's below:
Yet Prince, a dog she deigns to love,
Dines with her ladyship above
At the same table, and as great,
From the same dishes, serv'd on plate.
Their dancing and their music trace;
One has, and one wants, every grace;
And mark the different names bestow'd,
An angel one, and one—a toad.
Thus childhood pass'd: in youth, behold
One's wishes crown'd, and one's con-
troul'd;

Park, opera, concert, play, and ball,
Soph likes, and Soph enjoys them all;
Maria now and then attends;
A foil her sister's charms bestfriends.
Maria, from a parent's fault,
Receiv'd a turn for sober thought;
Since not her fortune to be fair,
Resolv'd to make the mind her care.

Behold them in a Sunday's pew,
Sophy, at least, will catch your view:
You'll find the girl has learnt by heart
The needful, the essential, part;
Knows how to level from her fan,
And fend her fiery darts on man.
Maria's not engag'd so well,
Her airs my lady fains to tell,
It sounds so frightful and so odd,
Her whole employ is serving God;
Her Sunday's evening, too, she spends
So queer; as day begins it ends:
While we're at cards, she mounts the
stairs

To say (as we suppose) her pray'rs.

One Sunday night, when jokes like
these

Had pass'd, herself and guests to please,
My lady dreams, to mental fight
Appear'd a form, divinely bright;
It seem'd to throw her curtains wide,
And thus with solemn accent cry'd;
“I came commission'd to impart
These truths; that fav'rite of your heart;
Sophy, spight of her charms, must dwell
With you—and all the damn'd—in hell!
There dwell! or soon your folly sigh!
For tempted writh prepares to fly:—
But know, the maid you scorn shall shine
Among the bless'd, the charge is mine
To guard till death, and then convey
Her spirit to the realms of day!
Her pray'rs are heard! those prayers a-
longe

Gain'd you this message from the throne:
Improve it.”—Here the form withdrew;
She wakes,—reflects! bids vice adieu;

Begs hard of Sophy to be wife,
Begg on her knees with gushing eyes,
But her fix'd heart no plea can win,
She weeps, and hugs, the chain of sin,
Once she was taught in different slavery,
Her first instruction she'll retain:
From all such cant the powers defend
her,
Protests no dreaming saint shall mend
her,

My lady turns severely kind;
But even her threat'ning's like the wind;
For kind reproof she meets with scorn:
She wish'd her child, herself, unborn,
No bottom but her own can know
Her piercing agony of woe!—
Tears were in vain, yet tears would fall;
She sav'd herself, and that was all!

Children, the blemish'd or the fair,
Demand a parent's equal care;
The body's beauty can't supply
Its absence, can't dissolve the tie;
And parents, by whose fondness spoil'd,
Oft suffer from the pamper'd child.

E. H.

The Twenty-third Psalm paraphras'd.

O Gentle shepherd! hear my cry,
And hearken as thou pass'st by,
To a poor wand'ring sheep!
Relieve me with thy tender care,
Behold my want of help; draw near,
And save me from the deep!

Come, lead me forth to pastures green,
To fertile meads, where all serene,
Invites to peace and rest;
Near the still waters let me lie,
To view them gently murmur by
And bless thee, ever blest!

O God! thy promis'd aid impart,
Convert my soul and change my heart,
And make my nature pure!
Come, change my nature into thine,
Still lead me in the path divine,
And make my footsteps sure.

When through the gloomy shade I roam,
Pale death's dark vale, to endless home,
O save me then from fear!
Vouchsafe with love my soul to fill,
That I in death may fear no ill!
And only praise declare.

Though foes surround, before their face
Prepare a table deck'd with grace,
Thy food, O Lord! impart!

With

With sacred oil, anoint my head,
And let thy mighty love o'erspread
With joy my willing heart.

A pilgrim whilst on earth I rove,
O! let me all thy goodness prove,
Let mercy end my days;
Admit at last my wand'ring feet,
Thy courts to enter, thee to greet
With everlasting praise!

AN ELEGY.

THE deep reflections of an anxious
b. cast,
The pensive musings of a mournful
mind,
At silent eve, when, sinking in the west,
The sun dissolves the labours of the
hind:

Traversing slow the wide and grove-fring'd
mead,
Where sedge, Camus winds his gentle
waves,
Lately, I tune the rude and Dorian reed,
While Naiads listen in their wat'ry
caves.

And happier he, who, thus sequester'd,
seeks
A heart-felt peace, far from the noise
of fame,
While with herself the soul enraptur'd
speaks,
Than they who toil for riches or a
name.

Be mine to wander where the leafy grove
Nods o'er the sleeping river's sushy
side,

Where mad ambition ne'er delights to
rove;
Far from the steps of envy or of
pride.

And could'st thou, Sylvia, quit the glit-
t'ring joys,

B. That still possess each female's flut-
t'ring heart,

And bid adieu to all the tinsel toys
The circles of the giddy gay impart?

O! change those jewels for the flow'ret's
bud,

And change the proud hall for the
humble grove,

Forego the crowd for peaceful solitude,
And place thy bliss in soft content
and love.

To brush the dew-drop from the morn-
ing flow'r,

To listen to the stock-dove's gurg-
ling note,

To hold sweet converse in the secret
bow'r,

Where Philomela strains her low-
lorn throat;

Will yield more joy than all the courts
of kings,

Where star-crown'd pride and folly
sit enshrin'd:

From nature's scenes superior pleasure
springs,

And spreads bright sunshine o'er the
humble mind! P. P.

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having the account of *S. Foster's*, with the Reflections on the Weighty Sentences which he uttered a little before he died; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be had of the editor, price 3d.

* * Any persons, who take in the *Monthly Ledger*, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the *Reviews*, and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the Editor of the *Monthly Ledger*, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From February 13, to February 18, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
London,	6	1	3	3	3	0	2	0	3	0

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	8	—	3	2	2	4	3	2
Surry,	6	10	—	3	1	2	5	—	—
Hertford,	7	1	—	3	3	2	3	3	11
Bedford,	7	5	4	10	3	3	2	2	3
Cambridge,	6	7	3	5	3	1	1	11	2
Huntingdon,	6	10	—	—	3	0	2	2	3
Northampton,	7	6	5	4	3	8	2	1	3
Rutland,	7	2	—	—	3	8	2	0	3
Leicester,	7	6	5	3	3	10	1	11	4
Nottingham,	6	5	5	0	3	9	2	5	4
Derby,	7	0	—	—	4	1	2	7	4
Stafford,	7	6	5	4	4	1	2	1	4
Salop,	7	2	5	10	3	8	1	11	4
Hereford,	6	4	—	—	3	2	1	11	3
Worcester,	7	7	5	6	3	9	2	5	4
Warwick,	7	8	—	—	4	1	2	6	5
Gloucester,	7	11	—	—	3	5	2	4	3
Wiltshire,	6	11	—	—	3	0	2	5	4
Berks,	7	1	—	—	3	2	2	2	3
Oxford,	7	1	—	—	3	0	2	4	3
Bucks,	7	1	—	—	3	4	2	1	3

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	4	3	2	3	2	2	1	3
Suffolk,	5	10	3	1	2	10	2	0	2
Norfolk,	5	10	3	4	2	8	1	11	3
Lincoln,	6	1	4	4	3	2	1	9	3
York,	6	1	4	9	3	2	1	11	3
Durham,	6	0	3	11	3	2	1	11	3
Northumberland,	5	5	4	0	3	0	2	0	3
Cumberland,	6	0	4	1	2	11	1	11	3
Westmoreland,	6	10	4	3	3	0	1	10	—
Lancashire,	6	6	—	—	3	2	2	1	3
Cheshire,	6	7	—	—	4	1	2	4	—
Monmouth,	7	2	—	—	3	1	1	10	3
Somerset,	7	2	3	6	3	0	1	11	3
Devon,	6	10	—	—	3	1	1	6	—
Cornwall,	6	4	—	—	3	2	1	7	—
Dorset,	6	10	—	—	2	10	2	2	3
Hampshire,	6	8	—	—	3	1	2	4	3
Sussex,	6	4	—	—	3	0	2	1	3
Kent,	6	5	—	—	3	5	2	2	3

From February 6, to February 11, 1775.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	5	2	4	0	2	10	1	5	3	0
South Wales,	7	5	6	8	3	5	1	8	3	4

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.
	5	3	3	8	2	9	2	1	2	7	2

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For January, 1775.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.
			lo.	hi.	
1	W.N.W. fresh	30	37	38	Forenoon frost, afternoon rain.
2	N.W. fresh	30	35	37	Forenoon frost, afternoon snow.
3	W. little	29 ⁵ ₁₀	42	43 ¹ ₂	Fair.
4	W. fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	42	43 ¹ ₂	Fair.
5	W. fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	42	45	Slight showers.
6	W.S.W. fresh	29 ⁸ ₁₀	45	48	Fair.
7	S.W. strong	29 ⁹ ₁₀	48	50	Cloudy.
8	W.S.W. fresh	29 ¹⁰ ₁₀	50	53	Foggy.
9	S.W. fresh	29 ⁹ ₁₀	52	53	Afternoon slight rain.
10	S.W. strong	30	50	50 ¹ ₂	Cloudy and slight rain.
11	S. fresh	29 ⁷ ₁₀	49	50	Much rain.
12	S. fresh	29 ⁷ ₁₀	47	50	Forenoon fair, afternoon rainy.
13	S.S.W. fresh	29 ⁷ ₁₀	45	46	Bright day and moon-light night.
14	S.S.W. strong	29 ⁶ ₁₀	46	47	Showers.
15	S.S.W. strong	29 ⁵ ₁₀	44 ¹ ₂	45 ¹ ₂	Slight showers.
16	S.E. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	45	49	Fair.
17	S. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	46	46 ¹ ₂	Showery.
18	N.E. little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	43	44	Remarkable fog.
19	E. fresh	29 ⁸ ₁₀	40	41	Cloudy.
20	E. fresh	29 ⁸ ₁₀	40	41 ¹ ₂	Almost constant snow and rain.
21	N.E. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	42	44	Fair.
22	S.E. fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	44	47 ¹ ₂	Showery.
23	N.E. fresh	29 ⁵ ₁₀	47 ¹ ₂	50	Slight rain.
24	N. strong	29 ⁹ ₁₀	40	42	Frosty.
25	N. fresh	30 ¹ ₁₀	31	32	Severe frost, night snow.
26	N.E. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	32	35	Snow and rain.
27	S.W. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	40	43	Rainy day.
28	S.W. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	41	43	Fair.
29	S.W. stormy	29 ⁵ ₁₀	48	49	Rainy.
30	S.W. fresh	29 ⁴ ₁₀	48	50	Stormy night.
31	S. stormy	29 ³ ₁₀	48	50	Some rain.

PRICES

BANK		P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.										Red. Bonds No. 376.	
Stock.	E. India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	Old S. Sea New Annuity.	1 per Cent Reduced.	3 per Cent Consols.	1 per Cent An. 1751.	3 per Cent E. I. An. 1751.	4 per Cent Consols.	Long Annuity.	prem.	diff.		
J. 28 143 1/2	153	—	85 1/4	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	25 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2		
29 Sunday. —	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
30 No Buys. 152 1/2	153	86	85 1/4	87 1/2	87 1/2	84 1/8	—	92 1/2	—	—	—		
Feb. 1 143 1/2	153	86	85 1/4	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	80 1/4	92 1/2	—	—	—		
2 143 1/2	153	86	85 1/4	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	92 1/2	25 1/2	53 1/2	54 1/2		
3 143 1/2	152 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/4	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	79 1/2	91 1/2	—	53 1/2	54 1/2		
4 143 1/2	152 1/2	85 1/2	84 1/4	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	91 1/2	—	53 1/2	54 1/2		
5 Sunday. —	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—		
6 143 1/2	151 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	77 1/2	90 1/2	—	—	—		
7 143 1/2	151 1/2	84 1/2	83 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	—	—	90 1/2	—	—	—		
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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

Of Arts, Inventions, and Improvements.



THE silver sphere, a most noble and ingenious performance, which was presented by his imperial majesty, Ferdinand, to sultan Solyman the Magnificent, is mentioned, by Paulus Jovius and Sabellicus, as shewing, and keeping time with, the motions of the celestial bodies in their various configurations. It was carried to Constantinople in several parts by twelve men, and, in the grand signior's presence, was there put together by the artist that made it, who also shewed him the mysterious use of it. *Knowl's Turk. Hist.*

In the year 1578, and the 2^{ct}h of queen Elizabeth, Mark Scaliot, a blacksmith, made a lock, consisting of eleven pieces of iron, steel, and brass, with a hollow key to it, that altogether weighed but one grain of gold. He likewise made a gold chain, composed of forty-three links, which he fastened to the lock and key, and, having put it about the neck of a flea, that little creature drew them all with ease; which being done in her majesty's presence, he put the lock and key, flea and chain, into a pair of scales, and they altogether weighed but a grain and half. *Fayth. Ann.*

VOL. II.

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Myrmecides,

Myrmecides, a carver in miniature, was so excellent in his own art, that he made an ivory chariot with four wheels, and as many harnessed horses, in so small a compass, that a little fly might hide them all under her wings. The same mechanist, also, made a ship, with all her decks, masts, yards, rigging, and sails, which took up so little room, that a bee might have covered it with her wings. *Ælian. var. Hist.*

Cornelius Van Drebbel, that excellent artificer, made an instrument like an organ, that, being set in the open air under a warm sun, would make fine music of itself, without the keys being touched by an organist, but would make no symphony in the shade; for which reason the curious concluded that it was inclosed air, rarified by the strictures of the radiant sun, that caused the harmony. *Ibid.*

A famous mathematician, named Janellus Turianus, commonly pleased the emperor Charles V. with some curious results of his study. He would make wooden sparrows fly up and down in the emperor's dining-room, and return again to him that sent them. Sometimes he would cause little soldiers, armed cap-à-pee, to muster on the emperor's table, and with great dexterity perform their military exercises; which being a strange and uncommon sight, the warden of the convent of St. Jerome, being unskilled in these mysterious arts, suspected it to be downright witchcraft, done by a league with the devil. *Hist. of Man. Arts.*

A Roman artificer had the art of making glass utensils so strong, yet pliable, that they could not be broken: a phial so contrived he made a present of to the emperor Tiberius, who accepted it, with commendations of his art. The mechanist, to raise the admiration of the spectators, and ingratiate himself farther into the favour of the emperor, took the phial again out of Cæsar's hand, and threw it with all his force against the floor, without any prejudice, save only that it was a little shrivelled, which, with an instrument he had about him, he immediately put again into its original form, by hammering it as they do brass or other metal. All this being done without any collusion, he flattered himself that it would raise him into an intimate familiarity with Tiberius, and make him a great man; but those teeming ambitious hopes were soon frustrated; for, the emperor enquiring whether there were any other proficient in that art, and he answering, 'There was none but himself that had attained to perfection in it;' Tiberius commanded his officers to cut off his head, saying, 'If this art should be more known and practised, gold and silver would be as cheap as the dirt and soil of the streets.' *Suet. in Tiberio.*

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At Segovia, in Spain, is a mint so ingeniously contrived, that one part of it dilates an ingot of gold into proper dimensions for coinage; another part delivers the plate so formed into another that stamps it; from that part of the engine it is delivered to another that cuts it according to the standard; and, last of all, it falls into a repository in another room, where the officer, appointed for that purpose, finds money ready coined without any other help than that of the engine. *Sir Ken. Digby.*

Oswaldus Northingerus, an incomparable artificer, turned 16000 platters out of ivory in their proper figure, which yet were so thin and small, that the whole number, all at the same time, were inclosed in a cup turned out of a common pepper-corn. *Petr. Serri. Dissert.*

George Whitehead, an Englishman, made a ship, with all things belonging to it, to move as if it sailed upon a table, with several figures working at the oars; a woman making good music on the lute, and a little puppy crying in the mid-ship; which variety, says Schottus in his Itinerary, was very pleasant and diverting.

At Heidelberg, in Germany, upon the town-house, was a clock with divers motions; and, when the clock struck, the figure of an old man pulled off his hat, a cock crowed and clapped his wings, soldiers fought with one another, &c. but this curious piece of workmanship, with the castle and town, were burnt by the French, (who committed at the same time the most inhuman barbarities upon the people,) when they took those garrisons in the year 1693. *Brown's Trav.*

At Strasburg, in Germany, is a clock, invented and made by Conradus Dasypodius, anno 1571, before which, on the ground, stands a celestial globe, demonstrating the diary and annual motions of the heavens, stars, and planets, with great exactness. In the clock, the eclipses of the sun and moon are shewn on two tables. On a third table, which is subdivided into three parts, are seen on the first table the statues of Apollo and Diana, and the annual revolution of the heavens; the second shews the year of the world, the year of our Lord, the hour and minutes of the day, the great festivals, and the dominical letter; the third makes a plan of Germany, and more particularly of the city of Strasburg. In the middle frame of the clock is an astrolabe, representing the twelve signs of the zodiac, and the planets posited in those houses, as they appear every day. There is likewise a terrestrial globe, where the quarters, the half-hour, and the sixty minutes are delineated. There are also the statues of Spring, Summer, and Winter. In the higher frame of the clock, are the statues of four very old men, which strike the quarters of the hour, when a so ap-

appears a statue of death, attempting to strike each quarter, but is forced back by a statue of Christ, with a spear in his right-hand, for three quarters; but at the end of each hour the statue of Christ disappears, and that of death strikes the hour with a dead man's bone in his hand, and then the chimes play; on the top of the clock is a cock, which every twelve hours claps his wings and crows audibly. *Morrison's Itinerary.*

At Tivoli, an ancient city in Campagna di Roma, on the river Teverone, eighteen miles from Rome, in the gardens of cardinal Ferrara, there is a lively figure of several sorts of birds perching on the tops of trees, which, by a water-organ conveying water through the body and branches of the trees, makes the birds for some time chant melodiously, but, as soon as an owl appears out of a bush, by the same hydraulic art the birds are all of a sudden hushed and silent. Claudius Gallus, as Posseline reports, was author of this curiosity. *Hist. Man. Art.*

Proclus, whose fame in mathematical performances equalled that of Archimedes, made burning-glasses in the reign of Anastasius Dicorus, of such wonderful efficacy, that at a great distance he burnt and destroyed the Mysian and Thracian fleet of ships that had blocked up Byzantium, now Constantinople. *Zonar. Annales.*

Such excellent discoveries in nature, as well as incomparable medicines in physic and surgery, have been found out by chemistry in our age, as have delivered that sublime art from the bombastic expressions, ridiculous pretences, melancholy dreams, wretched enthusiasms, palpable falsities, and even impossibilities of pretenders to it in former ages, and reduced it to certainty in its operations, and extraordinary benefit in the use of its productions, more than the world could sometime be persuaded to.

Sir Christopher Wren found out the way of making diaries of wind and weather, and the different representations of the air in respect to heat, cold, drought, and moisture, in every day in the year; and this, in order to the history of seasons, with observations, which are the most healthful or contagious to man or beast. To this end he also contrived a thermometer to be its own register. He also made instruments to shew the mechanical reason of sailing to all winds, with several other curiosities as useful as admirable.

That excellent philosopher, and every-way great man, the honourable Mr. Boyle, invented a pneumatic engine, commonly called the air-pump, that accurately examines the elastic power, pressure, weight, expansion, and weakness, of this element; and has found out so many curiosities relating to the height and gravity of the atmosphere, nature of a vacuum, flame,

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flame, and exandescence of coals, match, firing of gunpowder, propagations of sounds, fluidity, light, freezing, respiration, and other considerable inventions and experiments in natural philosophy, that, to account for them all, or commend them according to their merits, would be no less a task than to transcribe all the works of that learned author. *Transf. R. Soc.*

The same ever-honourable person was the inventor of the barometer, commonly called the weather-glass, which is now of general use to the world, which, before, being only filled with water, was a mere whim without use; but, now, being filled with quicksilver, the degrees exactly calculated, and made portable by an ingenious artist, will never fail to make a true discovery of the weather for many years together, as has been experimented by the learned Dr. Wallis of Oxford. *Ibid.*

And, whilst I am mentioning the name of that learned person, Dr. Wallis, doctor in divinity, geometry-professor in Oxford, and fellow of the royal society, let me not forget that he was the first in England that made art supply the defects of nature, in teaching persons, that were deaf and dumb, to speak and write distinctly and intelligibly; as, for example, Mr. Nathaniel Whaly, born in Northampton, of reputable parents, was taught by him in Oxford, at twenty-six years of age, (who had been deaf and dumb above twenty years,) in the year 1662, and that in the space of one year. At the same time the doctor taught a son of the lord Wharton's, that was born deaf and dumb, and afterwards Mr. Popham; but, Dr. Holder laying (though unjustly) some claim to the last performance, and the strangeness of the thing being the discourse of all England, Mr. Whaly was had before the royal society, and there discoursed to their satisfaction. King Charles II. also hearing of it, desired to see Mr. Whaly, who appearing before him, his majesty asked him several questions, and was satisfied with his pertinent answers; among others, he asked Mr. Whaly who taught him to speak and write, to which he replied, Dr. Wallis did. This worthy doctor, in a treatise intitled *De Loquela*, has given us the method how to teach deaf and dumb folks to speak and write a language, and more particularly in a letter to Mr. Thomas Beverly, secretary to the royal society, dated September 30, 1698, and printed in the Philosophical Transactions for the month of Oct. 1698, number 245, page 349.

The excellent mathematician, Sir Isaac Newton, fellow of the royal society, and professor of the mathematics in the university of Cambridge, has obliged the world with reflecting telescopes instead of refracting ones, by which it is found that telescopic tubes may be considerably shortened, without prejudice to their magnifying effects. He compared it with a six-foot

feet telescope, and found it not only to magnify more, but also more distinctly; for he could read one of the Philosophical Transactions, placed in the sun's light, at a hundred feet distance; and, at a hundred and twenty feet distance, he could discern some of the words. *Trans. Roy. Society.*

Mr. Thomas Luffkin of Colchester, in a letter to Dr. Wallis, June, 22, 1699, acquaints him, that his brother had invented a portable air-pump, which applied to cupping-glasses, with two or three suction, a person may exhaust the air from a large cupping-glass, and by the expression of external air upon the circumjacent parts of the body, (and not by *fuga vacui*) the flesh shall be admirably forced up into the glass; and, by continuing the suction as need shall require, he may take away what quantity of blood he pleases. It is an invention of extraordinary use to mankind. *Ibid.*

The art of making spectacles without glasses is an excellent and very useful invention, which is done by putting into the glass holes, instead of glasses, two short tubes of between three or four inches long, made of Spanish leather, or paste-board, or some such like matter, and blacked on the inside, which are to be so placed, that the usual rays, received through them, may meet in one point (or rather issue out from one point) of the object, standing at such a due distance, as that the person may clearly and distinctly see it. These spectacles will also better preserve the sight than glass ones, because they represent the object more naturally, and, withal, more clearly and distinctly to the eye, than the other. The author of these collections recommends these spectacles upon his own experience. *Ibid.*

Otacoustics are of a late invention, and do wonderfully help weak ears to hear at a reasonable distance, and would, if made use of, be a great assistance to the infirmities of old age: for, as telescopes help the eye to see objects at a very great distance, which otherwise would not be discernable, so these otacoustics will receive in sounds, made at a very great distance also, and with so much advantage, that the ear shall be able to hear them, which otherwise would have been inaudible. *Ibid.*

The inventor of typography, or printing, was a German knight, anno 1440, named John Guttentburg, of Mentz; though, Winphelingus says, he projected it first at Strasburg, and perfected it at Mentz: the greatest advantage that ever the commonwealth of learning received. *Fulgos. Ex.*

What a toil was it to transcribe authors before this art was in use, and preserve them from the injury of time! but, now, typography has put a bridle in the mouth of time, that it cannot devour so much, and has brought things from under the yoke of mortality, and, therefore, may be justly called *Memoria*,

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memoria, et mors oblivionis, 'The Art of memory, and death of oblivion.' The Chinese, if you credit their books, say, they have made use of printing sixteen hundred years, which was many ages before it was known in Europe; but theirs is a different kind from ours, being letters engraved on wooden tables, which will serve for many years to reprint the same work, without the new expence of setting for the press, as it is in our printing. This art was first brought into England by Mr. William Caxton of London, mercer, in the year 1471, who practised it to his great advantage. *Baker's Chron.*

The inventor of guns, was Berthold Swartz, of Cologn, in Germany, by profession a monk, who being addicted to the study of chemistry, and compounding a physical medicine of nitre, a spark of fire fell into it, and made it fly upward. Whereupon he made a composition of powder, and, including it in an instrument of brass, found it answer his intention, and, by this accident, came the invention of guns, which grew in use about the year 1400; in a fight between the Genoese and the Venetians, at Clodia Fossa, in which the Venetians having got the secret from the German monk, made such slaughter among their enemies, that they stood amazed to find so many of their soldiers killed and wounded, and yet neither knew by what means it came to pass, or how to prevent it. Lipsius will have it the invention of dæmons, and not of men. Sir Walter Raleigh ascribes it to the Indians, and Petrarch and Valturinus give the invention to Archimedes, who, by that means, utterly destroyed the whole fleet of ships, commanded by Marcellus at the siege of Syracuse. *Loncier. Theatr.*

That admirable, excellent, and useful, invention, of the mariner's compass, and the virtues of the loadstone, was utterly unknown to the ancients, and must, without controversy, be ascribed to the Chinese, brought from thence by Paulus Venetus an Italian; but the contrivance of the box and dividing the winds into thirty-two points upon the compass, seems due to the Germans or Dutch, since the names of the several points, in all languages of the world, do still continue in the German and Dutch languages. *Versleg. Registr. of Intellig.*

The first navigators, builders of ships, and merchant-adventurers, to all the then known parts of the world, were the Phœnicians, who inhabited near the sea-side; but their invention extended no farther than to open vessels, which afterwards had great improvements, for the Egyptians made ships with decks, and galleys with two banks of oars on a side. Ships of burden and stowage were first made by the Cypriots; smacks, boys, cock-boats, and skiffs, by the Liburnians; brigantines, by the Rhodians; and vessels of war by the Pamphilians. The

Bœotians

Boeotians invented oars; Dædalus, of Crete, masts and sails; the Tuscans, anchors; the rudder, helm, and the art of steering; were found out by Typhis, who took his hint from seeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her tail. *Heyl. Cos.*

The dying a purple colour was invented at Tyre, but found out by mere accident; a dog having seized the fish *conchilis* or *purpura*, it was observed that he had died his lips with that beautiful colour; which being afterwards experimented, and taking effect, it was worn by the greatest persons of quality for many ages, and now is the peculiar mourning of divers sovereign princes. *Ibid.*

The making of glass was first found out by the Gydonians, of certain sands on the side of a river near Ptolemais, that were crusted into that luminous body by a hard frost, and afterwards made fusible in that city. This art of making glass was brought into England by one Benault, a foreign bishop, about the year of Christ 662, which has been found of great use in adorning our churches and mansions. *Ful. Ch. Hist.*

The art of writing, by which a man may communicate his mind without opening his mouth, and intimate his pleasure at ten thousand leagues distance, only by the help of twenty-two letters, which may be joined 5,852,616,738,497,664,000 ways, will express all things both in heaven and earth in a very narrow compass: but the name of the author of this invention is lost. *Hist. Man. Arts.*

Paper, though, among the English, it derives its pedigree from the dunghill, yet the lord Bacon reckons it among the singularities of art, and says there are very few things that can compare with it for use and excellency. It was invented by the Egyptians, and made at first of sedgy weeds, called *Papyri*, growing upon the shores of the river Nile, from which weed it took its name *paper*. By this invention Ptolomy Philadelphus, king of Egypt, was put into a capacity of furnishing his vast library at Alexandria; and, finding that Attalus king of Pergamus, by the help of Egyptian paper, had taken up a resolution to erect a greater library than Ptolemy's, he prohibited under great penalties the carrying paper out of Egypt. Attalus, encountering this disappointment, invented the use of vellum and parchment, which he made of calves and sheep skins, which, from the materials, was called *membrana*, and, from the place where it was invented, *Pergamena*. Which exceeding in use and durability the former invention, the Egyptian paper grew out of use, and our paper, made of rags, has succeeded it; though our ancestors have not transmitted to posterity the authors names that first enriched the world with so great a benefit. *Heyl. Cosmog.*

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Brachygraphy, or the art of writing in characters, or shorthand, was invented, says Dion, by Mecænas; others say by Aquila, his freed-man, and that Tertius, Persamius and Philargius, improved the invention; but, when all is said, they had lights from Tullius Tito, a freed-man of Cicero's, who made some progress in it; but it owes its perfection to Seneca.

Ibid.

We are indebted to the Flemings for the art of making cloth, arras hangings, dornix, worsted, sayes, and tapestry. From them we had also the invention of clocks and watches; but both those arts are now so improved by English artificers, that they exceed the Dutch, the Germans, the French, and all the world, in making woollen-cloth, clocks, and watches.

Ibid.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Amurath, an Eastern Fable.

IN the pride of wealth, in the dignity of titles, in the blaze of princely splendor, Amurath, the mighty above all the nations of the East, ascended the throne of his father. The magi prostrated in his presence, and the people fell down before him. "Let (said he) the acclamations of adoring multitudes salute me, let the concave of heaven ring. Death has set his cold seal upon my father, and he sleeps:"—"O! king, live for ever. The nation's tremble at thy name: mighty conqueror, live for ever. The princes of the earth are subject to thy sway: great Amurath, live for ever!"

This great monarch was educated, like kings of modern times, at a dangerous distance from himself, from the counsels of truth, and the attributes of true wisdom. He had turned the hallowed pages of Zoroaster; he had called upon the dead for wisdom; the midnight moon had witnessed to his watchings, when the pale lamp of meditation glimmered over the volumes of the sages. His mind was penetrating as the sun-beam, and bright as the morning-star; but the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He called for the juice of the grape, the sound of the minstrel, and the dalliance of beauty, and his palace resounded with joy. The daughters of Circassia, beauteous as the blossoms of the spring, enchanted the monarch with their graces and the thrilling captivations of song, while the sparkling bowl awakened an intemperate festivity; but the sunshine was confined to his cheek, for the heart of Amurath was unhappy.

He trod the path of glory; he was hailed by the voice of the people; he conquered the conquerors of the East; his brow were over-shadowed with laurels; his statue stood exalted in the temple of Fame, and his judgements were recorded with honour. But still the prince was dejected in solitude; he questioned the satisfaction of empty praises. "The distant clamour of applauding millions (he would say) affects not my heart in its secret recesses; though in public I am worshipped as a prince, in retirement I feel myself a man. When reflection overtakes me in private, I start from myself as from a stranger, and by night the dews of sleep fall not propitiously on my eye-lids, for the heart of Amurath is unhappy.

"Ye guides of my youth, ye venerable men, I suspect your counsels and your schools. Ye made my soul athirst for wisdom, and ye gratified its youthful ardour; but much, I fear, ye flattered the proud spirit of a presuming prince, and taught me not how to support as I ought the miserable weakness of humanity. But the splendor of a court and the prevalence of your wisdom shall subdue my heart no more. I will assume the simple weeds of a dervise, and incorporate with the children of nature; the incumbrances of royalty shall be laid aside, and I will commence my pilgrimage with to-morrow's sun. I have no demands to make on the public treasure. A staff will support my feet, and a maple-dish will hold my provision; the wild berries will furnish a frugal repast; I can satisfy my thirst in the brook, and sleep in some humble cavern. Let my minister rule with righteousness in my absence; and, when I can acquire the government of myself, I will return and reign over my people."

When Amurath began his journey, sweet were the smiles of Aurora; how sweet the melody of morn! The meadows were bright with verdure, enlivened with the drapery of flowers. The zephyrs fluttered, and the groves perfumed the air with their spices. Gently waved the bending pine; smoothly lapped the silver waters. The shepherd's pipe resounded through the hills, and all the vallies were white with fleeces, all was new to Amurath. The confinement of a court had secluded him from the charms of nature, and he now felt unusual transport in contemplating her expanded volume. He rejoiced at enjoying a freedom from royalty, and pressed forward with alacrity and ease. As the heat of the noon-tide sun directed him to the shelter of the shade, he sat down at the foot of a tree and feasted on his humble meal. His mind was busy in reflecting on the vanity of human greatness, when a neighbouring cave attracted his notice, situated on the border of a small stream that musically bubbled before it: he advanced with hesitating

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steps, and had reached the entrance of the hermitage, when he distinguished an old man, by the venerable whiteness of his beard, sitting in a meditative posture. He started back with surprise, and was about to apologize for his intrusion, when a voice accosted him as follows:—"Whatever chance, my son, has brought thee to this solitary habitation, if thou art a child of virtue, and a servant of the most High, an old man welcomes thee with his blessing. I have been banished the cabinet of my lord the king for reverencing the attributes of truth, yet dare to obey her dictates in the desert, and I wish thee to believe the sincerity of my soul, for falsehood can avail us nothing. Be free to partake of these fruits; be free to repose on my couch; and, when the labour of thy journey is repaired, we will converse with sincerity and freedom."—The noble traveller declined the courtesy of his offer, and listened to the hermit with joy.

"To him who sitteth above the water-floods, and weighs creation in the balance, be glory for ever and ever, Amen. I have been distinguished in the world as a luminary of science; I have wept for the vanity of wisdom; I have dictated to the rulers of the land, and have been flattered with the friendship of my sovereign. The sun-shine of prosperity, O! my son, awakened an insect into life, and a reptile presumed upon his power. When I stood up in the assembly of wisdom, the aged counsellor laid his withered finger on his lips, and the young men were silent with expectation. I spoke, and it was recorded; I commanded, and it was done. I was stimulated by the breath of dying creatures, like myself, to accomplish the greatest achievements; and acknowledged no standard for rectitude and honour but the clamour of popular applause. If I planned with policy, or pleaded with rhetoric; taught with truth, or judged with equity; served my God, or saved my country; I did all for the voice of the people. The voice of the people was my grandeur and my glory, my riches and my strength; it supported me as a pillar of the state, and exalted my vanity to the stars. Though, in solitude, I have often petitioned the Eternal for an asylum for myself; yet, in public, the voice of the people made me happy. Ah! my son, great is the weakness of the wisest; and many are the lessons of humility which time has yet to teach thee! Listen then to the voice of an experienced monitor; let my words sink deep into thy heart, and let thy ear be open to instruction. I had arrived to the summit of my fortune and my folly, when a vision of the night reclaimed me. I beheld in my dream—and my heart melted with astonishment and terror—I beheld the dissolution of the world, and the judgement of the great day; I saw the

heavens and the earth convulsed, and the pillars of creation tremble; the moon was turned into blood, (horrid change!) and the sun grew dark as sack-cloth, at the presence of the Lord of nature. I heard the blast of the trump of the archangel sounding through the regions of death; and I beheld myriads of everlasting souls stand trembling before the throne. I looked for my ensigns of dignity, but found myself naked and ashamed. I listened for the shouts of the throng, but all was silent as the grave. The lightnings flew fast about my head, and the thunder dismayed me. I saw a mountain piled up to the clouds with the volumes of wisdom, and would have rested my feet upon it, but it perished in an instant in the flames. Then I called upon the spirits of the just for help, and no man listened to my complainings. I laid my hand upon the once-mighty princes of the earth, and their sceptres vanished into air. Where, I cried, are the multitudes who once supported me? let them now save me or I perish. I called with a despairing voice, but the multitude could save no more. Then it was the darkness of everlasting horror seized me. I would have wept sore, but had no tears. I would have died, but the dominion of death was over. I would have joyfully compounded for ages of pain, but my sentence was irrevocable and eternal. Gracious Alla! can the agony of that night be forgotten! In my fancy I would have pleaded with the Most High, but his reproof silenced me for ever. When I called thee from darkness and from dust; (said a tremendous voice, piercing as the sound of a trumpet;) when I endowed thee with capacities for society, exalted thee above created natures, and blessed thee with the light of reason, I taught thee, by an agent in thy own breast, the difference between good and evil, and informed thy senses that my providence is ever present with all the wonders of my creation. I instructed thee to live for the benefit of others, to serve society with thy heart and hand, but to worship no master but him who gave thee being; to make my will the rule of thy life, and my presence the predominating witness of thy actions. But thou didst call upon me as thy caprice directed, and hast not walked uniformly before me. If I answered thy petition in distress, why in prosperity didst thou remember my mercies no more? Thou hast considered me a being of like fluctuating passions with thyself, though my attributes are as steadfast and immoveable as the everlasting foundation of my throne. Thou hast sought to hide thee from my face in time, and, therefore, throughout the endless ages of eternity thou shalt witness to its smiles no more.—Trembling, I awoke, and started from my sofa; I laid my forehead in

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in the dust, and was wrapped in silent adoration from the rising to the setting sun. As the light of celestial truth dawned upon my heart, the shadows of ignorance retired. The world was divested of its flattery at once, and I penetrated, with the eye of an eagle, into the superior duties of the man. I sought the society of myself, and renounced the paltry felicity that depended on the opinion of others. I would have instructed the son of my sovereign, the mighty Amurath, to have departed from the errors of education, but was forbidden by my lord the king. He was disgusted with a humiliating doctrine, that degraded the dignity of title, and banished me to this distance from the capital of my country. Here, my son, I have learnt great truths, that neither courts or schools have ever taught me: that the approbation of conscience is to be preferred to the opinion of the multitude; that the wisdom of the heart is superior to the visions of the brain; that our virtues must proceed from a settled principle of action, from a reverence for the witness in our own breasts, and the eye that is over all. I have long attended strictly to this important lesson; and, if my sovereign should once again summon my grey head to council, I would endeavour to convince him, that the man who studies his duty to his God and to himself, is best qualified to serve his country and his king."

"Behold! then," cried Amurath, in an extasy of pleasure, "great counsellor! behold your king disguised in the humble habits of a pilgrim; see Amurath, the ruler of the nations. I have deserted my people in search of truth, and will now return to convince them that I have found it. I shall, henceforth, never want a supreme incentive to good, and an awful restraint from evil.—I will be just, from the superior principles of intrinsic virtue, and be happy in consulting the approbation of that invisible witness, whose blessing can afford a never-failing support, when the sound of adulation shall cease, and the people can applaud no more."

The monarch took the hermit affectionately by the hand; he led him back in triumph to his court; he reassumed his throne with content; for the heart of Amurath was happy.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

LETTER I.

Observations on Confinement in Rooms and Prisons badly aired.

*Men flock'd from every part, all places fill'd;
And, where the crowd was great, by heaps the sickness kill'd.*

Creech's Lucret.

I HAVE often admired, that, whilst pure air has been long and universally admitted as necessary to health, mankind should not have reflected more carefully, at the same time, that the contrary would be attended with contrary effects. Even in this country, where philosophy and freedom of inquiry have contributed to enlarge the mind and diffuse knowledge on most subjects both useful and speculative, the qualities of the air, as they respect health, have not been investigated with the same accuracy and attention. Numberless lives have been sacrificed, in cities, by the plague, and, in camps, by epidemic diseases, before any rational and effectual attempts were made to obviate such fatal effects; and, probably, the metropolis had still been liable to the ravages of contagious sickness, had not the fire, about a century ago, providentially destroyed what the policy of wise men might still have preserved as a source of disease and death.

The present age, not less remarkable for studying the luxuries than the conveniences of life, has made the qualities of the air, as they affect health, subjects of more peculiar attention. We are indebted, amongst others, to Senac, Kramer, Torti, Cleghorn, D'Arconville, Lind, Pringle, Monro, Alexander, Price, Sarconi, and, above all, to Priestley, for much useful information thereon; but it is not the sunshine of one day that illumines the whole earth. *Nature*, says Seneca*, *does not disclose her sacred mysteries at once; hence this age may make one discovery, and the succeeding another.* We may observe, indeed, with regret, that the mistake of a few preceding years, though clearly detected, requires the space of many more before the remedy is admitted, as the ingenious Aikin seems sensible of in his *Thoughts on Hospitals*. Humanity drops a tear, when she considers the stately edifices, designed to relieve the distresses of the poor, as eventually calculated to augment them: this is too justly applicable to most of our public hospitals;

* *Rerum natura sacra sua non simul tradit.—Ex quibus aliquid hæc ætas, aliud quæ post nos subibit, adspiciet.*

hospitals; and how far parish poor-houses may incur the same censure, I leave to the reflections of others; my intention principally is to consider the injuries to be suspected in places badly ventilated, where large numbers of people may be crowded together for a considerable length of time.

Common observation sufficiently testifies, that frequent effects arise in such crowded places; every person must have had occasion to observe the languor and weariness suddenly ensuing, to individuals, often to a degree of fainting, and, sometimes, producing diseases of more permanent injury.

The first sensible effect perceived after emerging from a pure air, and entering amongst a crowded auditory, is the increased heat, arising from the accumulation of the people: this I have calculated, by a thermometer, in a public meeting-house not far from the monument, on a warm summer's day, where the number of the company might amount to about four hundred; and, here, the mercury rose eighteen degrees in the space of two hours. The consequences of such a sudden increase of heat must be dangerous in many respects, as every sudden transition from one temperature of air to another is pernicious*, especially to weak constitutions; it relaxes the body considerably, rarifies the blood, increases circulation, promotes sweat, and every way renders the system more susceptible of taking cold; and, as sudden heat rarifies the fluids quicker than it relaxes the solids, a temporary fever, at least, may be excited; and, hence, the restlessness, thirst, and head-ach, which ensue. On the other hand, by a change from this heated air into the common atmosphere, while every pore is open, and perspiration copious, the discharge from the skin is suddenly checked, and thrown upon some internal part of the body; hence we see, after large evening assemblies, the frequent occurrence of inflammatory diseases, fevers, coughs, pleurisies, rheumatisms, quinseys, and the like.

The perspiration, which arises from the company in crowded places, may be so far salutary, as it cools and moderates their warmth, and, without which, the increasing heat would be much less supportable. From the ingenious experiments of Dr. Cullen, published in the *Physical and Literary Essays* of Edinburgh, it is evident, that evaporation of any kind of fluid produces cold. Though this appeared so strange and new to us, when first discovered, it has been known to some of the eastern parts of the world for a long time. In the Levant, and on the Coromandel coast, the natives hang up a bag, or shannel

* See Ulloa's curious account of his journey up the Andes, in company with the French academicians.

flannel pouch, moistened with water, from which evaporation takes place very copiously in those climes; this produces a coldness in the air of the room, for which intention the bag is suspended; and it is found, that the quicker the evaporation of the water, the greater the cold generated: we see, here, the wonderful providence of nature in a conspicuous manner, as even heat itself begets cold by producing evaporation or solution of moisture in the air*; hence we discover the great utility of perspiration, both in health and under disease.

In Canton, and other parts of China, water is kept in vessels porous at the top, that the water may evaporate through the perforations, and, thereby, preserve the sitting-rooms cool and pleasant.

It is generally admitted, that the heat of the air sometimes exceeds the heat of the blood, which must, doubtless, prove injurious to individuals exposed to such an atmosphere, if certain salutary laws† had not been established for our preservation. It is hence we are indued with innumerable perspirable vessels, whereby we are kept cool from the evaporation of moisture constantly issuing from them; hence we can partly account for the heat of the body in a fever where perspiration is obstructed; and it is hence that no person can possibly be hot while he freely perspires‡.

These observations are farther confirmed by the experiments of Dr. Lining, as related by Dr. Chalmers of Charles-Town, in South-Carolina, who observes, that the heat of the body appeared by the thermometer to be less in summer than in winter, doubtless from the perspiration being more copious in the former season. "In January, he remarks, when the mercury fell to the 18th division, it rose in a small thermometer, placed under my arm, to the 97th; but in July, that same year, when the heat of the shaded air was marked by the 101st degree, it did not rise, in the same situation, above the 95th."

Dr. Boerhaave put a dog, a cat, and a sparrow, into the stove of a sugar-house, in order to ascertain whether heat promoted putrefaction; and he observes, that the dog died soon, the cat and the sparrow lived much longer, but the two last,

* Voyez Lettres de Dr. Franklin, en deux tomes, par Dr. Dubourg.

† The author does not mean that perspiration is the sole means nature employs for preserving the temperature of the body, as he agrees with Dr. Cullen, that it has a principle of generating cold as well as heat. Farther observations on this curious subject will be published in the next volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

‡ This explains the utility of Dr. Alexander's experiments on the sweating point. See his Experimental Essays.

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he relates, were covered with a sweat or froth all over them. Now, it is probable that this sweat preserved the cat and the sparrow longer alive, by rendering the heat of the stove more temperate to a certain distance round them; but dogs never sweat, and, consequently, this animal must have suffered a greater degree of heat, though included in the same stove.

Hitherto we have considered heat, and the consequent sweat, in the most innoxious view; and these observations would be unnecessary, were there not something highly injurious thrown out also with the perspirable matter, which is capable of acquiring such virulence, as to become contagious, and produce sudden and fatal effects, as the records of medicine abundantly testify.—No person who has read the account of the trials at the Old-Bailey, or of the Oxford assizes, can hesitate in their judgement, respecting the danger of exposure to the human effluvia stagnant in confined places. Every person, who is acquainted with hospital-practice, must be an eye-witness of its power in producing those alarming diseases, called hospital-fevers; for, whether numbers of people are long confined in a jail, an hospital, or a house, it is the same thing; this virulent matter is universally generated in crowded places, where ventilation or renewal of fresh air is excluded.

HYGEIA.

Of Apparel, the Frugality and Prodigality in the Use of it.

GAUDY clothes are the most insignificant things in the world to recommend the wearers to people of good sense. A plain, clean, and decent, habit, proportioned to one's quality and business, is all a wise man aims at in his dress, and is an argument that he has bestowed more cost and time in furnishing his inside than his out: whilst fools, who place wisdom in dress, are, like popish relics, wrapt up in silver.

Louis XI. king of France, was a generous prince on every good occasion, and yet so frugal in any thing that concerned himself, that, in his chamber of accounts for 1461, among other proofs of his frugality, there was found, "Item, for sustenance to new-sleeve his majesty's old doublet, two shillings; and three half-pence for liquor to grease his boots." *Cl. Mir.*

The emperor Rudolphus could scarcely be distinguished in his apparel from the meanest of his subjects; inasmuch, that when Ottocar, king of Bohemia, with a splendid retinue, came to do him homage upon his knees, and his courtiers, of

the best quality, advised him to appear in his rich imperial robes, he said, 'No; the king of Bohemia hath often made himself merry with my plain grey coat, and now my grey coat shall laugh at his finery.' *Lips. Monit.*

Marcus Cato, senior, sometime prætor and consul of Rome, is said never to have worn a coat that cost him more than a hundred pence; and, when he had a mind to treat himself at a sumptuous rate, he would fetch a supper from market at the price of thirty half-pence. He said, 'All superfluous things are sold too dear, let the price be what it will; and, for his part, he valued nothing worth a farthing that he wanted not.' *Plut. in Caton. Major.*

Nugas, a king of Scythia, having received several splendid royal ornamental robes, as a present from Paleologus, emperor of Greece, he demanded of those that brought them, 'If they had virtue to prevent or banish calamities, diseases, and death; for if they had not power enough to perform such needful things, they would not be much esteemed by him, who valued nothing that served only to increase pride and vanity.' *Ibid.*

Zaleucus, the famous law-giver of Locris, published a law, never to be repealed, that none of the female sex should be attended in the streets with more than one servant, but when she was drunk, and wanted supporters to keep her from falling; nor walk abroad in the city by night, but when she was going (if a wife) to cuckold her husband, or (if single) to commit fornication; nor wear cloth of gold or silver, or hang pearls or diamonds at their ears, but when they resolved to set up for coquets and common prostitutes; nor that men should wear embroidered clothes, tissue, or rings, on their fingers, but when they went a thieving, cheating, or whoring. *Ibid.*

The old earl of Derby, who lived in the reigns of James and Charles I. wore such plain apparel, that he could not be distinguished, by his garb, from the better sort of yeomen, and would say, that gaudy clothes were only fit for fools and wanton women, for wise men and modest women despised them. Coming to court in a plain riding-coat, he was denied entrance into the privy-chamber by a finical Scot, saying, 'Gaffer, this is no place for you, the king has no occasion for a plowman; none come here but men of quality, and gentlemen in rich habits.' To which the earl answered, 'He had such clothes on as he used to wear always; and, if the Scots would do so too, they would make but a mean figure in the English court in their Scots plaids and blue bonnets.' The king, hearing a dispute at the chamber-door, went to know what occasioned it; to whom the earl said, 'Nothing, my liege; but your countrymen having left their manners and their rags be-

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hind them in Scotland, neither know themselves or their betters.' The king, being angry at the affront offered to so great a man, said, 'My good lord Derby, I am sorry for the abuse given you by my servant; and, to make your lordship satisfaction, I will command him to be hanged, if your lordship desires it.' The earl replied, 'That is too light a punishment to repair my honour, and I expect his punishment should be more exemplary.' Name it, my lord, said the king, and it shall be done.' 'Why, then, said the earl, I desire your majesty would send him home again.' *Ful. Worth.*

But there were others of a quite contrary disposition, whose excessive luxury and pride deserves as much contempt as the frugality of the foregoing examples merit commendation.

Lollia Paulina, a Roman lady, (whose father had ravaged all the provinces of Rome to make his daughter rich and excessively proud,) being invited to a feast, wore about her, in gold chains, pearls, carcanets, and diamonds, to the value of a million of gold. *Pliny's Natural History.*

Charles, duke of Burgundy, had one garment which cost him two hundred thousand ducats. And Sir John Arundel, in the third year of king Richard II. crossing the sea between England and Britany, was drowned, and with him fifty-two new suits of clothes, made of cloth of gold and tissue. *Lonic. Treat. Bak. Chron.*

The emperor Heliogabalus surpassed all other extravagants in this kind of luxury. His upper garments were constantly made of the finest gold or purple, and sometimes almost loaded with diamonds. His shoes were covered with jewels and precious stones, and he never wore one suit of apparel a second time. He usually sat encompassed with the choicest flowers and odoriferous plants, and what other perfumes art could add to nature. He voided his excrements in vessels made of gold, and his urine into myrrhine pots, or such as were made of onyx. The ponds where he bathed were prepared with the richest ointments, and coloured with saffron. His moveables were gold or silver; his bedsteads, tables, and chests, were massy silver, so were his cauldrons and utensils of the kitchen; and those goods that were in his own view were engraved with the most lascivious representations that the most debauched fancy could invent. *Parai Hist. Prof. Medul.*

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

" *Act well your part ; there all the honour lies.*

" *Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;*

" *The rest is all but leather or prunella.* POPE.

ALTHOUGH it is not in the power of many to acquire riches, the laurels of honest fame, or to shine in the field of science, yet it is in the power of almost every man to be useful and virtuous.

Mankind being divided into various classes dependent on, and subordinate to, each other, there are various duties incumbent on them, arising from their respective stations, and to which their faculties are adapted. While each individual moves on in his proper sphere, or "*acts well his part*" in the great drama of life, he will obtain honour ; but when, "*all quit their spheres,*" and appear in characters for which nature never designed them, the most absurd scenery is exhibited. When the sons of science, covered with *academical rust*, awkwardly assume the graces of a *Chesterfield*, or the polite manners of the *beau monde*, they must excuse the wits of the age for laughing at them. When the "*things of silk,*" the powdered, essenced, purblind, macaronies, that swarm at our places of genteel resort, attempt to act or speak like *men of sense*, we see they have stepped out of their sphere, and necessarily consider them as unequal to the character they assume. When the ignorant mechanic leaves his trowel, his awl, or his plane, to prop a sinking state, and settle the affairs of nations, he need not wonder that he becomes a laughing-stock to his more sensible neighbours.

But to be more serious—Every station in life brings its essential duties with it. The accession of either wealth, power, or wisdom, renders an increase of diligence in these respective duties necessary. The higher we are exalted above others, the more extended are our views, and the larger, in general, is the sphere of our activity. Superior genius and pre-eminence in station always bring an increase of duties, arising from that exalted relation the great and wise stand in to the rest of mankind, as their guardians, instructors, and protectors. These have, indeed, the fairest opportunity of enrolling their names on the column of fame, or, in the more emphatical language of inspiration, to become "*as a city set on a hill which cannot be hid.*"

They are placed in a capacity to excel others in usefulness and virtue, in proportion to the talents bestowed on them for that very end.

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The very *lowest classes* of mankind have also duties, but of a different kind; arising from their station, and adapted to their capacities: and, if they are careful to perform these duties with diligence and integrity, they will thereby render themselves as truly useful, and, in their stations, as respectable as those of a more elevated class in the scale of human beings.

But, between these two extremes there is a middle walk in life:—this is filled with persons who form a kind of middle species, who may be considered as the connecting links in that chain which originates in the *peasant*, and terminates in *royalty*. This class is not subject to the numerous dangers, fears, and solicitude, which await the great; nor the many wants, hardships, and servile dependence, of those who fill the lowest stations.

Those who are stationed on the most conspicuous part of *life's great theatre*, and whose abilities require them to fill the *principal characters* in it, have the greatest opportunity of *shining* on the stage. Such may become bright luminaries in the moral world, and *people* the path of virtue by their example: they may point out, with the greatest perspicuity, the comeliness of virtue, the deformity of vice, the dangers that await us in our progress through time, and erect *land-marks* on the road of life, where vulgar understandings are in danger of deviating. By being thus employed in guarding the steps of the unwary, and making the path to happiness more visible, they will justly merit the esteem of their cotemporaries; and their names will be registered with honour in the annals of posterity. By employing their *wisdom* and their *wealth* in helping the needy and instructing the ignorant, they will become a blessing to all around them. But a wilful deviation from the rules of virtue and christianity, or negligence in the performance of duties suited to their station, becomes more criminal in *this rank* than in any other: errors, that in minds less enlightened would be excusable, in *them* admit of no palliation. The influence of *their* example, be it either virtuous or vicious, is more prevalent than the example of others: multitudes follow where they lead the way. Such will, doubtless, have much more to answer for, in the hour of a final and just decision, than the rest of mankind.

Those who have thus, by their neglect or misconduct, contributed to the depravity of mankind, will then have cause to lament their own folly and madness. The consciousness of their own departure from the path of rectitude and abuse of superior faculties will be heavy enough to bear; but, when the weight of the transgressions of others, influenced by their example, is added, how will they support the excruciating reflection!

section! Their pre-eminence in rank and sensibility will appear only to have intitled them to a greater degree of punishment: they would then, were it possible, gladly exchange their lot with the meanest peasant, and screen themselves in that obscurity which they ought to have enlightened by the lustre of virtuous actions.

The duties of the lowest ranks of mankind are more contracted and more easily practised. To be honest and kind to each other, to be diligent in providing for their own necessities, to abstain from known vices, and to yield due obedience to the just command of their superiors, are the principal parts of their social, relative, and moral duties. They are the *executing powers* and not the *directing springs* of the vast community, yet equally necessary and useful in their station. From their situation in life, they are exempted from numerous temptations to which others are incident; and not having faculties capable of enjoying the *finer sensations*, the want thereof is unfelt by them. With respect to their *religious* duties, they may be limited within a narrow compass; and, as "*little is given*" them, "*little will be required*" at their hands. Although these have no opportunity of *shining* on the stage, or of having their names perpetuated to future ages, yet they are capable of becoming useful examples of honesty, diligence, sobriety, and virtue, to the rest of mankind. If they thus "*act well their part*," they will cease from their labours with honour, and enjoy a happy reward in that state where all human distinctions cease for ever.

But it is from the *intermediate class* that the most extensive usefulness and public advantages are reasonably expected. Their powers of action are greater, their influence is more widely diffused, than those of other men, and their duties are circumscribed only by the boundaries assigned to human nature: when these powers are employed in filling up *those* duties with propriety, such become the most valuable part of mankind. They are indued with capacities capable of forming the most useful plans, and with abilities to execute them. By their extensive connection, both with those *above* and *beneath* them, they are enabled to confer benefits on every rank in human society. They are the cement that unites the extremes of life, and are equally conducive to the happiness of the rich and poor, the learned and the ignorant.

They have the best opportunity of *realising* in life those refined maxims of morality and science which *others* spend their days in forming, and may thereby teach *more* elevated geniuses the superior excellence of *steady practice* to barren theory. They are in the best situation to familiarize the sage precepts

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of virtue by their own example; and to excite those, who have neither abilities nor opportunity for laborious investigation, to diligence in the exercise of their social, moral, and religious duties. By thus exemplifying, in their own virtuous conduct, the use and excellency of wisdom and virtue, the mere speculatists of this age may be taught to practise as well as teach, and the lowest ranks of men to act consistently with the spirit of those rules which they are ignorant of in theory.

To conclude:—While *geniuses*, of the *first rank*, are fixed as *stars* in the moral world, this *middle class* may be compared to that *atmosphere* which collects and retains their beams, and, without which, neither the *light* nor *heat* of the corporeal sun would be really useful: *those* may shine illustrious in their spheres, and scatter radiance around; but *these* must collect and reflect the rays of light and heat, before they can either enlighten or invigorate the *lowest ranks* of the people.

I am, &c. EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

O socii, (neque enim ignari sumus ante malorum,)

O passi graviora; dabit Deus his quoque finem.

VIRG.

ÆNEAS, having lost the greatest part of his fleet in a violent tempest, and being himself driven upon a strange coast, is introduced, by Virgil, in the first *Æneid*, addressing his companions to this purport: "We are not, O my friends, inexperienced in misfortune. We have already suffered greater evils than these to which we are now exposed. Let us then endure them patiently, for, to these as well as to the former, hath the Almighty decreed an end."

The sentiment, conveyed in this exhortation, is equally sublime and consolatory. To him, who is struggling with pain and distress, the instability of human affairs, and the certainty that an end of his conflict will arrive, are considerations which revive diligence and strengthen hope. There is an aptitude in the mind to confine its attention to the scenes which are immediately present, as though they were to last for ever. Distress and sorrow behold no end of their duration; they forget the tie which unites them to the general system of events, or it seems eternally broken and dissolved. Recollection will, however, produce evidence that difficulties may be surmounted by perseverance, and sufferings be alleviated by time and patience, because

because difficulties have thus been surmounted, and sufferings have thus been alleviated. To some, indeed, the night of affliction is long. But the hardships incident to every situation are, probably, compensated by adequate advantages, or sustained by adequate powers. A native of Greenland sits not frozen in despair, during his long, dreary, wintry, night, but cherishes, amidst its severest rigours, the joyful hope of returning day, and of a renewal of that invigorating warmth which enlivens the whole face of nature. The variations of clouds and sunshine are not more certain than the revolutions of joy and sorrow. The periods in either are not, indeed, equally measured. But, as the clouds pass away, the interval of brightness will surely succeed, and will derive additional charms from a contrast with the glooms which have preceded it. Accordingly Æneas goes on to admonish his followers "to look forwards to that time when the present distresses may possibly be remembered with pleasure."

The contemplation which comprehends, in one general view, the enjoyment or the uneasiness of the present moment, and the fluctuating uncertainty of the future, is not less salutary in prosperity than in adversity. Opposing, with equal force, elation, and despondency, it is exceedingly well adapted to maintain that even balance of the affections, which is necessary to regulate the rapid movements of the great springs of action, and to preserve the order and harmony of the whole machine. If, in a state of adversity, the natural mutability of worldly affairs affords a comfortable prospect of happier scenes, the same reflection will also operate to repress the inordinate transports of success, and the extravagant pride of prosperity. He, who considers, that, though to-day he enjoys health and vigour, yet that to-morrow he may be sick; that though, at present, he revels in all the insolence of wealth, yet, that events, out of his power to foresee or prevent, may suddenly reduce him to a level with those whom he now affects to despise, will abate of that haughtiness of heart, which his situation too naturally inspires. The advantages which are given him he will use with moderation, and he will anticipate the period, which may perhaps be found in the records of time, when only the memory of them will remain.

Virgil attributes the calamities which beset Æneas to the particular malice of offended deities; and the belief, that this malice will at length be controuled by the fates, opens to him another source of consolation. How greatly is this source enlarged under the doctrines of Christianity! We know that the Almighty Power, which sustains and governs the universe, is not composed of opposite wills and contending interests, but

is simply one, single, and undivided. We are firmly persuaded that fate hath no existence but in his decrees, and that his decrees are always as just as they are uncontrollable. We are assured that he doth not willingly afflict the children of men; and we have good reason to believe that the transient distresses, which he permits occasionally to fall on them, are not the result of a design to render them miserable, but are either the necessary consequence of a regard to the welfare of the whole system, or are expedient for the particular happiness of the individuals who suffer.

The end of all sublunary things is death. They, whose spirits are worn out by lingering illness, whose reasonable hopes have been continually baffled by disappointment, or whose defect of constitution throws around them an uncheery gloom, which distorts the fair appearances of things, and tinges them with its own melancholy hue, contemplate even this end with serenity, and are relieved by the thoughts of a relaxation of their labours, and a cessation of their pains. But these are comparatively few. To the multitude, who wanton in the superfluity of health, who are at ease in their possessions, and catch with eagerness at every fleeting phantom of pleasure which dances before them, the image of death comes arrayed in all its terrors. They turn away from the sight with horror, and, wishing to believe it a mere obtrusion of fancy, cry out, as Macbeth at the apparition of Banquo, "Unreal mockery, hence!" The brilliancy of their present spring attracts their attention as strongly as the dark, distant, wintry, prospect of the grave repels it. The winter, however, will certainly arrive, and it will be wise to lay up provision in the proper season. Unambiguous warnings of its approach, and of this consequent necessity, are delivered by the prophetic voice of every passing year. Relations, friends, companions, successively drop. The closest bands of affection are burst asunder. Disease invades the body, and anxiety oppresses the mind. Fortune, perhaps, withholds her smiles. The attempts of ambition, for fame or power, are discouraged and defeated. The sword, which is tremblingly suspended over the head of the intemperate man, becomes plainly visible. Even satiety and disgust, his own peculiar train, the constant attendants on his pleasures, rise in rebellion against him, and aid the cause of repentance and virtue. Thus gradually and kindly is our connexion with the world weakened, and our attention forcibly turned towards the scene which closes the complicate drama of life.

This reflection may be pursued yet farther. To the empire even of death there is assigned a period. On two supports is this kingdom of terrors chiefly established: the pain of dying,

and the apprehensions naturally arising from the entrance into a state totally new, and from which all possibility of return is precluded; apprehensions capable of prodigious increase from the sense of conscious guilt and punishment. The consideration that all violent pain is in its nature transient, and must soon be past, may contribute to arm us with fortitude and resignation against the first of these terrors; and, if we choose to accept the terms, the Christian religion offers the noblest security against the latter. If it be not our own fault, we may assure ourselves of a mansion in regions of happiness beyond the power of the most luxuriant imagination to conceive, in which pain, sorrow, and despair, will have no admission, and in which pleasures will abundantly flow, without diminution, and without end.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

"Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclin'd."

THE importance of an early care, in parents, to form the manners, and enrich the minds of youth with a good education, is so obvious, that the sequestered moralist would be apt to think any recommendation of it from the press unnecessary. But, if we look into the world, we shall see notorious instances of general neglect; and sometimes among those from whom better things might reasonably have been expected.

To awaken the attention of my readers, to set forth the evil consequence of this neglect, and to enforce the duty, is the end of the following essay.

In childhood we are fond of playthings, and enamoured with every little toy. When we advance a step higher, to the bloom of life, we bind our temples with the garlands of fancy, and let no flower escape us that expands itself in the spring-time of age. Intent on gratifying appetite, we dance away the sprightly moments without reflection, and without regard. Throughout the whole progress of tender years, till wisdom is become our favourite study; till reflection ripens thought into maturity; till virtue is become a settled habit in the soul, and all our ways are established, we stand in need of wise and prudent instructors, and of being kept under proper discipline. It cannot be expected that young persons, whose perceptions are just awakened to a multiplicity of alluring and deceivable objects, should, when left to their own unexperienced counsel, take care to fashion their conduct by the rules of reason, or to enrich their minds with the treasures of true wisdom. When

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pleasure, decked in all her alluring charms, solicits youth to her embraces, who can wonder, if, without a proper director, they should become victims to her snares! The discreet and pious parent, or tutor, will labour to bring his pupil to consider, and reflect, properly on the design of his beneficent Creator, in making him a reasonable and immortal Being; that he may be disposed, in the various occurrences of life, to behave in character, to avoid the pernicious sweets, the dangerous and delusive joys of vice; and attain to that dignity which is the true glory of a reasonable Being.

In what a hopeful state are those who have early learned to think, and reflect, and judge, of the true nature of things, and their consequences;—who are attentive to the voice of reason, and can digest the salutary maxims of religion; glad of being favoured upon all occasions with the advice of a faithful monitor of approved judgement and experience:—who, not too gay and lively for consideration, take care that passion may not carry them out of the proper line of duty into things unlawful and unbecoming; conscious that they are ever in the presence of, and accountable for all their conduct to, an omniscient righteous Judge; and, perhaps, as near the grave as decrepid old age!

This habit, or disposition of mind, is the beauty of youth; it unites the perfections of different stages of existence, adding the mature fruits of autumn to the lovely blossoms of spring. It is a principle, or foundation, on which we may build every amiable virtue that adorns the man and the Christian. It will, when firmly established, extend itself to every part of life, and make the whole conduct one regular consistent chain of action, the result of prudence and consideration.

If the minds of youth were, by proper example and instruction, turned to subjects worthy their attention, but a few would degenerate into habitual vice and folly. They should be led to contemplate the attributes of the supreme Being; the dignity of human nature; the relation they stand in to the Author of all that is great and good, their fellow-creatures, and the universe; the reasonableness, beauty, and excellency of virtue; the deformity and turpitude of vice; the security and happiness of being under the protection of divine Omnipotence, and the intolerable misery of being secluded from his favour.

If youth can be persuaded to take heed to their ways in that dangerous stage of life, so as not to be betrayed into vice; if they can be prevailed on not to indulge themselves in any thing that is contrary to the rules of reason, temperance, and sobriety, and which they have just cause to reproach themselves for in the moments of serious reflection; if they can be in-

duced to act, on all occasions, as becomes thinking and accountable beings; they will certainly feel the happy effects of such conduct, when every terrestrial enjoyment shall lose its power to please; when beauty shall lose its comeliness, and the sable curtain of death be drawn over all the scene which now delights us.

Young persons are apt to promise themselves a long enjoyment of life;—to look upon its end as at a great distance, not considering that the grave is open for the blooming youth, as well as for those who bow under the pressure of years and infirmity. "*In the midst of life we are in death.*" He lays his cold hand on the infant flower, and it fades! In the greatest affluence, in the most florid state of health, in the highest tide of joy, we are uncertain of having life and breath continued one hour. The power of the king of terrors is irresistible. All nature sickens and fades before him. The policy of the ablest statesman cannot elude the shaft. The skill of a *Father-gill* cannot prevent the inevitable blow. Human greatness trembles on his right-hand, and strength on his left. At his command kings must resign their crowns, and the greatest princes their glory. The body unexpectedly drops into the grave, and the immortal spirit is precipitated to that "*undiscovered country*," from whence "*no traveller returns.*" However unwilling young people are to be reminded of the uncertainty of life and all its enjoyments, such admonitions are not unreasonable. There is too much occasion for putting them in mind of their precarious situation; for repeating the solemn truth, and exhorting them frequently to make a prudent and wise use of their rational faculties. Could they but be persuaded to consider their latter end, and often to reflect that their everlasting state will be determined according to their behaviour in the present life; such reflections would allay the heat of passion, regulate their conduct, and excite them to tread the paths of virtue. Nor would this consideration be irksome; for the prospect, it ultimately opens to our view, is, of all others, the most delightful.

When I exhort the youth to be sober, I mean not that they should be deprived of innocent pleasures and amusements, or practise that austerity of manners which some weak minds have thought the proper garb of virtue. I distinguish between a gloomy countenance and a sober mind, between innocent mirth and unseasonable gravity.

Let them be informed, that religion, while it forbids levity, does not forbid pleasantry; that a chearful countenance and a joyful heart are not only consistent with it, but naturally arise out of a clear conscience, and from the practice of those

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duties wherein morality and religion consist. Social entertainments are suitable to human beings; they render us useful to our fellow-creatures, and a comfort to one another: but those austerities, which give religion a forbidding aspect, and with which the sons of superstition torment themselves, are no acceptable sacrifice to the good and gracious Creator. True religion forbids all levity, and profane and dissolute mirth; but, in the room thereof, gives a perpetual serenity of mind, and those joys which no man can take away. It consisteth not in enthusiastic abstractions and a sour retreat from the conversation of human beings, but in making a right use of our reason, and in a constant uniform practice of all divine and moral precepts. It does not extirpate our passions, but regulates them, and directs our affections to proper objects: it does not destroy or limit the use of our faculties, but expands and elevates them.

The pleasures of virtue, like the vestal flame, are pure and permanent; warm the heart, raise us above the transitory enjoyments of time, transfer our thoughts to objects suited to the dignity of our nature, wing our hopes to possessions eternal, and lead us to seek the felicities of a celestial paradise.

But the pleasures of the *vicious*, like a sudden flash of lightning, that “*is, and is not, in a moment;*” strike the eye and the fancy, and disappear in an instant; raise the expectation, and immediately leave it in darkness and disappointment. If they gratify sense, they wound the mind, and produce a pain and disorder which the whole world cannot cure. There can be no internal composure or felicity to the wicked, who, in the language of an inspired writer, “*are like the troubled sea which cannot rest.*”

That we may have the pleasure of seeing the rising youth, the hopes of the next generation, in the path of virtue, and in the right way to attain the high excellences of christian perfection, permit me to exhort parents, and all who have children under their care and direction, to instruct them diligently in those principles from which virtue derives all her dignity, and human actions their praise.

Endeavour to make them sensible of the obligations they lie under to the universal Parent. Excite them by the most tender and prevailing motives to excel in every thing that is truly laudable and good. Teach them to exert their abilities in a diligent search after truth; to admire the majesty, wisdom, and greatness, that shine forth in the works of creation and providence; and lead their minds up to adore the sacred Source of all that is excellent and good. Explain to them the principles and duties of that religion which derived its origin from
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heaven; and, if obeyed, will lead them thither to enjoy its reward. Convince them that they must be purified from iniquity, and steadfast in every good word and work, in order to obtain that felicity which is the reward of the virtuous for ever. Guard over them with care, as a trust committed to your charge by the great Father of mankind, for which you must give an account; and remember, that, in the day of decision, you will not need to have the sins of *neglected* youth added to the catalogue of your own transgressions.

CHRISTIANUS,

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

THE reading of authentic history is an employment that affords both entertainment and instruction. The transactions of former ages pass in review before us; and, without expence, trouble, or danger, we can visit the remotest parts of the globe; the peculiarities of their customs and manners, the rare productions natural to each respective climate or nation, entertain us in proportion as they differ from those with which we are intimately acquainted or have in our possession. From a review of their laws, maxims, and civil policy, we may be instructed to value what appears consistent with public utility in our own, and be guarded against the intrusion of any thing which the experience of other ages and nations has proved to be detrimental to the general good. Something useful may be gathered, perhaps, from the customs, laws, and manners, of every civilized nation: their history is a mirror, in which we may contemplate the instability of all human things. The rise and fall of empires, the sudden changes that pride, ambition, and a thirst for dominion, have introduced, are lessons for the present race of mankind to study. But of all history, that of our own nation is to us the most interesting, and a general knowledge of it will not only entertain, but will naturally tend to quiet that discontent, and silence those murmurings, which many persons indulge against the present times.

We frequently hear people extolling the past happiness of former ages, and lamenting the degeneracy and evils of the present, as being much greater than those our ancestors experienced.

But this is the language of ignorance.—Whoever is content with the earlier periods of our history, will find ample cause to be thankful that his lot is cast in the present time. The evils we feel, and the general depravity complained of is

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this age, appear not to be nearly equal with those of former times; when life, liberty, and property, were guarded by no security; and the ravages of war spread desolation and terror through the land.

I have, therefore, for the sake of such of your readers as may not have an opportunity of reading our history at large, selected a few passages descriptive of the effects of arbitrary power, and the wretched state of the subject soon after the time of the Norman conquest.

The power of the Norman kings was supported by a great revenue that was fixed perpetual and independent of the subject.

The people, without betaking themselves to arms, had no check upon the king, and no regular security for the due administration of justice. In those days of violence many instances of oppression passed unheeded; and were soon after openly pleaded as precedents, which it was unlawful to dispute or controul. Princes and ministers were too ignorant to be sensible themselves of the advantages attending an equitable administration; and there was no established council, or assembly, which could protect the people, and, by withdrawing supplies, regularly and peaceably admonish the king of his duty, and insure the execution of the laws.

The first branch of the king's stated revenue was the royal demesnes, or crown lands, which were very extensive, and comprehended, besides a great number of manors, most of the chief cities in the kingdom.

The king was never content with the stated rents, but levied heavy talliages, at pleasure, on the inhabitants of both town and country, who lived within his demesnes. All bargains of sale, in order to prevent theft, being prohibited, except in boroughs and public markets, he pretended to exact tolls on all goods which were there sold.

He seized two hogheads, one before and one behind the mast, from every vessel that imported wine. All goods paid to his customs a proportional part of their value. Passing over bridges, and on rivers, was loaded with tolls at pleasure: and though the boroughs, by degrees, bought the liberty of farming these impositions, yet the revenue profited by these bargains; new sums were often exacted for the renewal and confirmation of their charters, and the people were thus held in perpetual dependence.

The king could require in war the personal attendance of his vassals, that is, of almost all the landed proprietors; and, if they declined the service, they were obliged to pay him a composition in money which was called a scutage. The sum was, during

during some reigns, precarious and uncertain; and it was an usual artifice of the king's to pretend an expedition that he might be entitled to levy scutage from his military tenants. Danegelt was another species of land-tax levied by the early Norman kings, arbitrarily, and contrary to the laws of the conqueror. Moneyage was a general land-tax of the same nature, levied by the two first Norman kings, and abolished by the charter of Henry I. It was a shilling paid every three years by each hearth, to induce the king not to use his prerogative in debasing the coin.

The escheats were a great branch both of power and revenue to the king, especially during the first reigns after the conquest. In default of posterity from the first baron, his estate reverted to the crown. And, besides escheats from default of heirs, those which ensued from crimes, or breach of duty towards the superior lord, were frequent in ancient times. If the vassal, being thrice summoned to attend his superior's court and do fealty, neglected, or refused obedience, he forfeited all title to his lands. When he sold his estate without licence from his lord, or if he sold it upon any other tenure and title than that by which he himself held it, he lost all right to it. The adhering to his lord's enemies, deserting him in war, or betraying his secrets, might be punished by forfeiture. The higher crimes, rapes, robbery, murder, treason, &c. made him lose his fief. Without enumerating all the species of crimes by which forfeiture was incurred, we have said enough to prove that the possession of feudal property was anciently very precarious and that the primary idea was never lost, of its being a kind of fee or benefice. When a baron died, the king immediately took possession of the estate, and the heir, before he recovered his right, was obliged to pay a composition to the king. The king was often exorbitant in his demands, and kept possession of the land till they were complied with. If the heir was a minor, the king retained the whole profit of the estate till his majority. If the heir was a female, the king was entitled to offer her any husband of her rank he thought proper, and if she refused him she forfeited her land. Even a male heir could not marry without the royal consent, and it was usual for men to pay large sums for the liberty of making their own choice in marriage. Fines, amerciaments, and oblatas, were another very considerable branch of the royal power and revenue. The ancient records of the exchequer, which are still preserved, give surprizing accounts of the numerous fines and amerciaments levied in those days, and of the strange inventions fallen upon to exact money from the subject. Justice was avowedly bought and sold; the king's court itself,

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though the supreme judicature of the kingdom was open to none that brought not presents to the king.

The bribes, given for the expedition, delay, suspension, and perversion, of justice, were entered in the public registers of the royal revenue, and remain as monuments of the perpetual iniquity and tyranny of the times. The whole county of Norfolk paid a sum to the barons of the exchequer that they might be fairly dealt with; the borough of Yarmouth, that their charters might not be violated: Richard, son of Gilbert, that the king might help him to recover his debt from the Jews; Waltoit de Burton, for free law if accused of wounding another; Robert de Essart, for having an inquest to find whether Roger the Butcher accused him of robbery and theft out of an ill-will or for a just cause: these few instances are selected from a great number of the like kind found in the exchequer. Sometimes the party litigant offered the king a certain portion, a half, a third, or a fourth, payable out of the debts, which he, as the executor of justice, should assist him in recovering.

Theophania de Westland agreed to pay the half of 212 marks, that she might recover the sum against James de Tughelstone. Solomon, the Jew, engaged to pay one mark out of every seven that he should recover against Hugh de la Huse; Nicholas Morel promised to pay 60*l.* that the earl of Flanders might be distrained to pay him 343*l.* which the earl had taken from him; and this 60*l.* was to be paid out of the first money that Nicholas should recover of the earl.

As the king assumed the entire power over trade, he was to be paid for a permission to exercise commerce, or industry, of any kind. Hugh Orfel paid 400 marks for liberty to trade in England. Nigel de Havene gave 50 marks for the partnership in merchandise which he had with Gervase de Hanton. The men of Worcester paid 100 shillings that they might have the liberty of selling and buying died-cloth, as formerly.

There were no profits so small as to be beneath the king's attention. Henry, son of Arthur, gave ten dogs to have a recognition against the countess of Copland for one knight's fee. Roger, son of Nicholas, gave 20 lampreys, and 20 sheads, for an inquest to find whether Gilbert, son of Alured, gave to Roger 200 muttons to obtain his confirmation for certain lands, or whether Roger took them from him by violence.

Geoffry Fitz-Pierre, the chief justiciary, gave two good Norway hawks, that Walter de Madine might have leave to export a hundred weight of cheese out of the king's dominions.

It is really amusing to remark the strange business in which the king sometimes interfered, and never without a present. The wife of Hugh de Neville gave the king 200 hens that she

might lie with her husband one night, and she brought with her two sureties who answered for 100 hens each: it is probable that her husband was a prisoner, which debarred her having access to him. The abbot of Rueford paid ten marks for leave to erect houses and place men upon his land, near Welhang, in order to secure his wood there from being stolen. Peter de Perraries gave 20 marks for leave to salt fishes as Peter Chevalier used to do.

It was usual to pay high fines in order to gain the king's good will, or mitigate his anger. In the reign of Henry II. Gilbert, the son of Fergus, fines in 919*l.* 10*s.* to obtain that prince's favour: William de Chatainges 1000 marks that he would remit his displeasure. In the reign of Henry III. the city of London fines in no less sum than 20,000*l.* on the same account.

The king's protection and good offices of every kind were bought and sold.

Robert Grislet paid 20 marks of silver that the king would help him against the earl of Montaigne in a certain plea: Robert de Cundit gave 30 marks of silver that the king would bring him to an accord with the bishop of Lincoln. Ralph de Breckham gave a hawk that the king might protect him, Richard de Neville gave twenty palfreys to obtain the king's request to Isolda Bisset that she should accept him for a husband. Roger Fitz-Walter gave three good palfreys to have the king's letter to Roger Bertram's mother that she should marry him. Eling, the dean, paid 100 marks that his mistress and his children might be let out upon bail. The bishop of Winchester gave a tun of wine for omitting to put the king in mind to give a girdle to the countess of Albemarle. Robert de Veaux gave five of the best palfreys that the king would hold his tongue about Henry Pinel's wife.

There are in the records of the exchequer many other singular instances of this nature.

Amerciaments, or fines, for crimes and trespasses, were another great branch of the royal revenues. Most crimes were atoned for by money; the fines imposed were not limited by any rule or statute, and frequently occasioned the ruin of the person, even for the slightest trespasses. The forest-laws, especially, were a great source of oppression. The king possessed 68 forests, 13 chaces, and 781 parks, in different parts of England; and, considering the extreme passion of the English and Normans for hunting, these were so many snares laid for the people, by which they were allured into trespasses, and brought within the reach of arbitrary and oppressive laws. But the most barefaced acts of tyranny and oppression were practised

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tised against the Jews, who were entirely out of the protection of law, were extremely odious from the bigotry of the people, and were abandoned to the immeasurable rapacity of the king and his ministers.

Besides many other indignities to which they were continually exposed, it appears that they were once all thrown into prison, and the sum of 65,000 marks exacted for their liberty. At another time, Isaac, the Jew, paid alone 5100 marks; Brun, 3000 marks; Jurnet, 2000; Bennet, 500: Licorica, widow of David the Jew, of Oxford, was required to pay 6000 marks, and six Jews were bound to answer for the sum. Henry III. borrowed 5000 marks from the earl of Cornwall, and, for his repayment, consigned over to him all the Jews in England.

These are some of the evils felt in those unhappy times; and to these might be added a long list of others, occasioned by the general ignorance that overspread the land, and the unlimited power of the ecclesiastical hierarchy in those days:—Evils which the wisdom and valour of succeeding ages have exterminated for ever. But I have already exceeded the usual length of an essay, and, therefore, shall postpone the farther prosecution of this subject to a future opportunity.

I am, &c. EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

TO contemplate, with reverence, the adorable perfections of God, our maker, is the noblest employment of the understanding. As he is not only the author of our being, but our preserver and sovereign Lord and King, the source of all power, perfection, and happiness, he has a just and unalienable claim to the homage, obedience, and duty, of all reasonable beings. The natural use of the understanding is to contemplate truth, and the effect, arising from thus properly employing it, is the purest happiness. God, therefore, being Truth itself, unmixed and perfect, and removed from all possibility of error, must needs be the most perfect theme of the understanding, and the noblest subject that can employ its meditations. He is the spring and center of all truth and reality; his power is conducted by infinite wisdom in all its operations, and his goodness the source of adoring wonder to every part of his vast creation. Being himself the spring of all that is excellent and good, he includes, in his infinite essence, all possible perfection, both in nature and degree.

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As he is not only the cause of our being, and the consolation of our lives, but the sovereign arbiter of our fate in futurity, it certainly most nearly concerns us to think of him with suitable reverence, and make him the supreme object of our love, obedience, and praise. And although, in this imperfect state, our minds are too often diverted from the contemplation of its greatest good, by the variety of sensual objects that surround it and intercept its prospects, yet, when the soul resumes its proper dignity, the understanding presently looks upward, and directs its views to God as the proper center of its joy. As the mind becomes indifferent to the objects of time and sense, it grows more vigorous in its aspirations towards its Creator, who is the only object that can satisfy its cravings, or fill up the extent of its capacity. Amidst all terrestrial enjoyments, the soul of man can never find complete and permanent felicity: there is still a vacuum which nothing created can fill;—a desire which extends to immortality, and can never be satisfied but in union with its Creator, the infinite ocean of truth, goodness, and happiness. But, in this Source of all truth and perfection, it may exercise itself with renewing delight throughout all the extent of its duration. To these obligations of reason let me add the sanction of divine revelation. The gospel enjoins us to frequent meditation on God, and to “*fix our affections on things that are above.*” The necessity of this is evident; for, if we go into eternity with minds unaccustomed to these sublime reflections, and unacquainted with our Creator and Judge, we are in no capacity for those divine enjoyments which constitute the happiness of the blessed. Those enjoyments must begin on *earth*, or we shall not experience them in *heaven*. The former is the proper place of their birth, the latter of their glorious completion. The mind which, abstracted from the little scenes of this world, habitually contemplates the perfections of Deity, will be so captivated with those prospects which it has a glimpse of in this frail state of being, that its desires will increase for a fuller display of his glory. And, as the *finite* mind can never fully comprehend *infinite*, there will be an inexhaustible source of entertainment and joy, commensurate with the most enlarged faculties, and coeval with eternity.

From every new satisfaction will spring a new desire, and each new desire will terminate in fruition. From the view of God's complete perfections, and the happiness that results from the contemplation thereof, we shall be impressed with the most lively sentiments of gratitude and veneration. These are no more than a just acknowledgement of his infinite power, goodness, and majesty. The most ready obedience, and fervent

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vent prayers we can offer him are but our reasonable service. They are but a due owning of him to be what he is, the supreme Disposer and Author of all things. The utmost exaltation of our feeble and imperfect praise falls infinitely short of what is owing to his glorious excellences and perfection. The most grateful acknowledgments we can make him are but a poor composition for that immense sum we owe to his divine bounty. "*What answerst thou to my lord?*" is the grateful enquiry of minds truly sensible of the unspeakable obligations they are under to so gracious a Creator! Alas! language cannot express, or the mind conceive, the sum. We owe him every thing; and have nothing to pay, nothing to offer, but grateful hearts, properly impressed with a sense of our own meanness and his majesty!

The more lively our sense is of his power and goodness, the more our *understanding* and *will* will be excited to a strict attention and submission to him. When we come to regard him, with suitable reverence and veneration, the sense of his divine Majesty will powerfully influence our conduct through life. We shall be allured yet more and more to exercise our faculties on his perfections; and the secret tribute of mental praise will ascend from grateful hearts in the participation of his bounty.

These are the great and glorious privileges of the real Christian. Even, in *time*, he experiences a foretaste of the joys of *eternity*. His prospects brighten as he advances towards the end of his journey; the evening of life will terminate in the glorious morning of eternal day—a day, in which the immortal faculties of the soul will ripen into maturity, and flourish with undecaying vigor for ever—a day, in which that light, which illumined him in the dreary path of life, will display unclouded radiance, and never more be eclipsed!

In *time* the heavenly fire begins to sparkle in the bosom of the wise and good, but in *eternity* it will burn with undistinguished fervour in a pure flame of divine love. For if, by "*beholding now the glory of God*" as in a glass, "*we are changed into the same image from glory to glory,*" then, doubtless, we shall be much more so, when, in the transports of open vision, we shall "*behold him as he is!*"

E. L.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A farther Defence of Inoculation.

*A breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skye influences
 That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict.*

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the defence of inoculation, which I laid before the public in a former number * of your Ledger, I endeavoured to support the practice of it upon the very ground it was objected against, and, indeed, on the side it was most vulnerable. I presume the attempt was not useless, as many of your readers have since trusted the lives of their offspring to the effects of inoculation, not one of whom has suffered that I have had the pleasure of knowing.

It frequently happens, however, that the fairest blessings are abused: inoculation, which some have deemed a divine revelation to man for the preservation of life, hath usually been attended with so much success, that many have adopted the practice without precaution: persons of all ages, and of different constitutions, have indiscriminately undergone the disease, inflicted by ignorant practitioners, who perform the operation at random, uncertain of the consequences, and incapable of regulating any urgent symptoms which might have arisen.

The natural small-pox of all human maladies is the most fatal and dismal; and the artificial, or inoculated small-pox, is not universally void of danger, especially when tried upon improper subjects, which is too often the fact. But a practice, ever so successful, that brings upon an individual a disease out of the usual course of sickness; that admits a present to prevent an uncertain future evil; must meet with adversaries, who are ready, on all occasions, to proclaim one unsuccessful event, whilst thousands of victims, by the natural small-pox, silently fill up the register of annual deaths in this metropolis, without notice and without complaint.

But it is not in London, alone, that the silent tear is daily excited by this natural tyrant; in every village near town mortality has marked its baleful steps, and not only in adjacent, but, also, in distant, parts, the slaughter and devastation have been universally and deeply affecting; numerous well-authenticated examples I could produce in confirmation of my assertions, but the plan of your miscellany will not admit of

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* Vid. Monthly Ledger, Vol. I. page 273.

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many such narratives; I shall beg leave, however; to recite a short relation with which a gentleman, well known to most readers, has just furnished the public. In the year 1773, the deaths at Warrington, in Lancashire, amounted to 473, of which number, no less than 211 died by the natural small-pox. Upon this fatality the ingenious Aikin, author of the account published in the Philosophical Transactions, vol. LXIV. page 440, makes the following reflections. "While we lament the severity of the scourge, with which we have been afflicted, we cannot but highly regret, that a practice, which experience has established as so effectual a security against it, has been so little followed. Not ten, I believe, were inoculated in the whole town and neighbourhood; these all did well, yet their example was not sufficient to overcome some accidental prejudices taken against it."

To intrude a moment longer on the indulgence of your readers, I shall introduce another calculation made in the same year in Philadelphia *, where above three hundred people, out of fourteen hundred, died of the natural small-pox. The greater part of these were poor people, who could not afford the expence of inoculation: this has given rise to a society in that city for inoculating poor children at their own houses, similar to the General Dispensary, in Aldersgate-street, for diseases in common. Such a plan of inoculating the poor, at their own habitations, I hope to see adopted in London: its utility must be amazing, when we reflect upon the many thousands of healthy children that might be annually redeemed from the grave.

Inoculation, and the ensuing disease, ought certainly to come under the cognizance and prescription of the physician. When practitioners, ignorant of medicine, step out of their province, and undertake the guardianship of patients who are to be afflicted with a disease, of all others the most anomalous and important; I pretend not to defend the practice, or the parent, who surrenders his child to the uncertain consequence of it.

It must be confessed, however, that gentlemen of the faculty, of the most respectable characters, have sometimes been so unfortunate as to lose patients under inoculation when every human precaution had been taken, in order to render the disease more certainly auspicious. Two fatal examples have just occurred, and unhappily in families of such notoriety, that, I am persuaded, they will influence the public with greater apprehensions of danger than if two hundred victims had fallen by the natural small-pox.

But

* Vid. *Philos. Trans. of Philadelphia*, and *Dr. Rush's Oration*.

But, indulging malevolence with all that can be argued from these unhappy deaths, before the public decide, candour should be permitted to state the cases faithfully, agreeable to the most scrupulous information.

The princess Carolina-Augusta-Maria, youngest daughter of the duke of Gloucester, who has just received the last obsequies of her amiable parents, was inoculated in the 8th month of her age, during teething, and under a poor state of health, which should have been urgent motives for postponing the operation, and I hope will tend, with some other recent instances, to put a stop to infant inoculation, which, I am bold to declare, is always hazardous, and, in my opinion, can only be justified when the frequency, vicinity, and fatality, of the natural small-pox exposes the infant to the most imminent danger. In London there are annually about twenty thousand deaths, and children under two years old usually make up one half of this number. If, therefore, in the common occurrence of deaths so many children are included, we may reasonably suppose, that, during the preparation for inoculation, and the progress of the eruption where many are inoculated, certain individuals must unavoidably perish, either by teething, convulsions, or other causes, while the fatality would be universally, though unfairly, ascribed to this practice.

Other considerations may likewise be admitted against the practice of infant inoculation, which account for the increased fatality attending children, without affording any justifiable grounds of censure against inoculation, but solely against the abuse of it.

In the action of sucking, it is requisite that the infant should have free passage to breathe through the nostrils, without which sucking cannot be performed.—Now, it sometimes happens, that many variolous eruptions occupy the nostrils, so as to prevent the passage of air through them, the infant, therefore, is precluded from receiving its wonted nourishment, and death may ensue, not from the violence of the small-pox, but from want of nutriment.

The same injuries and inconveniences also frequently result from a number of pustules affecting the lips and mouths of infants so as to prevent their sucking, in consequence of which they have died.

An objection of equal force, and which more frequently occurs, may be urged in opposition to this practice on sucking-children; who receive their milk from parents or nurses too much interested in the welfare of such babes to see the operation for the small-pox and its progress without much anxiety and agitation, which very powerfully tends to injure the salu-

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brity of the milk, and, sometimes, even turn this bland nutritious fluid into a highly noxious one: the milk, in the breast of a woman, has been turned sour in less than an hour, by the influence of the violent or the tender passions; in such cases it is not to be wondered at, if convulsions and a fatal catastrophe supervene to the infant, who, unconscious of danger, sucks in poison instead of aliment. In these instances, which, I presume, are frequent, inoculation is but a remote cause of death, and the infant, under such a circumstance in diet, might have expired as soon without, as under, this artificial disorder. If, therefore, we state the facts candidly, these abuses of inoculation do not invalidate the utility of it when judiciously admitted, as there is no blessing we can enjoy, but, from its abuse, a sceptic might not plead for its disuse.

The other recent fatal case of inoculation was exemplified in a young lady, about 19 years of age, in Hertfordshire. Here it will be urged, that the objection to infancy cannot be adduced, which must be granted; but, under the strongest bias against inoculation, is it surprizing that a death should occasionally intervene amongst the thousands that annually undergo the operation? It likewise frequently happens from the exhalation and spreading of infection, arising from the natural small-pox, that persons may be inoculated after they have received the natural infection, in which cases, the part inoculated does not inflame, rise, or come to maturity; and this I declare, from the fullest authority, was the case of the young lady I am speaking of; the part of the arm inoculated never suffering any marks of having received the inoculating matter, and, consequently, there remains the fullest reason to conclude, that her death was actually occasioned by the natural small-pox, which had been taken into the system previous to inoculation.

This is farther confirmed by the eruption of the small-pox appearing too early to suppose that it resulted from inoculation, as well as from the very judicious treatment which the inoculator adopted throughout the disease.

Upon carefully investigating truth, therefore, we see two notorious examples against inoculation lose all the force, with which the enemies to this salutary practice would oppose it, and sink into mere casual occurrences, which might have happened had inoculation been unknown or unheard of.

I wish not to influence any persons to act in opposition to their own feelings and self-conviction. Inoculation has, to me, always appeared too serious a department of medicine to be admitted indiscriminately and incautiously. For the last ten years I have inoculated many, and, if I had thereby ever

lost a single individual, I could not thus publicly have espoused a practice, which, with respect to myself, I should deem criminal to withhold from my own children, because my conscience would accuse me of neglecting a blessing afforded by Providence to alleviate the miseries of human life.

APYREXIA.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Pursuit of Happiness. An Allegory.

THERE is nothing more commendable, no duty more incumbent upon us, than to endeavour to live so as to render our future days happy; but how to accomplish this end is, to many, a matter of great uncertainty, because they pursue happiness where it is impossible they should ever gain the least glimpse of it; they seek it where it is not to be found; and what can be the cause? for, it is evident, that a degree of felicity may be enjoyed; nothing, therefore, can be more reasonable than to suppose, that many are led away deluded by the confused ideas they entertain of imaginary pleasures, and the only happiness such can enjoy consists entirely in the pursuit; for it generally terminates in shame and disgust, except they turn their foot-steps out of the path of error into that of virtue, which will ever be found the path of certainty, and productive of true peace and happiness; yet they shun virtue as an object of great severity. But whatever may at first appear severe in it custom will soften, and the pleasures accruing from the possession of it will more than compensate for the troubles they found in bringing themselves under its yoke.

These reflections operated so strongly on my mind, that, when I left my study and repaired to the place of rest, where my senses were soon rivetted into a state of inactivity, my roving imagination was agitated so strongly, that when sleep had closed mine eyes I found myself conveyed to the center of a large plain from whence issued two roads, the one to the right-hand and the other to the left; there were upon this plain an innumerable concourse of people, and, I observed, the far greater number of them were directing their course towards that road to the left-hand. I looked round to the right and there saw only a few, but that few seemed to be clothed with the mantle of pleasing simplicity, yet not so attracting as to excite in me a desire of pursuing happiness with them. But by the idea I had conceived of that illusive being, Happiness, and the many efforts I had made to attain it, which had hitherto

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proved abortive, I was ready to conclude that happiness was not to be found, that it was all an illusion !

But resolved to pursue it still farther, hoping yet to obtain it, I turned again to the left hand and joined the pressing multitude, who were hastening forward, with a spirit of emulation to gain the prize. And now I began my journey, which I pursued, but without the direction of reason, or without waiting for the admonition of prudence, which I afterwards found so necessary to be consulted in a pursuit after happiness. Notwithstanding the road in which I was now walking was very wide in all parts of it, yet it so gradually increased in width, that the concourse of people which made the croud at the beginning of this road were so far separated one from another, that each person could step forward without the least inconvenience. Nothing had yet happened that gave me the least glimmerings of a state of happiness. I was greatly dissatisfied with the imperfect ideas that each person (with whom I had discoursed) had concerning it ; none gave me the least hopes of obtaining it in the path I was then pursuing, for all seemed desirous to have it thought they had it in their possession.— When we talk to those who make great pretensions to learning, they would endeavour to persuade us to believe, that happiness is only to be found in the empty parade of pedantry : or talk to those whom Providence has bountifully bestowed the riches of this world upon, such will tell us that happiness alone consists in the accumulation of abundance of wealth : but riches are given to man as blessings from the Almighty ; yet, notwithstanding the all-wise intention of the donor, by the misuse of those to whom they are given, they are found to be productive of the greatest misery : then how can such assert they are in possession of happiness ?

However, at length, convicted of the fallacy of my pursuit, and disgusted with every circumstance that attended me in it, I resolved to return to the plain from whence I set out, hoping there to obtain some information that might yield me more satisfaction than what I had hitherto experienced. I proceeded on my return with the utmost impatience. Notwithstanding I kept in the same road I had been in from my first setting out, it led me into such intricacies, as, with the many other difficulties I met, almost enervated me into a state of despondency. Whilst I was perplexed with these troubles I looked round me, and, at a small distance, on the right-hand side of the road, I saw a small but neat cottage, the situation of which seemed to command an extensive prospect, and the verdant plains and groves, blooming with beautiful spring, by which it was surrounded, seemed to bespeak the entire felicity

of the enjoyer. I now found my imagination increase my desires with an uncommon ardour, which excited a great inclination in me to know whose habitation it was, promising myself some relief for my present troubles; I obeyed this powerful reasoning of the soul, and directed my way to a narrow path, at a small distance, which led strait to this mansion of peace. I entered the path, which I hoped would lead me to the center of all happiness. I walked along, contemplating the beautiful prospect I had in view; but what particularly demanded my attention, to a degree of pleasing admiration, was, the simple, but beautiful, elegance, with which the cottage was bedecked. I now arrived at the door, which I found open, and, without hesitation, (the general consequence of fear, of which I had not the least degree hovering about me,) I entered, and was struck with the awful solemnity that conducted the scene; at length, looking round, I saw an ancient venerable person, who seemed very intent upon a book he had in his hand; but my presence, I suppose, had disturbed him; for, seeing me, he arose from his seat, came towards me, took me by the hand, and kindly invited me to sit down: I accepted his invitation with a grateful acknowledgement for his kindness, and sat down on one end of a sofa, and he sat down on the other; after some discourse, I acquainted him with the cause of my visit, and also gave him an account of my fruitless pursuit after happiness; when he addressed himself to me to the following purport. "There are many who seek happiness where it is not to be found, and are afterwards ashamed to own they have sought it in such unlikely places; and because they are unwilling to confess their faults, rather than publish their shame, remain in a state of uncertainty, which ever was, and ever will be, a state of infelicity. But as thou hast acted so ingenuously, and hast made a free confession of thy frailties without an extortion, I will direct thee into the path which will lead thee to true happiness: first, thou must return to the center of the plain from whence thou madest this woful digression, but thou canst never arrive there by the road thou hast just left, but follow me and I will lead thee to it."—With that he arose from his seat, and I followed him out of the house, never enjoying so much tranquility and peace of mind as I enjoyed at this time. He led me through a narrow path, similar, in every respect, to that through which I came to his dwelling. I had followed him but a little way, when I was very agreeably surprized by our arrival upon the plain from whence I had so lately digressed, and when we came to the entrance, which led to the road on the right-hand side of the plain, he addressed me in the following manner; "This is the path which will alone lead thee

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thee to permanent happiness; take this, (presenting me with a small compass,) and by it direct thy course, frequently having recourse to it, as thou wilt find many paths which run so exact, that thou wilt never be able to direct thy course right without the assistance of it, and when thou arrivest at the end, thou wilt find a small house in resemblance like mine, where dwells an ancient and beautiful virgin, whose beauty time has not effaced; with her if thou chooseth to live, observing her precepts, and living under obedience to her commands, there thou mayst enjoy true and lasting happiness; but, for the present, let this short admonition suffice; be directed by reason, be well informed of knowledge, and admonished by prudence."

A.

Many applications having been made to me, since my return from the island called St. John's, for information respecting the situation, climate, soil, &c. I have therefore thought it advisable to give the following short account of it.—It must be observed, that this island, although called by the same name, is not the St. John's of Newfoundland.

Situation.

IT is situated in the gulf of the river St. Lawrence, (which leads up to all Canada,) and is remarkably well adapted for the fisheries; of which the northern provinces in America avail themselves, having great numbers of vessels employed every season in that trade.

Climate. The climate is healthy and temperate: being neither too hot in summer nor too cold in winter; not subject to those fogs which are so frequent at Newfoundland, nor to the sudden changes of weather we frequently have in England.

Soil. The soil is equal, in every respect, to that of Great-Britain: the vegetation is exceedingly quick, producing all the different sorts of grain and vegetables which grow in the mother-country. The arable land is of an excellent quality; and there are also large tracts of meadow and marsh lands, very proper for breeding horses and other cattle. The timber on the lands is valuable, both for the use of the inhabitants and for exportation.

Rivers. The rivers, which are numerous, and many of them navigable, abound with salmon-trout, eels, tench, lobsters, oysters, and a great variety of other kinds of fish, peculiar

liar to that country. Likewise great quantities of wild-fowl and game. On these rivers there are many very fine situations for erecting mills at a small expence.

Trade. Its situation, for trade, is uncommonly favourable, and has many advantages; particularly, its vicinity to the different fisheries, which take off the produce of the island on advantageous terms: and it is well situated for carrying on an extensive trade to the West-India islands, in horses, lumber, provisions, and fish; and for supplying other markets with fish, furs, corn, oil, &c.

Industrious farmers and useful tradesmen, with a little property, may live there in a comfortable manner, unknown to their station in this country: and it is to this class of people I wish to lend my utmost assistance to make them happy.

4th of the 3d Month, 1775.

ROBERT CLARK.

Persons, desirous of settling on this eligible spot, and who wish to secure to themselves and families a valuable and improveable freehold-estate, may, at this time, be accommodated on the following conditions: 100 acres for 30*l*: 200 for 50*l*. 500 for 100*l*. and so proportionably for larger quantities. And those, whom it may not suit to become purchasers, may have long leases granted them, on advantageous terms.

For the accommodation of the settlers, large storehouses are opened on the island, furnished with proper assortments of those articles which are necessary for their use, by Robert Clark, number 6, Prince's-square, Ratcliff-highway, and Robert Campbell, Northumberland-street, in the Strand, of whom every necessary information may be had, respecting this undertaking.

Account of William Hacket, an English Fanatic, who lived in the XVI. Century.

HE was first servant to one Mr. Hussey, and expressed his fidelity to him by an action perfectly brutal, which is thus related by Camden; viz. a tradesman, of Oundle, in Northamptonshire, did something that caused an enmity between him and Hacket's master. Observe how this servant revenged him. He familiarly accosted this tradesman's son, and was received with reciprocal friendship; then Hacket, suddenly embracing him in sign of perfect reconciliation, bit off a piece of his nose. He afterwards married a rich widow, and, in a little time ruined her by his luxurious expences. He had never studied, but had a great memory, which he abused in repeating

peating the ministers sermons over his cups. This he did, only to laugh at them, having no design in hearing sermons but to furnish his memory for this ridiculous exercise. He was a very great lover of wine and women, and corrupted a maid who came to his house to ask his advice. He also robbed on the highway: at last he set up for a prophet, and declared, first, That England should feel the scourges of famine, pestilence, and war, unless it established the consistorial discipline. Secondly, That for the future there should be no more popes. He also named the time of this desolation of England, which he said would happen in the same year he threatened it.

He began to prophesy publicly at York and Lincoln, where, as a proper punishment for his boldness, he was publicly whipped, and condemned to be banished. He was wonderfully fluent in extempore prayer, using very pompous phrases, which, being above the understanding of the common people, induced them to think it an extraordinary gift of the Holy Ghost. He had also very great confidence in his prayers, for, he said, that if all England were to pray for rain, and, he alone, were to pray for the contrary, it would not rain.

Edmund Coppinger and Henry Arthington, two persons of some learning, joined with him: the first, by the title of the *Prophet of Mercy*, and the latter, by that of the *Prophet of Judgement*. Arthington gave out that they had an extraordinary mission, and that, next to Jesus Christ, none had greater power on earth than William Hacket. Coppinger declared that Hacket was the sole monarch of Europe. They afterwards went farther, and declared him equal in all things to Jesus Christ. Hacket, far from opposing, seemed to join, them in their blasphemy; for, in his prayers to God, he said, "*Father, I know thou lovest me equal with thyself.*" They would have proceeded to the ceremony of unction, but he prevented them, saying, he was already anointed by the Holy Ghost in heaven. They asked him, at last, what he had to command them, protesting they would pay him an unlimited obedience. He then ordered them to go and proclaim, through all the streets of London, that Jesus Christ was come to judge the world, and lodged in such an inn, and that nobody could put him to death. They obeyed with so much haste, that Arthington had not time to take his gloves. They added, to their master's instructions, these words, *England, repent, repent.* At length, by their bawling, they drew such a concourse of people together, that, being come to Cheapside, they could neither be heard, nor get any farther; but, finding an empty cart, they mounted upon it, and discoursed of the important commission of Wm. Hacket. They said that he partook of the nature of glorified bodies, and

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was to convert all Europe to the consistorial discipline; and that the power of judgement was committed to him. They added, that such as desired to see him should find him in such a house; and we foretel, said they, that all, who refuse to obey this king of all Europe, shall kill one another, and that the queen shall be dethroned. Before they made this extravagant sally, they went to a puritan minister whose name was Wigginton, and protested to him, that, the night before, Jesus Christ appeared to them, not in body, but by his principal spirit, by which he dwelt in William Hacket in greater fulness than in any other, and that Hacket was the angel who was to come before the end of the world, with a fan and a crook in his hand, to separate the goats from the sheep: that he was to trample Satan under his feet and totally to overturn the kingdom of antichrist. On the day they went to preach up this new kingdom through the streets of London, Hacket commanded them to say, that Jesus Christ was come with his fan in his hand to judge the world, and that this was as true as God was in heaven. They punctually discharged their commission, and, when they were on the cart, declared, that Hacket already glorified as to his body, participated of Jesus Christ by his principal spirit, and that he was there with the fan to establish the gospel in Europe. This done, they returned to Hacket, and, when they saw him, Arthington cried out to the people, "*Behold the king of the earth!*" This happened on the 16th day of July, 1592. They were prosecuted and tried: Hacket was sentenced to be hanged and quartered on the 28th of July, and the sentence was executed. Coppinger starved himself in prison, but Arthington was pardoned. The blasphemies, contained in the prayer that Hacket made on the scaffold, were so horrid, that they exceed those of Caligula, and prove that there is nothing so extravagant of which the heart of man, fired with enthusiasm, is not capable. *Hæc fuit ultima ejus oratio.* Deus cœli, potentissime Jehovah, Alpha et Omega, Domine dominorum, Rex regum, æterne Deus. Tu me nosti verum istum Jehovah quem misisti. Miraculum aliquod ex nubibus ostende his infidelibus, et libera me ab his inimicis meis. Sin minus, cœlos succendam, et te e throno detractum manibus meis lacerabo. Camden, having mentioned these blasphemies, adds, that Hacket pronounced others still more execrable. *Aliæque magis infanda.* *Conversus ad carnificem, laqueum admoventem,* Tunc, spurie, inquit, Hacketrum, regem tuum, suspendes? *Laqueo innodatus, oculis in cælum sublatis,* Hoccine, inquit *fren dens,* pro regno collato rependis? venio ulturus.

This historian observes, that Hacket and his two companions behaved impudently to the judges, and said they were above the

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the magistrates; that afterwards Hacket owned himself guilty, but spoke in so blasphemous a manner that he made the court tremble.

He was filled with hatred against queen Elizabeth; he would never pray for her; and his design was to rob her of her crown and life, and to change the whole form of government. He confessed to the judges, before whom he was tried, that he had stabbed the effigy of this princess to the heart, and that he never owned her for queen. A little before he was hanged he cursed her with all manner of imprecations.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market Mark-Lane.

	Feb. 28.	Mar. 3d.	7th	10th	14th	17th	21st
	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.	s. s.
Wheat, —	44 ^a 55	44 ^a 55	44 ^a 55	44 ^a 55	44 ^a 55	44 ^a 56	42 ^a 55
Rye, —	27	27	27	27	27	27 ^a 28	26 ^a 29
Barley, —	22 ^a 28	22 ^a 28	22 ^a 28	22 ^a 28	22 ^a 28	22 ^a 28	22 ^a 27
Oats, —	13 ^a 19	13 ^a 19	13 ^a 19	13 ^a 19	13 ^a 19	13 ^a 19	13 ^a 18
Mar. 24.	Wheat, 42 ^a 55s. Rye, 26 ^a 29s. Barley 22 ^a 27s. Oats, 13 ^a 18s.						

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having the Account of *S. Fosterhill*, with the Reflections on the Weighty Sentences which he uttered a little before he died; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be had of the editor, price 3d.

* * Any persons, who take in the *Monthly Ledger*, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the *Reviews*, and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the Editor of the *Monthly Ledger*, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

The letters, signed *Mentor*, *Eusebius*, *Cato*, *X Y Z*, and several other anonymous pieces, are received.

The Petition of the People called Quakers to the Commons of Great Britain, delivered the 28th of 2d Month last.

To the Commons of Great Britain in Parliament assembled.

The petition of the People called Quakers

Sheweth,

THAT your petitioners observe, by the votes, that a bill is brought into the house, intituled "A Bill to restrain the trade and commerce of the provinces of Massachusetts-Bay and New-Hampshire, and colonies of Connecticut and Rhode-Island, and Providence-plantation, in North-America, to Great-Britain, Ireland, and the British islands in the West-Indies, and to prohibit such provinces and colonies from carrying on any fishery on the banks of Newfoundland, or other places, therein to be mentioned, under certain conditions, and for a time to be limited."

VOL. II.

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That

That your petitioners are informed, in the island of Nantucket, on the coast of New-England, there are about five thousand inhabitants, nine-tenths of whom are of the people called Quakers.

That the said island is, for the most part, barren and sandy, not yielding provision for a twentieth part of its inhabitants.

That the inhabitants, almost wholly, depend on the whale-fishery for their subsistence, purchasing, with the produce of this occupation, grain, and other necessaries, from the neighbouring colonies.

That if the bill, now before the House, should pass into a law, these people would unavoidably be exposed to all the hardships of famine, as no provisions can be imported from any of the neighbouring colonies; and their trade, by which they subsist, will be totally prohibited.

That the said inhabitants, to the best of your petitioners information and belief, are intirely innocent in respect to the present disturbances in America: wherefore, in consideration of the miseries impending over so large a part of their brethren and others their fellow subjects in that island, and in the neighbourhood, under the like circumstances; your petitioners presume to entreat, with all due humility, that the said bill may not pass into a law, as, thereby, a most grievous punishment would be inflicted on the innocent, and a body of men, whose occupation is hazardous, their gains uncertain, and their labours necessary to themselves and the community, would be subjected to inevitable ruin and destruction.

An Address and Petition delivered to the King, on the 17th of the 3d Month last, by John Fothergill, M. D. David Barclay, Thomas Corbys, and Jacob Hagen.

To GEORGE the THIRD, King of Great Britain, and the Dominions thereto belonging, the ADDRESS and PETITION of the People called Quakers.

"May it please the King!

"**G**RATEFULLY sensible of the protection and indulgence we enjoy under thy government, and, with hearts full of anxious concern for thy happiness and the prosperity of this great empire, we beg leave to approach thy royal presence.

"Prompted by the affection we bear to our brethren and fellow-subjects; impressed with an apprehension of calamities in which the whole British empire may be involved; and moved by an ardent desire to promote thy royal intention of effecting a happy reconciliation with thy people in America, we beseech thy gracious regard to our petition.

"From the intercourse subsisting between us and our brethren abroad, for the advancement of piety and virtue, we are persuaded there are not, in thy extensive dominions, subjects more loyal and more zealously attached to thy royal person, thy family, and government, than in the provinces of America, and amongst all religious denominations.

"We presume not to justify excesses committed, nor to enquire into the causes which may have produced them; but, influenced by the principles of that religion which proclaims 'peace on earth and good-will to men,' we humbly beseech thee to stay the sword; that means may be tried to effect, without blood-shed and all the evils of intestine war, a firm and lasting union with our fellow-subjects in America.

"Great and arduous as the task may appear, we trust men may be found in this country, and in America, who, properly authorized, would, with a zeal and ardour becoming an object so important, endeavour to compose the present differences, and establish a happy and permanent reconciliation, on that firm foundation, the reciprocal interest of each part of the British empire.

"That the Almighty, by whom kings reign, and princes decree justice, may make thee the happy instrument of perpetuating harmony and concord through the several parts of thy extensive dominions; that thy clemency and magnanimity may be admired in future generations, and a long succession of thy descendants fill, with honour to themselves and happiness to a grateful people, the throne of their ancestors, is the fervent prayer of thy faithful subjects."

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

The CONTRAST.

A Pastoral Ode, by C. F.

CEASE, Cupid, cease; thy fatal
shafts restrain,
Thy shafts, the cause of young Sylvan-
der's pain;

Or let, at least, a more propitious dart,
Incline to love Daphne's harden'd heart.
For her the shepherd, once so blithe and
gay.

In unavailing sadness pines away.
No longer now the flow'ry plains in-
vite,

No more the vernal fragrance yields de-
light;

The rural pastimes, or the shepherd's
lavs,

Though once delightful, now no longer
please.

Beneath yon willow, bending o'er the
brook,

Which in soft murmurs slowly glides
along,

The drooping swain reclines upon his
crook,

And in sad accents pours his mournful
song.

As, when the night its dreary gloom
displays,

Sad Philomela chaunts her plaintive tale,
All nature listens to her moving
lays,

Save the soft zephyr whispering through
the vale.

Not so Philander, happy swain!

No carking cares, or hea-t-felt pain,

His peaceful joys molest

Brisk as the lark that cheers the morn,

Or bullfinch twitt'ring from the thorn,

When Phœbus sinks to rest.

While, o'er the plain diffus'd, his cattle
ferd,

The shepherd sweetly tun'd his oaten
reed:

The birds around in list'ning silence
throng,

And, by his notes, improve their native
song.

Bright shines the source of day!

In his beams the insects play.

All the colours of the bow

On their lucid pinions glow,

Vol. II.

As they flutter, as they fly,
Glitt'ring in the dazzled eye:

But, should some cloud's extended shade
Obstruct the beaming light,
Their vivid colours sudden fade
Upon the gazer's sight
Yet still they flutter, sport, and play,
Happy still, though not so gay.

Thus when my dear Myra, with innocent
wiles,

And pleasure that beams in her eye,
Enlivens my heart with her heavenly
smiles,

What shepherd so happy as I!

The lowing herds, the bleating
flocks,

The waving wood, the craggy rocks,
The gliding streams, and shady
groves,

Cawing rooks, and cooing doves,—
Ev'ry thing I hear or see

Joins to yield felicity.

Fair Flora, who strews with soft flowers
the ground,

And with odours embalms the soft air;
Say, where can a happier shepherd be
found,

Or a damsel more sprightly and fair?

But from my bower should the nymph
remove,

And her gay form no longer meet my
view,

I stray not, pensive, through the lonely
grove,

Nor seek the covert of a mournful yew;
But take my pipe, and, cheerful, play,
Happy still, though not so gay.

The 65th Psalm versified.

LET praise to thee, Almighty Sove-
reign, rise,

Who fix'd the mountains, and who
sprad the skies;

Who, o'er thy works extend'st paternal
care,

Whose kind protection all the nations
share,

From the glad climes, whence morn, in
beauty urest,

Forth goes rejoicing to the farthest west.

On thee alone their sole dependence lies,

And thy rich mercy every want supplies.

O! thou

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O! thou great Author of th' extended
whole,
Revolving seasons praise thee as they
roll.

By thee, spring, summer, autumn,
winter, rise;
Thou giv'st the frowning, thou the smi-
ling, skies.

At thy command the soft'ning show'r
distills,

And genial warmth the teeming furrow
fills:

Then sav'ring sunshine o'er the clime
extends,

And, blest by thee, the vernal blade
ascends.

Then spring's gay produce clothes the
flow'ry hills,

And joy the wood, and joy the valley
fills.

Then soon thy bounty swells the golden
ear,

And yellow harvest crowns the fruitful
year.

Thee, all thy works conspicuous worship
raise,

And nature's face proclaims her Maker's
praise.

The Vanity of Wealth.

NO more thus, brooding o'er you
heap,

With avarice painful vigils keep;

Still unenjoyed the present store,

Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.

O! quit the shadow, catch the prize,

Which not all India's treasure buys!

To purchase heaven has gold the pow'r?

Can gold remove the mortal hour?

In life, can love be bought with gold?

Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?

No; all that's worth a wish, a thought,

Fair virtue gives, unbrib'd, unbought.

Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,

Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wondrous
way,

Or learn the muses moral lay;

In social hours indulge thy soul,

Where mirth and temperance mix the
bowl;

To virtuous love resign thy breast,
And be thy blessing, beauty blest'd.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,

Ere youth and all its joys are fled;

Come taste, with me, the balm of life,

Secure from pomp, and wealth and strife.

I boast what'er for man was meant,

In health, and Stella, and content;

And scorn, oh! let that scorn be thine,
Mere things of clay, that dig the mine.
RUSTICANUS.

H O R. Lib. 1. Ode XXII.

Innocentiam ubique tutam esse.

FUSCUS, the man that vice does
shun,

And in the paths of virtue run,
Needs not the Maurian darts to throw,

Nor wants to bear the twanging bow.

Whether o'er burning sands he goes,

Or Caucasus, hid deep in snows;

Or where the fam'd Hydaspes glides,

And, flowing, pours its wat'ry tides.

As, wand'ring through the Sabine grove,

Musing on Lalage and love,

A grizly wolf did me espy,

The wolf from me unarm'd did fly.

Not such a horrid monster roves,

In warlike Daunia's spreading groves,

Nor is his match in Juba's space,

Producer of the lion race.

Me to the barren plains convey,

Remote from Sol's enlivening ray;

Place me beneath the torrid zone,

Deserts to human steps unknown,

My Lalage shall ease my toils,

That sweetly speaks and sweetly smiles,

J. H.

An ENIGMA.

AT TEND unto me, all you youthful
fair,

Mark well the many characters I bear:

On you, the fair, I constantly attend;

Am to the faithful known to be a friend.

Friendship without me cannot be com-

plete,

At feasts a guest, yet never known to

eat.

Life's not without me, though it can't be

said

That e'er I liv'd, or found amongst the

dead.

Although in fear, with justice I may say,

I'm always seen the foremost in a fray.

To make a thief I always do assist,

Yet I in thieving never did exist;

Though flutes and fiddles do of me par-

take,

'Twas never known that music I could

make.

Although I say with friendship I am found,

Yet I with falsehood also do abound.

All I'll observe, that I attend on fame,

And therefore leave you now to guess my

name,

J. A.

AN

An answer to the following juvenile performance is requested from the pen of some youthful correspondent.

A.

E N I G M A.

IN spring, when Phœbus, with his cheerful ray,
Expell'd the night, and usher'd in the day;
Fair Sylvia hasten'd to the shady grove,
To meet the youth that's blest with Sylvia's love:
She found him seated by the purling brook,
And near him lay his pipe and shepherd's crook;
Around his feet the sportive lambkins play'd,
And trees around him form'd a lovely shade:
There, then, I dwelt,—O! happy, happy day!
Close by my parents' side I us'd to play:
But ah! how short—how transient earthly bliss!
(There's none once happy but experience this!)
Starch had the earth with steady motion run,
"Her stated period round the central sun,"
When fate compell'd my fire and me to roam,
Far from our native soil—our native home!
Now change the scene, ye pleasing joys, adieu!
What horrid tortures open to my view;
Arm'd with a knife a bloody monster stands,
Who seizes my fire with unrelenting hands;
Nor can his tears the wretch with pity move,
My parent dies, and I am left to rove!
And now fresh torments I am doom'd to bear,
From dreadful engines which my foes prepare.
But cease, my pen,—no more of racks and pain,
For by these torments I new freedom gain.
When thundering Mars, enrag'd, from fiery car
The trumpet sounds, and calls his sons to war;
With them I take the field, no danger fear,
Nor pointed javelin mind, nor glitt'ring spear.

'Tis I aloud, proclaim the fight begun,
Nor cease my thunder, till the fight is done;
Nor am I to the field confin'd alone,
At wakes, and fairs, and shows, my power is known:
The wealthy merchants too confess my aid,
To keep his books, and cross his debts when paid;
A friend to lawyers, and a friend to laws:
But now adieu—permit me to withdraw.

The S P R I N G.

NOW that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or casts an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream:
But the warm sun thaws the benumbed earth
And makes it tender, gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow, wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo and the humble bee.
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph, to the world, the youthful Spring:
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd-for May.
Now all things smile; only my love doth low'r:
Nor hath the scalding noon-day sun the power
To melt that marble ice, which still doth hold
Her heart congeal'd, and makes her pity cold.
The ox, which lately did for shelter fly
Into the stall, doth now securely lie
In open fields: and love no more is made
By the fire-side; but in the cooler shade
Amyntas now doth with his Chloris sleep
Under a sycamore, and all things keep
Time with the season; only the doth carry
June in her eyes, in her heart January.

T. C.

AVERAGE.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From March 13, to March 18, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	3	3	3	3	0	2	0	3	6

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	8	—	—	3	2	2	4	3	3
Surry,	6	9	3	4	3	4	2	5	4	2
Hertford,	7	1	—	—	3	4	2	4	3	8
Bedford,	7	4	4	10	3	3	2	2	3	3
Cambridge,	6	10	3	9	3	1	2	0	2	9
Huntingdon,	7	0	—	—	3	3	2	1	3	2
Northampton,	7	8	5	2	3	9	2	1	3	5
Rutland,	7	4	—	—	3	8	2	4	3	3
Leicester,	7	6	5	1	4	0	2	1	3	10
Nottingham,	6	7	5	1	3	8	2	2	3	11
Derby,	7	1	—	—	4	1	2	6	4	0
Stafford,	7	7	—	—	4	0	2	0	4	3
Salop,	7	2	5	4	3	8	2	0	4	6
Hereford,	6	5	—	—	3	3	2	0	3	9
Worcester,	7	5	5	2	3	8	2	5	3	9
Warwick,	7	5	—	—	4	0	2	6	5	2
Gloucester,	7	10	—	—	3	7	2	4	4	4
Wiltshire,	6	10	—	—	3	1	2	5	4	6
Berks,	7	1	—	—	3	2	2	3	3	9
Oxford,	7	8	—	—	3	5	2	5	4	2
Bucks,	7	2	—	—	3	5	2	2	3	3

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	9	3	2	3	3	2	2	3	2
Suffolk,	6	0	3	0	2	11	2	0	2	10
Norfolk,	5	11	3	7	2	9	2	0	3	4
Lincoln,	6	2	4	3	3	2	1	9	3	2
York,	6	3	4	10	3	4	2	1	3	4
Durham,	5	11	—	—	3	2	2	0	3	9
Northumberland,	5	5	3	11	3	1	2	0	3	10
Cumberland,	6	0	4	4	3	0	2	0	3	11
Westmoreland,	7	0	—	—	3	0	2	1	3	8
Lancashire,	6	5	—	—	3	2	2	3	3	6
Cheshire,	6	7	—	—	4	2	2	4	—	—
Monmouth,	7	1	—	—	3	3	1	10	3	7
Somerset,	7	2	—	—	3	0	2	0	3	1
Devon,	6	6	—	—	3	1	1	7	—	—
Cornwall,	6	7	—	—	3	5	1	10	—	—
Dorset,	6	9	—	—	2	10	2	3	3	10
Hampshire,	6	10	—	—	3	1	2	4	3	5
Suffex,	6	5	—	—	2	11	2	1	3	4
Kent,	6	5	—	—	3	5	2	3	3	0

From March 6, to March 11, 1775.

W A L E S.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans

s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d. s. d.

North Wales, | 6 2 | 4 0 | 3 1 | 1 7 | 3 7

South Wales, | 5 3 | 3 3 | 3 0 | 1 5 | 3 4

Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans Big.

5 2 | 3 9 | 2 8 | 2 1 | 2 8 | 2 4

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For February, 1775.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1 S.	stormy	29 ² / ₁₆	49 50	Showery.
2 S.W.	stormy	29 ⁴ / ₁₆	46 48	Heavy showers.
3 S.S.W.	strong	29 ⁶ / ₁₆	48 51	Cloudy with flying showers.
4 S.W.	stormy	29 ⁸ / ₁₆	50 53	Heavy showers.
5 N.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₆	44 46	Frosty.
6 S.W.	strong	30	44 ¹ / ₂ 48	Flying showers.
7 W.	strong	29 ¹² / ₁₆	48 52	Cloudy.
8 S.W.	strong	29 ¹⁴ / ₁₆	49 51	Heavy showers.
9 W.	strong	29 ¹⁶ / ₁₆	48 49 ¹ / ₂	Heavy hail and rain with thunder
10 W.	fresh	29 ¹⁸ / ₁₆	46 50	Foren. fair, aftern. rain, moonlight.
11 W.	strong	29 ²⁰ / ₁₆	48 ¹ / ₂ 49	Heavy showers of rain and hail.
12 S.W.	strong	29	48 50	Hail-showers with rain.
13 S.W.	fresh	28 ¹⁰ / ₁₆	48 49 ¹ / ₂	Slight rain, at intervals sunshine.
14 W.N.W.	little	29 ¹² / ₁₆	45 ¹ / ₂ 47	Fair, at night some rain.
15 W.	fresh	29 ¹⁴ / ₁₆	46 48	Fair.
16 S.	stormy	29 ¹⁶ / ₁₆	45 47 ¹ / ₂	Cloudy, afternoon showery.
17 W.N.W.	stormy	29 ¹⁸ / ₁₆	43 ¹ / ₂ 45	Cloudy and showery.
18 W.N.W.	strong	30	43 44	Fair.
19 W.	fresh	30	44 45 ¹ / ₂	Fair.
20 S.W.	strong	30 ² / ₁₆	44 48	Fair.
21 S.W.	strong	30	42 ¹ / ₂ 45	Rainy.
22 W.N.W.	fresh	30 ⁴ / ₁₆	42 43 ¹ / ₂	Fair.
23 S.W.	strong	30	43 46	Rainy.
24 W.	fresh	30	48 50 ¹ / ₂	Fair.
25 W.	fresh	30	46 48	Bright day.
26 W.	little	29 ¹⁰ / ₁₆	46 50	Brilliant day and frosty night.
27 N.W.	little	30	48 51	Ditto.
28 S.S.W.	fresh	30	46 51 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.

PRICES

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S .

Fe. 26	BANK Stock.	E. India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	Old S. Sea Stock.	Annuity.	Reduced.	3 per Cent.	3 per Cent.	3 per Cent.	E. I. An.	1751.	1758.	4 per Cent.	Long Annuity.	Had Bonded Na. Etc. prem.	
26	Sunday.	153	—	—	85a86	88a1	88a1	85	—	—	—	—	9a1	25a1	57a58	2
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28	144a143	153	—	—	—	88a1	88a1	—	—	—	—	—	9a1	—	57a58	4
29	144a143	153	—	—	—	88a1	88a1	—	—	—	—	—	9a1	—	57a58	5
30	144a143	153	—	—	—	88a1	88a1	—	—	—	—	—	9a1	—	57a58	6
31	144a143	153	—	—	—	88a1	88a1	—	—	—	—	—	9a1	—	57a58	7
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2	144a143	153	—	—	—	88a1	88a1	—	—	—	—	—	9a1	—	57a58	9
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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

On the dreadful Effects of Wars, in a Letter to a Lord.



THE first accounts we have of mankind are but accounts of their butcheries of each other. All empires have been cemented in blood; and in those early periods, when the race of mankind began to form themselves into parties and combinations, the first effect of the combination is their mutual destruction. All ancient history is dark and uncertain. One thing, however, is clear: there were conquerors, and conquests, in those days; and, consequently, all that devastation by which they are formed, and all that oppression by which they are maintained. We know little of Sesostris, but that he led out of Egypt an army of above 700,000 men; that he over-ran the Mediterranean coast as far as Colchis; that in some places he met but little resistance, and of course shed not a great deal of blood; but, that he found, in others, a people who knew the value of their liberties and sold them dear. Whoever considers the army this conqueror headed, the space he traversed, and the opposition he frequently met; with the natural accidents of sickness, and the dearth and badness of provision he must have been subject to in

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the variety of climates and countries his march lay through, if he knows any thing, he must know, that even the conqueror's army must have suffered greatly; and that, of this immense number, but a very small part could have returned to enjoy the plunder accumulated by the loss of so many of their companions, and the devastation of so considerable a part of the world. If this was the state of the victorious, (and, from the circumstances, it must have been this at the least,) the conquered, those nations who lost their liberty, and those who fought for it, together, must have had a much heavier loss. They must have lost, at least, double that number, as the greatest slaughter is always in the flight, and great carnage did, in those times and countries, ever attend the first rage of conquest. This conqueror, the oldest we have on the records of history, (though, as we have observed before, the chronology of these remote times is extremely uncertain,) opens the scene by a destruction of, at least, 1,800,000 of his species, unprovoked but by his ambition, without any motives but pride, cruelty, and madness, and without any benefit to himself, (for Justin expressly tells us, he did not maintain his conquests,) but solely to make so many people, in so distant countries, feel experimentally how severe a scourge Providence intends for the human race, when he gives one man the power over many, and arms his naturally impotent and feeble rage with the hands of millions, who know no common principle of action, but a blind obedience to the passions of their ruler.

The next personage, who figures in the tragedies of this ancient theatre, is Semiramis: for we have no particulars of Ninus, but that he made immense and rapid conquests, which, doubtless, were not compassed without the usual carnage. We hear of her army of above three millions employed in a war against the Indians. We hear of their having a yet greater, and of a war continued with much fury, and with various success. This ends in an account of her retreat, with scarce a third of the troops employed in the expedition, which, at this rate, must have cost two millions of souls on her part; and it is not unreasonable to judge that the country, which was the seat of war, must have been an equal sufferer. Its loss must in this way of computation be two millions more. So that in this war alone, (for she had other wars,) in this single reign, and in this one spot of the globe, did four millions of souls expire, with all the horrid and shocking circumstances which attend all wars, and in a quarrel, in which none of the sufferers could have the least rational concern.

The Babylonian, Assyrian, Median, and Persian monarchies must have poured out seas of blood in their formation,

and

and in their destruction. The armies and fleets of Xerxes, their numbers, the glorious stand made against them, and the unfortunate event of all his mighty preparations, are known to every body. In this expedition, gleaned half Asia of its inhabitants, he led an army of about two millions, to be slaughtered and wasted by a thousand fatal accidents, in the same place where his predecessors had before, by a similar madness, consumed the flower of so many kingdoms, and wasted the force of so extensive an empire. It is a cheap calculation to say, that the Persian empire, in its wars against the Greeks and Scythians, threw away, at least, four millions of their subjects, to say nothing of their other wars, and the losses sustained in them. These were their losses abroad, but the war was brought home to them, first by Agesilaus, and afterwards, by Alexander. I have not, in this retreat, the books necessary to make very exact calculations; nor is it necessary to give more than hints to one of your lordship's erudition. You will recollect his uninterrupted series of success. You will run over his battles. You will call to mind the carnage which was made. You will give a glance on the whole, and you will agree with me, that, to form this hero, no less than twelve hundred thousand lives must have been sacrificed; but no sooner had he fallen himself a sacrifice to his vices, than a thousand breaches were made for ruin to enter, and give the last hand to this scene of misery and destruction. His kingdom was rent and divided, which served to employ the more distinct parts to tear each other to pieces, and bury the whole in blood and slaughter. The kings of Syria and of Egypt, the kings of Pergamius and Macedon, without intermission worried each other for above two hundred years; until, at last, a strong power, arising in the west, rushed in upon them and silenced their tumults, by involving all the contending parties in the same destruction. It is little to say, that the contentions between the successors of Alexander depopulated that part of the world of at least three millions.

The struggle between the Macedonians and Greeks, and, before that, the disputes of the Greek commonwealths among themselves, for an unprofitable superiority, form one of the bloodiest scenes in history. One is astonished how such a small spot could furnish men sufficient to sacrifice to the pitiful ambition of possessing five or six thousand more acres, or two or three more villages; yet to see the acrimony and bitterness with which this was disputed between the Athenians and Lacedemonians; what armies cut off; what fleets sunk and burnt; what a number of cities sacked, and their inhabitants slaughtered and captived; one would be in-

duced to believe the decision of the fate of mankind, at least, depended upon it! But these disputes ended as all such ever have done, and ever will do, in a real weakness of all parties; a momentary shadow and dream of power in some one; and the subjection of all to the yoke of a stranger, who knows how to profit of their divisions. This, at least, was the case of the Greeks; and sure, from the earliest accounts of them to their absorption into the Roman empire, we cannot judge that their intestine divisions, to say nothing of their foreign wars, consumed less than three millions of their inhabitants.

What an Aceldama, what a field of blood, Sicily has been in ancient times, whilst the mode of its government was controverted between the republican and tyrannical parties, and the possession struggled for by the natives, the Greeks, the Carthaginians, and the Romans, your lordship will easily recollect. You will remember the total destruction of such bodies as an army of 300,000 men. You will find every page of its history dyed in blood, and blotted and confounded by tumults, rebellions, massacres, assassinations, proscriptions, and a series of horror beyond the histories, perhaps, of any other nation in the world; though the histories of all nations are made up of similar matter. I once more excuse myself in point of exactness for want of books. But I shall estimate the slaughters in this island but at two millions; which your lordship will find much short of the reality.

Let us pass by the wars, and the consequences of them, which wasted Grecia-Magna, before the Roman power prevailed in that part of Italy. They are perhaps exaggerated, therefore I shall only rate them at one million. Let us hasten to open that great scene which establishes the Roman empire, and forms the grand catastrophe of the ancient drama. This empire, whilst in its infancy, began by an effusion of human blood scarcely credible. The neighbouring little states teemed for new destruction: the Sabines, the Samnites, the Æqui, the Volsci, the Hetrurians, were broken by a series of slaughters, which had no interruption, for some hundreds of years; slaughters, which, upon all sides, consumed more than two millions of the wretched people. The Gauls, rushing into Italy, about this time, added the total destruction of their own armies to those of the ancient inhabitants. In short, it were hardly possible to conceive a more horrid and bloody picture, if that of the Punic wars, that ensued soon after, did not present one that far exceeds it. Here we find that climax of devastation and ruin which seemed to shake the whole earth. The extent of this war, which embraced so many nations, and both elements, and the havock of the human species caused in

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both, really astonishes beyond expression, when it is nakedly considered, and those matters which are apt to divert our attention from it, the characters, actions, and designs, of the persons concerned, are not taken into the account. These wars, I mean those called the Punic wars, could not have stood the human race in less than five millions of the species. And yet this forms but a part only, and a very small part, of the havock caused by the Roman ambition. The Mithridatic war was very little less bloody; that prince cut off at one stroke 150,000 Romans by a massacre. In that war Sylla destroyed 300,000 men at Cheronea. The same commander defeated Mithridates' army under Dorilaus, and slew 300,000. The same prince lost another 300,000 before Cyzicum. In the course of the war he had innumerable other losses, and, having many intervals of success, he revenged them severely. He was at last totally overthrown, and he crushed to pieces the king of Armenia, his ally, by the greatness of his ruin. All who had connexions with him shared the same fate. The merciless genius of Sylla had its full scope; and the streets of Athens were not the only ones which ran with blood. At this period, the sword, glutted with foreign slaughter, turned its edge upon the bowels of the Roman republic itself; and presented a scene of cruelties and treasons enough almost to obliterate the memory of all the external devastations. I intended, my lord, to have proceeded, in a sort of method, in estimating the numbers of mankind cut off in these wars which we have on record. But I am obliged to alter my design. Such a tragical uniformity of havock and murder would disgust your lordship as much as it would me; and I confess I already feel my eyes ach by keeping them so long intent on so bloody a prospect. I shall observe little on the Servile, the Social, the Gallic, and Spanish wars; nor upon those with Jugurtha, nor Antiochus, nor many others equally important, and carried on with equal fury. The butcheries of Julius Cæsar alone are calculated by somebody else; the numbers he has been a means of destroying have been reckoned at 1,200,000. But to give your lordship an idea that may serve as a standard, by which to measure, in some degree, the others, you will turn your eyes on Judea; a very inconsiderable spot of the earth in itself, though ennobled by the singular events which had their rise in that country.

This spot happened, it matters not here by what means, to become at several times extremely populous, and to supply men for slaughters scarcely credible, if other well-known and well-attested ones had not given them a colour. The first settling of the Jews here was attended by an almost entire extirpation

tirpation of all the former inhabitants. Their own civil wars, and those with their petty neighbours, consumed vast multitudes, almost every year, for several centuries; and the irruptions of the kings of Babylon and Assyria made immense ravages. Yet we have their history but partially, in an indistinct confused manner; so that I shall only throw the strong point of light upon that part which coincides with Roman history, and of that part only on the point of time when they received the great and final stroke which made them no more a nation; a stroke, which is allowed to have cut off little less than two millions of that people. I say nothing of the loppings made from that stock whilst it stood, nor from the suckers that grew out of the old root ever since. But if, in this inconsiderable part of the globe, such a carnage has been made in two or three short reigns, and that this carnage, great as it is, makes but a minute part of what the histories of that people inform us they suffered, what shall we judge of countries more extended, and which have waged wars by far more considerable?

Instances of this sort compose the uniform of history. But there have been periods when no less than universal destruction to the race of mankind seems to have been threatened. When the Goths, the Vandals, and the Huns, poured into Gaul, Italy, Spain, Greece, and Africa, carrying destruction before them as they advanced, and leaving horrid desarts every where behind them. *Vastum ubique silentium, secreti colles; fumantia procul tellus; nemo exploratoribus obuius*, is what Tacitus calls *facies victoriae*. It is always so; but was here emphatically so. From the north proceeded the swarms of Goths, Vandals, Huns, Ostrogoths, who ran towards the south into Africa itself, which suffered as all to the north had done. About this time another torrent of barbarians, animated by the same fury, and encouraged by the same success, poured out of the south, and ravaged all to north-east and west, to the remotest part of Persia on one hand, and to the banks of the Loire, or farther, on the other; destroying all the proud and curious monuments of human art, that not even the memory might seem to survive of the former inhabitants. What has been done since, and what will continue to be done whilst the same inducements to war continue, I shall not dwell upon. I shall only in one word mention the horrid effects of bigotry and avarice in the conquest of Spanish America; a conquest, on a low estimation, effected by the murder of ten millions of the species. I shall draw to a conclusion of this part, by making a general calculation of the whole. I think I have actually mentioned above forty millions. I have not particularized any more. I do not pretend to exactness; therefore, for the sake of a general

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ral view, I shall lay together all those actually slain in battles, from the beginning of the world to this day, in the four parts of it, only at a thousand times as much; a trifling calculation, allowing for time and extent. We have not, perhaps, spoke of the five-hundredth part, I am sure I have not of what is actually ascertained in history; but how much of these butcheries are only expressed in generals, what part of time history has never reached, and what vast spaces of the habitable globe it has not embraced, I need not mention to your lordship. I have no need to exaggerate; and I have purposely avoided a parade of eloquence on this occasion. I should despise it upon any occasion; else, in mentioning these slaughters, it is obvious how much the whole might be heightened by an affecting description of the horrors that attend the wasting of kingdoms and sacking of cities. But I do not write to the vulgar, nor to that which only governs the vulgar, their passions. I go upon a naked and moderate calculation, just enough, without a pedantical exactness, to give your lordship some feeling of the effects of political society. I charge the whole of these effects on political society. I avow the charge, and shall presently make it good to your lordship's satisfaction. The numbers I particularized are about forty millions. I suppose a thousand times as many killed in battles. But I must make another addition, not less than the former, for the consequences of wars, in skirmishes, massacres, the contagious disorders, and the famine which attend them, more destructive than battles themselves. So that, allowing me in my exuberance one way for my deficiencies in others, I rate the destruction, caused by war, at eighty thousand millions. I think the numbers of men now upon earth are computed at 500 millions, at the most. Here the slaughter of mankind, on what you will call a small calculation, amounts to 160 times the number of souls this day on the globe. A point which may furnish matter of reflection to one less inclined to draw consequences than your lordship.

I now come to shew, that political society is justly chargeable with much the greatest part of this destruction of the species. But, to give the fairest play to every side of the question, I will own that there is a haughtiness and fierceness in human nature which will cause innumerable broils, place men in what state you please; but, owning this, I still insist in charging to political regulations, that these broils are so frequent, so cruel, and attended with so deplorable consequences. In a state of nature, it would be impossible to join together a number of men, sufficiently agreed in the same bloody design, necessary to make a very extensive havock of their species; and if they would come to such an agreement, (an impossible supposition,) yet

yet the means, that simple nature has supplied them with, are by no means adequate to such a purpose; many scratches, many bruises, undoubtedly would be received upon all hands; but only a few, a very few deaths. Society, and politics, which have given us these destructive views, have given us too the means of satisfying them. From the earliest dawnings of policy, to this day, the invention of men has been sharpening and improving the mystery of murder, from the first rude essays of clubs and stones, to the present perfection of gunnery, cannoning, bombarding, ruining, and all these species of artificial, learned, and refined, cruelty, at which we are now so expert, and which make a principal part of what politicians have taught us to believe is our principal glory.

On the Abuse of Civilization.

UNHAPPILY for us, in proportion as we have deviated from the plain rule of our nature, and turned our reason against itself, in that proportion have we increased the follies and miseries of mankind. The more deeply we penetrate into the labyrinth of art, the farther we find ourselves from those ends for which we entered it. This has happened in almost every species of artificial society, and in all times. We found, or we thought we found, an inconvenience in having every man the judge of his own cause. Therefore judges were set up at first with discretionary powers. But it was soon found a miserable slavery to have our lives and properties precarious, and hanging upon the arbitrary determination of any one man, or set of men. We flew to laws as a remedy for this evil. By these we persuaded ourselves we might know, with some certainty, upon what ground we stood. But, lo! differences arose upon the sense and interpretation of these laws. Thus we were brought back to our old incertitude. New laws were made to expound the old, and new difficulties arose upon the new laws; as words multiplied, opportunities of cavilling upon them multiplied also. Then recourse was had to notes, comments, glosses, reports, *responsa prudentum*, learned readings. Eagle stood against eagle. Authority was set up against authority. Some were allured by the modern, others revered the ancient. The new were more enlightened, the old were more venerable. Some adopted the comment, others stuck to the text. The confusion increased, the mist thickened, until it could be discovered no longer what was allowed or forbidden, what things were in property, and what common. In this uncertainty, (uncertain even to the professors, an

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Egyptian darkness to the rest of mankind,) the contending parties felt themselves more effectually ruined by the delay, than they could have been by the injustice, of any decision. Our inheritances are become a prize for disputation; and disputes and litigations are become an inheritance.

The professors of artificial law have always walked hand in hand with the professors of artificial theology. As their end, in confounding the reason of man and abridging his natural freedom, is exactly the same, they have adjusted the means to that end in a way entirely similar. The divine thunders out his anathemas, with more noise and terror, against the breach of one of his positive institutions or the neglect of some of his trivial forms, than against the neglect or breach of those duties and commandments of natural religion, which, by these forms and institutions, he pretends to enforce. The lawyer has his forms and his positive institutions too, and he adheres to them with a veneration altogether as religious. The worst cause cannot be so prejudicial to the litigant as his advocate's or attorney's ignorance or neglect of these forms. A law-suit is like an ill-managed dispute, in which the first object is soon out of sight, and the parties end upon a matter wholly foreign to that on which they began. In a law-suit, the question is, who has a right to a certain house or farm? And this question is daily determined, not upon the evidences of the right, but upon the observance or neglect of some forms of words, in use amongst them; of which there is, even amongst themselves, such a disagreement, that the most experienced veterans in the profession can never be positively assured that they are not mistaken.

Let us expostulate with these learned sages, these priests of the sacred temple of justice. Are we judges of our own property? By no means. You, then, who are initiated into the mysteries of the blindfold goddess, inform me whether I have a right to eat the bread I have earned by the hazard of my life or the sweat of my brow. The grave doctor answers me in the affirmative; the reverend serjeant replies in the negative; the learned barrister reasons upon one side and upon the other, and concludes nothing. What shall I do? An antagonist starts up and presses me hard: I enter the field, and return these three persons to defend my cause. My cause, which two farmers from the plough could have decided in half an hour, takes the court twenty years. I am, however, at the end of my labour; and have, in reward for all my toil and vexation, a judgement in my favour. But hold — a sagacious commander in the adversary's army has found a flaw in the proceeding; my triumph is turned into mourning; I have used *or* instead of *and*, or some mistake, small in appearance but dreadful in its consequences,

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and have the whole of my success quashed in a writ of error, I remove my suit; I shift from court to court; I fly from equity to law, and from law to equity; equal uncertainty attends me every where; and a mistake, in which I had no share, decides at once upon my liberty and property, sending me from the court to a prison, and adjudging my family to beggary and famine. I am innocent, gentlemen, of the darkness and uncertainty of your science: I never darkened it with absurd and contradictory notions, nor confounded it with chicane and sophistry. You have excluded me from any share in the conduct of my own cause; the science was too deep for me; I acknowledged it; but it was too deep even for yourselves; you have made the way so intricate that you are yourselves lost in it: you err, and you punish me for your errors.

The delay of the law is a trite topic: and which of its abuses have not been too severely felt not to be often complained of? A man's property is to serve for the purposes of his support; and therefore to delay a determination, concerning that, is the worst injustice, because it cuts off the very end and purpose for which I applied to the judicature for relief. Quite contrary is it in case of a man's life; there the determination can hardly be too much protracted: mistakes, in this case, are as often fallen into as in any other; and, if the judgement is sudden, the mistakes are the most irretrievable of all others. Of this the gentlemen of the robe are themselves sensible, and they have brought it into a maxim: *de morte hominis nulla est cunctatio longa*. But what could have induced them to reverse the rules, and to contradict that reason which dictated them, I am utterly unable to guess. A point, concerning property, which ought, for the reasons I just mentioned, to be most speedily decided, frequently exercises the wit of successions of lawyers, for many generations. *Multa virum volvens durando sæcula vincit*. But the question, concerning a man's life, that great question, in which no delay ought to be counted tedious, is commonly determined in *twenty-four hours at the utmost*.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Am very much pleased with your essays on human life and manners; and, as I am never inclined to withhold pleasure, when I can, by any means, consistent with the laws of virtue, bestow it, I for that purpose become your correspondent: and you may think it may carry the appearance of vanity in me: but, to afford assistance to a work deserving of public encouragement and tending to general utility, can neither, if rightly considered,

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considered, be counted improper nor absurd. The complexion of the times gives but too much occasion for satire and remark; but I cannot avoid perceiving, that, notwithstanding all your moral and theological lectures, the world continues *in statu quo*, and the multitude bestows equal regard on delusive trifles as ever: however, there is one consolation, which must comfort every individual who endeavours to oppose the infatuation, that, though he cannot stop the current of the ocean with the hollow of his hand, he may prevent the pitcher on the table from over-setting: though he cannot influence the community at large, individuals, with whom he is unacquainted, and of whom he can never gain intelligence, may be turned from the error of their ways, and may be convinced of the impropriety of their conduct, and may, therefore, be more happy than they were before. The effect of an action will never be considered, but the intent of it: if, therefore, writers really mean the general good, they merit the encouragement and approbation of mankind, and will constantly find that happiness which results from a consciousness of rectitude. On this principle I propose occasionally to become your correspondent, if you think this worthy a place in your Literary Repository.

TITUS.

THE SPECULATOR.

NUMBER VII.

*Nil non permittit mulier sibi, turpe putat nil,
Cum virides gemmas collo circumdedit, et cum
Auribus extensis magnos commisit elenchos.*

JUV. SAT. vi. V. 457.

*The gaudy gossip, when she's set agog,
In jewels drest, and at each ear a bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of pride,
Thinks all she says or does is justify'd.* DRYDEN.

MY situation in life is such as affords me frequent opportunities of observing how very improperly the daughters of low tradesmen and mechanics are educated, at boarding-schools for young ladies, as they are termed; where miss, under the care of her governess, assumes all the little airs of high rank, and learns to despise "the rock from which she was hewn."

Almost every village round London has one or two of these seminaries, with the common inscription, *Young Ladies boarded and educated*; and pompous advertisements are handed about,

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importing,

importing, that, at such a place, they will be genteely treated, and taught French, dancing, &c. by able masters. Hither, then, the alehouse-keeper, shoe-maker, blacksmith, and those of other menial professions, run with their daughters, caught by the common bait, the low terms of boarding, and hurried away by a false notion, that they will here be qualified for superior stations in life.

The intention is laudable; and it is much to be lamented, that the very means they take for their daughters promotion should defeat the purpose; but so it is: for no sooner does miss enter the walls of the school, but she commences *young lady*, learns, like the daughter of the first viscount in the kingdom, to call her mistress governess, (for mistress is too vulgar a term for a young lady to make use of,) and soon becomes an adept in the art of making up a few gewgaws, with coarse thread and catgut, so as to resemble a Brussels lace; add to these the pernicious custom of learning to dance, and you have a complete list of her accomplishments: the natural consequence of which is, that miss, unqualified in the useful arts of life and uninformed in her judgement, oft quits her parents peaceable habitation for the noisy riot of a licentious ball of apprentices, where she is exposed (as many a young lady has been, at those places) to the wicked designs of the experienced debauchee, who gains his purpose, and too late makes the fond parents lament that their daughter was not taught rather how to wash the floor than to dance upon it. Besides this, the whole plan of their education (copied after those of the schools for the children of the nobility and gentry) is much more likely to prevent their being good members of society than to make them so; and it is more probable that the propensity, natural to young minds, to show and dress, will, by these means, be nourished, rather than the praiseworthy ambition of excelling as good housewives. — Suppose one of these ladies married to an honest tradesman, who wants some assistance in his shop: — Can he expect that she will submit to stand behind the counter to weigh soap or give out a farthing candle? No: him, and his nasty business too, she soon most heartily despises; and, with a mind unprincipled, except in the lessons of pride and vanity, waits impatiently to be taken into keeping by any one who will give her a well-trimmed cap, silk-gown, or ruffles.

If this be true, which experience convinces us there is too much reason to believe, might not an eligible plan be pitched upon for the education of such girls, under the management of sober discreet women, who have established a good reputation, as housekeepers in large families? I think we may safely conclude, a decent appearance, modest demeanor, submissive be-

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behaviour to superiors, and every qualification, towards furnishing them with the means for gaining a comfortable subsistence, would be acquired much better, in such a situation, than can possibly be expected from the present fashionable mode of education. Here the needle might be well employed in all kinds of plain-work; a competent knowledge of figures might be acquired; and good instructions be afforded them in the useful parts of pastry and cookery: and I should suppose, that, to be sometimes employed in weaving lace and *getting-up* linen, would be more likely to promote them suitably in future life than the arts of curtesying and dancing a minuet. They might also, at a proper period, take upon them, (under judicious restrictions,) by rotation, a part in the management of the family: by these means, the industrious parent and husband might expect much comfort and assistance from their daughters and wives, instead of being encumbered with such a half-formed useless animal as Timothy Spendlove complains of in the following letter, inserted for my reader's perusal.

To the SPECULATOR.

S I R,

ONE false step, they say, sometimes prevents another; and I really wish others may take warning from my harms. That they may, I do not know that I can do better than publish my Case.

You must know, then, that I am a young man, and have been settled in a country shop about two years. I was in a fair way of doing well, had I not got married, God help me, to a woman, who, I fear, will be the ruin of me: for, like other young fools, I took the freak into my head to marry in a hurry, and now, sure enough, I have plenty of leisure to repent in. However, as I was a saying, I have a wife; and how do you think I came by her? — Nay, you don't know; so I'll tell you. — Well, then, to begin at the beginning, you must be informed, my friends, and those who wished me well, advised my marrying Dolly Frugal, who, every body knows, is a mighty industrious girl; but I never could think Dolly for my money; she dressed so homely, and sometimes so meanly, I thought she would never do to stand behind my counter; for I always love to see a smart woman behind a counter: so I looked about; and who do you think I pitched upon but Patty Flirt! a smart, lively, laughing, girl, just come from boarding-school to pay a visit (I think they call it) to one of my neighbours. — Well, her fine cloaths soon gained me; for, Lord bless me, says I, Patty is a charming girl; besides, she dresses so well, I am sure she must make an agreeable wife: and then, again, I expected,

as this could not be supported at a small expence, to gain a little fortune with her. So I paid my addressee to her in due form, and got her to give me leave to write to her papa for his consent, which came in a hurry: so we married, and lived very well for a month or two, which was spent chiefly in receiving visits from several young ladies; and vastly pleased I was to see my house graced with so many fine women. — This was over; and I thought it high time to settle to my business again, and also to initiate my wife into her new calling. To this end, I gently touched upon the matter, but found myself smartly resisted. In the first place, she could not rise, indeed, not she, before ten or eleven in the morning; and then, indeed, it was beneath a lady of her education to weigh soap and deal in nasty tallow. — So, thinks I, well, if my wife has fortune enough to maintain her, do ye see, without working, e'en let her be idle, and remain a fine lady. I next enquired what fortune she had, and thought seriously on applying to her papa for some money; whom, by the bye, I had not yet seen, and never once before enquired into his circumstances. Now, then, I set about it; but, troth, I found myself monstrously taken in: for it so turned out that she is only the daughter of Tom Flirt, who deals in small-coal. So, sir, I next turned my thoughts how to bring my wife to her duty; and have been all this time endeavouring to prevail upon her to do something, instead of taking my money so extravagantly out of the till, but all to no effect. My circumstances are almost desperate; she knows this; and therefore is looking out for a new place. I have long suspected her liking a young officer in our neighbourhood, who sometimes gives her some fine things, and really expect her running away with him soon.

You see, sir, how I am hooked in: my case, I think, is to be pitied, though I may thank my own indiscretion for my misfortune. I thought my wife's education rendered her fitter for business; when, alas! it has made her one of the most useless of God's creatures, and me the most unhappy man in the world. — I beg you would insert this, with something on the subject, and am yours, &c.

TIMOTHY SPENDLOVE.

By the above letter, my readers will judge for themselves, whether the general plan of such schools ought to be altered or not. I wish some abler pen would take up the matter, and convince mankind (if they are to be convinced) how absurdly they act, in making their daughters fine ladies. I do not presume that the plan I propose is free from many objections; but I hope my readers will excuse the improprieties thereof, when I tell them it comes from a man of confined observation and

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very little knowledge of the world; but from one who hopes, however unqualified he may be to be useful, to make it his study to be so, when no longer known under the signature of

The SPECULATOR.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AMONG many advantages, which the knowledge of philosophy has conferred on mankind, that of lessening their prejudice, by expanding their views, is not the least. Those, who have never had inclination or opportunity to investigate the objects around them by the lights philosophy has afforded, remain in a state of ignorance, the most favourable to that pride which, although not made for man, very easily besets him, and induces him to treat with supercilious contempt the lower orders of creation.

From this ignorance, many persons despise, and treat with the most contemptuous epithets, several species of living creatures, in which the power and wisdom of the Creator are exemplified in the most striking manner. Among others, the spider has, through vulgar prejudice, been thought a very despicable insect, and treated as an enemy. Therefore, to shew how apt the ignorant are to be mistaken in their notions, I shall give a brief description of that curious creature; from which it will appear, that exquisite skill has been employed in its formation and powers of action.

The external form of this creature is so well known that nothing need be said upon it, except its having eight eyes, of which, perhaps, some of my readers may not have been acquainted. It is its internal structure and art in spinning that chiefly demand attention.

Within a few years, the secret has been found in France of procuring and preparing silk from the webs of spiders. This discovery was originally made by M. Bon, in 1710, who published a dissertation on the subject.

The spider's web is of a very fine and delicate texture, which the creature spins out of its own bowels: the matter whereof it is composed is fluid while in the bowel, but assumes a consistence much as glass threads become hard as they recede from the lamp. Near the anus of the spider are six papillæ, or teats: the extremity of each papilla is furnished with a great number of holes, which do the business of wire-drawers in forming the threads. Of these holes, the ingenious M. Reaumur observes, there are enough, in the compass of the smallest pin's head, to yield a prodigious quantity of distinct threads. The holes are perceived

perceived by the effects. Take a large garden-spider, ready to lay its eggs, and, when you apply a finger to a part of its papilla, on withdrawing that finger, it will take with it an amazing quantity of different threads: M. Reaumur has often told 70 or 80, with a microscope, but always perceived there was a far greater number than he could tell: if he were to say that the tip of each papilla furnished a thousand, he is persuaded he should not exceed the truth. The part is divided into an infinity of little prominences, like the eyes of a fly; each prominence, no doubt, makes its separate thread; or, rather, between the protuberances are holes that give vent to the threads. The spider, having six papillæ, has holes for 6000 threads. It is not enough that these holes are extremely small, but the threads are already formed before they arrive at the papillæ; each of them having its little sheath, or duct, through which it is brought to the papilla from a considerable distance. M. Reaumur traces them up to their source, and shews the mechanism by which they are made. Near the origin of the belly, he finds two little soft bodies, which are the origin of the silk: their form and transparency resemble those of glass beads, by which name we shall distinguish them. The tip of each bead goes winding, and makes a number of turns and returns towards the papilla. From the base, or root, of the bead proceeds another branch, much thicker, which, winding variously, forms several knots, and takes its course, like the other, toward the hind part of the spider. In these beads and their branches is contained a matter proper to form the silk. The body of the bead is a kind of reservoir, and the two branches canals proceeding from it. A little farther backward, there are two lesser beads, which only send forth one branch each, and that from the tip. Besides these, there are three larger vessels on each side the spider, which are the last reservoirs where the liquor is collected. The biggest is near the head of the insect, and the least near the anus. They all terminate in a point; and from the three points of these three reservoirs it is that the threads, at least, the greatest part of the threads drawn out of the three papillæ, proceed. Lastly, at the root of the papillæ are discerned several fleshy tubes; probably, as many as there are papillæ. Upon lifting up the membrane, or pellicle, that covers these tubes, they appear full of threads, all distinct from each other; and which, of consequence, under their common cover, have each a particular one. The immense quantity of threads, contained here, are ready prepared when wanted.

I have already observed, that the tip of each papilla may give passage to above 1000 threads; yet the diameter of that papilla does not exceed a small pin's head, even in the largest spiders.

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But, if we examine the young spiders, we find they no sooner quit the egg than they begin to spin; indeed, their thread can scarcely be perceived, but the webs formed thereof may: they are frequently as thick and close as those of the house-spider; and no wonder, for there are often four or five hundred little spiders employed in the same web. How minute must their holes be! Imagination can scarcely conceive those of their papillæ. The whole is perhaps less than the papillæ of the parent which produced it. This is easily seen. Each great spider lays four or five hundred eggs; these eggs are all wrapped in a bag; and, as soon as the young ones have broken the eggs, they begin to spin. How infinitely fine must these threads be! Yet this is not the utmost nature does. There are some kinds of spiders so small, at their birth, that they are not visible without glasses: there are usually found great numbers of them in a cluster, and they only appear like a number of red points; and yet there are webs found under them. What must be the tenuity of one of these threads! The smallest hair must be, to one of these, what the most massy bar is to the finest gold wire.

Dr. Lister tells us, that, attending nicely to a spider that was weaving a net, he observed it suddenly to stop in the midst of its work, and, turning its tail to the wind, dart out a thread, with the violence and stream that water is spouted out of a jet. This thread, taken up by the wind, was emitted some fathoms long, still issuing out of the body of the animal: presently, the spider leaped into the air, and the thread mounted her up swiftly. After this discovery, he made the like observation on near 30 different sorts of spiders, and found the air filled with young and old, sailing on their threads, and doubtless seizing gnats and other small insects in their passage.

Dr. Hulse discovered the same thing, about the same time. And, in a letter to Mr. Ray, Dr. Lister, speaking of the height spiders are able to fly, says, "Last October I took notice that the air was very full of webs, and forthwith went up to the top of York Minster, and could there discern them very high above me." Something of this kind I can also mention from my own observation. Being, last autumn, on the top of Ely Minster, which is 266 feet high, I saw many threads of spiders floating in the air, both around and above me.

It has been ignorantly supposed that spiders are venomous, but this is a mistake. M. Bon has been bitten by them several times, without any manner of harm: and the silk they spin has been used with success to stop bleeding and cure wounds; the natural gluten thereof acting as a kind of balsam. — So wonderful are the designs of providence, even in what are generally deemed the minutæ of its works.

A Lover of Natural History.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Thoughts on Marriage.

AS marriage is a subject which is found instructive, and may also afford entertainment, I presume, although there have appeared several pieces, in your entertaining publication, on that important subject, the source of which is not easily exhausted, the following remarks may be acceptable to a number of your readers.

Marriage is highly justifiable in the sight of the supreme Being, and is also universally advantageous to those who enter into it in the fear of God, and bind themselves under necessary restrictions, which ought to be observed by all those who are under an engagement of such importance; which restrictions are only laid upon them as a stay to keep them from those things which are found to produce disorder and confusion, and to destroy the peace and concord which ought to be the foundation upon which the happiness of a family should be built.

There are three things which induce people to marry, viz. conveniency, the love they bear to some particular person, and some with a view of augmenting their worldly possessions. The two first may be considered the only necessary motives that might induce any to enter into that state: First, conveniency should be considered, and how far it might answer the intended purpose; and, not till after a due deliberation upon the importance of the subject they are going to engage in, bring a matter of such concernment to a conclusion, nor until their affections are unalterably fixed, and an unity of hearts is formed; by these means the two chief motives are answered, whilst the third, which by many is considered the most material object they can have in view, often tends to promote strife; and discord is the consequence of such mercantile marriages. The husband beholds his wife with contempt, considers her only as an incumbrance upon him, his chief end being answered by being put in possession of that which matrimonial merchants call a dowry. And the wife, disgusted with the behaviour of her partner, every spark of love (if ever any did subsist between them) will be entirely extinguished, and, in return, she lights up an inextinguishable flame of hatred. But those, who are joined together in "happy nuptial league," and by whom the intention of that solemn contract is fulfilled, are made help-meets one to the other; and the profitable consequence

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consequence of such mutual affection is, they are blessed with that blessing which will never have an end.

When we consider the general duty of man, we shall find marriage to be a duty of the utmost importance; not only essentially necessary to our present welfare, but it also places us in a capacity which enables to live more to the glory of God, and, consequently, of answering the proposed intention of our creation.

As we are beings placed here, dependent upon a superior Power, to whom we owe our existence, and to whom we ought to be in subjection, therefore, whatever precept he has left us, or command he has laid an injunction upon man to obey, it is our indispensable duty to be obedient in the performance of it; and as he has afforded us various instances of his divine permission and encouragement to the engagement of that solemn contract, and when we consider that admonition which God gave Noah and his sons, *viz.* "be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth," we may take it to ourselves, and consider it as a strong incentive to that sympathetic union, called marriage; and as the Almighty delights in virtue, and that which he delights in must be happy, marriage must, consequently, be (where it is not wantonly or unadvisedly entered into) an incitement to the practice of virtue. But there are some who are unwilling to enter into this state, lest it might lay them under the lash of slander, and subject them to the satire of some who have been their companions in vice; and others would, rather than be laid under the restrictions of the connubial state, live the life of the libertine in all the unchaste embraces of incontinency.

There is also a set of beings, unworthy the name of men, who hold in detestation the most amiable part of the creation: that they despise the fair-sex is evident from the many obloquies that they diffuse abroad, but not to their detriment, as it only displays their ignorance of virtue; and it is with contempt a man of good sense and good manners beholds them, as it were, in the mirror of shameless slander, and looks upon these reproachful calumnies deducible only from the depraved principles of the vicious. Such as these can never possess that inestimable pearl, a virtuous woman; for those despicable beings are unworthy the notice, and beneath the contempt, of a woman possessed of such amiable properties: But, in possession of a woman of such properties, we shall enjoy the felicity of an earthly paradise, provided our actions are guided always by these principles, which can alone establish the concord depending on such an union; but the happiness of this

union depends on the conduct of those who are engaged in it, and also upon their assiduous attention to their respective duties, not only the necessary duties of life, but the peculiar duties one towards the other, in the performance of which, every action, or circumstance, of their lives will be like adding fuel to the fire, which is mutually kindled to the satisfaction of both. Notwithstanding the innumerable conjugal pleasures that are to be enjoyed, yet we may daily see many unhappy marriages; but the reason is obvious, their not adhering to the principles which constitute true happiness: they deviate from those things which will alone entitle them to the reward of peace, and, by a contrariety of opinions, they act in opposition one to the other, and "spend their fruitless hours in mutual accusation:" Virtue and vice are set before them, and they are left to their free choice which they will choose, and those that choose virtue and live according to its pure dictates will assuredly enjoy that happiness which is the indubitable property of every good man; but those that choose vice will, consequently, be under its banner, and under the direction and influence of that power which delights in sowing the seed of discord and promoting family broils; thus the peace of a family is destroyed, which is not easily restored, except they appeal to the Author of all good, who delights in virtue, and who will manifest to them the material difference between good and evil.

Two, that are thus joined together, are companions and travellers through life, and are under a necessity of promoting each other's good; for that, which gives satisfaction to the one, should be well pleasing to the other; and, as they are so circumstanced that nothing but death can separate them, they should mutually endeavour to assist each other, always observing to let affection be their guide in their behaviour one toward the other, never giving cause to suspect their sincerity: they should also endeavour, in adversity, to administer such comfort as might yield some consolation in this state of calamity; and, when burthened with misfortunes, render them as easy, by their mutual love, as their circumstances will allow.

May all men, on whom providence has conferred the blessing of possessing a virtuous woman, value her as Solomon does in the Proverbs; for, he says, "who can find a virtuous woman, her price is far above rubies!" And as some rule over their wives, under a pretended notion of their prerogative, with the hand of oppression, may they remember the admonition of the apostle Paul, "Husbands, love your wives and be not bitter against them." And as there are

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Some wives who attempt to conduct those things which are out of their province, and which alone belong to the husband, may I recommend, to their observance, the same apostle's admonition to wives, "Wives, submit yourselves to your husbands, as it is fit in the Lord."

As a tender offspring may be the produce of the nuptial joys, may it be the parents constant engagement to bring them up in the "fear and nurture of the Lord," having a strict eye on their conduct; laying before their view the beauty of virtue and the deformity of vice, that, as they grow in years, they may grow in useful knowledge, and become the objects in which the happiness of their parents is centered.

And may all such, as are desirous to engage in marriage, make their choice according to the rule of Solomon: "Favour, says he, is deceitful, and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised." A.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Self-love.

"Self-love and social are the same." POPE.

THE pride of ancient and modern moralists has led them to declaim, with much pomp of expression, on the disinterestedness of human actions: they have endeavoured to make the world believe, that a desire of promoting the good of others is the sole spring or motive to their conduct.

Thus, being deceived themselves, they seriously endeavour to deceive others. Let us, a little, examine the subject; it will present a humiliating, but profitable, lesson to us, and, if it does not increase our virtue, will, at least, abate our pride.

Absolute disinterestedness of action, in *created beings*, is as rare as lord Shaftesbury's *virtue in the abstract*. Both have been highly extolled by those who were accustomed to substitute mere sounds in the place of things. Beautiful aerial pictures have been formed out of them, but without solidity or strength. They both want a durable basis to support them. None but an all-perfect being can, philosophically speaking, act disinterestedly. No created being can be absolutely perfect: thence it follows, that created beings cannot act disinterestedly.

To pretend to be enamoured of virtue, *for its own sake only*, is a speculation too refined to be true. Experience contradicts it universally. The greater part of mankind, in all ages, so far from following virtue for its own sake, or submitting to its

its rules, merely on account of their abstract fitness and propriety, very unwillingly submit to its guidance, although the best blessings of both worlds are promised as a reward for their obedience.

Notwithstanding the *abstract beauty of virtue*, we find the most solemn sanctions of heaven and earth insufficient to prevent the violation of its laws; as a certain author observes, "a hot passion over-leaps a cold decree." We seek present or future gratification in every action: of these self-love is the spring; however concealed, like the magnet in the mariner's compass, it lies latent in the heart, and sets the machine in motion. Its effects prove its existence and its power. Whether we solicit or confer favours, whether we accumulate, or distribute, it is this principle that propels us. The motive to all action is uneasiness which we wish to be free from, or pleasure unpossessed. When the miser extorts usury from his dependents, the tradesman over-reaches his customers, or the pluralist grasps at another cure, every body allows self-love is the cause; but when *Generosus* lends money to his tenants without interest; when *Benevolus* distributes liberally of his wealth to the poor around him; or a conscientious *Lindsey* resigns his living rather than burden his own mind; they are said to act from the most disinterested motives. No such matter: the difference arises only from their different ideas of good or happiness. Self-love is still the spring of action in them all; though the *former* act in a despicable, and the latter in a noble, manner. The miser finds most happiness in *acquiring*, *Benevolus* in *distributing*, wealth. The latter feels himself uneasy when he withholds, and, in deeds of charity, finds that refined delight, which arises in his mind only from distribution. If he could find the same degree of happiness without it, he would not be charitable. Ask the most virtuous or religious man on earth why he is virtuous and religious;—he will tell you, if he speaks out, that it is because he feels himself most happy in being so, and expects to be rewarded for it in heaven.

Even friendship itself, generally esteemed the most disinterested of all the virtues, springs from this source. All men, who cultivate it, expect enjoyment from it which they cannot find without it.

They find, in its sacred intercourse, pleasures, which nought else can yield: a full proof of this is at hand. I never yet knew two intimate friends, who did not each, in his turn, wish the other might survive him; although, reasoning from their own feelings, each must know that his own death would be the severest stroke the other could experience.

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But although self-love thus appears to be the spring of all human actions, yet it neither sets them all on a level, nor reflects any dishonour or imperfection on the Creator. In the wise, but, to human view, complicated, plan of his providence, things are so constituted, that, as the inimitable poet observes,

" Self-love and social are the same."

There is not an action in the universe but is both cause and effect to those which precede and follow. Each is impelled and impelling: each " touches some wheel and verges to some goal," and tends to accomplish that uniform and fixed design which the Creator had originally in view, and which nothing created can frustrate. SENEX.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A FREQUENT contemplation on the mutability of all terrestrial things is certainly a means of lessening that undue dependence we are so apt to place on them; and shews us, that nothing certain, stable, or permanent, is to be found beneath the sun.

What small assurance there is in the best concerted *human affairs*, and how uncertain and subject to change even those things are in which we place our greatest dependence and expect the highest temporal bliss, is evident in our frequent disappointments, when the objects we sought were almost within our reach, and we glowed with the idea of sudden possession. This is not only the case with things that appertain to individuals; but is also strikingly exemplified in the frequent revolutions and destruction of the most extensive kingdoms and empires which the power and wisdom of man have erected.

These, although founded on the most solid basis, established by the most puissant armies, laurelled with uninterrupted victory, exalted and maintained with great power, wisdom, wholesome laws, and sage councils, have, by a kind of natural decay, or from some internal imperfection in their original constitution, at length come to naught, and "*left not a speck behind.*"

There appears to be a kind of progress to maturity, and of degeneracy, in empires and kingdoms, not unlike that seen in the human body in individuals. From a state of infantile weakness they increase in strength and power till they arrive at the meridian of their glory; and then, by a gradual decay, descend to a state of decrepitude, the sure preface of approaching

ing dissolution. The fame of the first Assyrian monarchy is very ancient, and was doubtless very great and of long continuance, yet time brought it to an end. The glory and valour, with which *Ninus* * was erected, were all effaced by the depravity of succeeding ages; and totally lost by the cowardice and treachery of its inhabitants, when conquered by the effeminate *Sardanapalus*. By the like necessity, arising from similar causes, the great empire of the *Medes* and *Persians* fell; and gave place for the *Macedonian* to erect his throne on their ruins for a season. The Grecian states, (when united,) the terror of the east, are now no longer formidable.—Learning and science have long since deserted Athens, and all her glory is laid in the dust. Neither has the once mighty Roman empire, or the proud city of Rome itself, (for many ages the mistress of the world,) found an exemption from destruction. Although governed by men of the greatest human wisdom and intrepidity, guarded with many excellent laws, grown great with successive triumphs, and so strong, that it could not, for ages, by any foreign power be shaken; yet, at length, through the decay of public virtue, and the prevalence of ambition, luxury, and internal discord, it turned its forces upon itself, to the overthrow of its ancient liberties and greatness. And, although, after these were lost, the little that remained of public virtue was often exerted by individuals for the recovery of its pristine power and glory; yet, by degrees, like an aged body deprived of its vital strength, it still declined, and, at length, was totally subverted, becoming a prey to those barbarous nations over whom its eagles had formerly triumphed. Its temples were sacked, its towering structures (the admiration of the world) demolished; ignorance and superstition usurped the ancient seats of learning and science; and to this day it exhibits a mournful reverse of its former magnificence and glory.

Thus, from the instability of all sublunary things, it will doubtless be with all succeeding states and empires to the conclusion of time. It seems as though there were only a certain portion of greatness and dominion permitted to be exercised in the world; and this is subject to frequent mutation. It verges from one part of the globe to another: succeeding empires are raised out of the ruins of others, and, like the fable of the phoenix, when one is destroyed another rises out of its ashes.

This naturally leads us to the consideration of that state whereof we are a part. The British empire, originally founded on the firm basis of liberty, governed by a succession of illustrious monarchs, who promoted and established it, and

* Afterwards called *Nineveh*.

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by a code of laws, perhaps as eminent, in general, for their equity and wisdom as ever were formed by any people, seems hastening to a decay.

Luxury, and its constant attendant, *imbecility* of mind and body, (the canker-worms of a state,) seems to be making a hasty progress amongst every rank of the people. They are too much lost to a just jealousy of their inestimable rights and liberties, and that praise-worthy emulation which excites to virtuous actions. Enervated both in mind and body, and regardless of their most valuable interests, as well as the fate of their posterity, they supinely suffer the obvious approach of those evils, which, if not timely averted by the revival of ancient wisdom, fortitude, and virtue, will, in the end sink this once-flourishing kingdom in irretrievable ruin.

The immense burthen of our national-debt, the numerous heavy taxes laid on almost every necessary article of house-keeping to pay off its interest, and consequent high price of provisions;—the loss of our foreign trade, the introduction of French manufactures and French manners, and the continual migration of our artificers and workmen to the continent, and to our American colonies, form unitedly a prospect truly alarming. They may justly be considered as the certain pre-*figes* of approaching dissolution to this kingdom, unless some timely remedy is administered.

Our national safety seems to consist more in the weakness of neighbouring states and kingdoms (enervated by the same causes as ourselves, or groaning under the yoke of despotic power) than in our own strength and capacity to defend ourselves against the attacks of a formidable foreign enemy. Such is the prevalence of luxury, and the want of national fortitude, wisdom, and virtue, that, were such an adversary to attack us, we might justly dread the consequence. Our treasury empty, and our inhabitants daily decreasing, where should we be able to find men and money (the sinews of war) to repel a powerful enemy? And to such a pitch are irreligion and almost every species of vice and immorality grown amongst us, that we could scarcely hope the arm of divine Omnipotence would interpose in our behalf. This general depravity of manners has spread like an irresistible torrent through every corner of the land, and contaminated every rank of the people. “*The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.*” The superior class, who ought to be conspicuous examples of virtue and temperance to the commonalty, are, too generally, become examples of almost every vice. The inferior classes follow closely after, till, as a certain author has shrewdly remarked, “*The toe of the peasant comes so near the*

heel of the courtier that it galls his kibe." This is not only the case in point of extravagance and luxury, but also in their other vices, wherein they seem to pride themselves in being as great proficient as their superiors.

From the above considerations of our state and circumstances, as a nation, permit me to draw this conclusion, viz. that it highly behoves every one, individually, first, to consider that a general reformation and consequent security and happiness measurably depend on *his* care; and therefore he should endeavour to reform his own conduct. Secondly, that he, with the greatest diligence, should promote this necessary and desirable end, by a speedy amendment of life, and spend the remaining part of his days in the fear of God, and the practice of those duties which he has enjoined mankind. Were this the case amongst us, the *evil day* might be put off, and national and individual happiness restored; the present would be a scene of delight, and, in the anticipation of the future, we might rejoice, knowing that the consequence of virtue will, in the end, be permanent happiness.

E. R.

Extraordinary Fondness in the Dutch for Tulips.

THE years 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, were those in which the Dutch carried on their extravagant trade in tulips. The people, from the greatest to the meanest, neglected all manner of business and manufacture, sold their utensils, &c. to engage in the tulip-trade.

The tulip called the Viceroy sold for 250*l.* the Admiral Lufkins for 440*l.* the Admiral Van Eyk for 160*l.* the Gribber for 148*l.* the Schilder for 160*l.* the Semper-Augustus for 550*l.*

In 1637 was sold a collection of tulips, of Wouter Broucksmenster, by his executors, for 9000*l.*

A fine Spanish cabinet, valued at 1000*l.* and 300*l.* besides, were given for a Semper-Augustus.

Another gentleman sold three Semper-Augustuses for 1000*l.* each. The same gentleman was offered, for his flower-garden, 1500*l.* a-year, for seven years, and every thing to be left as found, only having the increase, during the time, for the money.

One gentleman got, in the space of four months, 6000*l.*

In April, 1637, by an order of the state, a great check was put to this trade, by invalidating their contracts; so that a root was sold for 5*l.* which, a few weeks before, had been sold for 500*l.*

It is related, by a curious gentleman, that he had remarked, in one city in Holland, in the space of three years, they had traded for one million sterling, in tulips.

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There is to be seen, in the registers of Alcmæer, * a particular, which is so remarkable, that it deserves to be mentioned here, and is as follows. In the year 1637 they sold publicly, in this city, by auction, a hundred and twenty tulips for four-score and ten thousand guilders; one of those flowers, called the Admiral of Enchuylen, with its root and offsets, was sold for five thousand two hundred guilders; two others, called Brabanters, for three thousand eight hundred guilders; one, named the Viceroy, sold for 4203 guilders. Not only the name and price of these flowers, but also their weight, are particularly set down in the city-registers. Upon which occasion we shall observe, that the passion of paying exorbitant prices for flowers and flower-roots was come to such a height, in Holland, that the states have been obliged to put a stop to it by severe penalties, many gentlemen having been ruined by that passion.

* Alcmæer is a city in Holland, about twenty-three miles North of Amsterdam.

Reflections on Futurity.

AMONG Martial's requisites to happiness is, *Res non parva labore, sed relicta*: an estate not gained by industry, but left by inheritance. It is necessary to the completion of every good, that it be timely obtained; for, whatever comes at the close of life, will come too late to give much delight. Yet all human happiness has its imperfections. Of what we do not gain for ourselves we have only a faint and imperfect fruition, because we cannot compare the difference between want and possession, or at least can derive from it no conviction of our own abilities, nor any increase of self-esteem; what we acquire by bravery or science, by mental or corporeal diligence, comes at last when we cannot communicate, and therefore cannot enjoy, it.

Thus every period of life is obliged to borrow its happiness from the time to come. In youth, we have nothing past to entertain us, and, in age, we derive little from retrospect but hopeless sorrow. Yet the future likewise has its limits, which the imagination dreads to approach, but which we know to be not far distant. The loss of our friends and companions impresses hourly upon us the necessity of our departure; we know that the schemes of man are quickly at an end, that we must soon lie down in the grave with the forgotten multitudes of former ages, and yield our place to others, who, like us, shall be driven a while by hope or fear

about the surface of the earth, and then, like us, be lost in the shades of death.

Beyond this termination of our corporeal existence we are therefore obliged to extend our hopes, and almost every man indulges his imagination with something, which is not to happen till he has changed his manner of existence: some amuse themselves with entails and settlements, provide for encrease and perpetuation of families and honours, or contrive to obviate the dissipation of the fortunes, which it has been their business to accumulate: others, more refined or exalted, congratulate their own hearts upon the future extent of their reputation, the reverence of distant nations, and the gratitude of unprejudiced posterity.

They, whose souls are so chained down to coffers and tene-ments, that they cannot conceive a state in which they shall look upon them with less solicitude, are seldom attentive to remonstrance, or flexible to arguments; but the votaries of fame are capable of reflection, and, therefore, may be fitly called to reconsider the probability of their expectations.

Whether to be remembered in remote times be worthy of a wise man's wish has not yet been satisfactorily decided; and, indeed, to be long remembered, can happen to so small a number, that the bulk of mankind has a very little interest in the question. There is never room in the world for more than a certain quantity or measure of renown. The necessary business of life, the immediate pleasures or pains of every condition, leave us not leisure, beyond a prefixed proportion, for contemplations which do not forcibly influence our present welfare. When this vacuity is filled, no characters can be admitted into the circulation of fame, but by occupying the place of some that must be thrust into oblivion. The eye of the mind, like that of the body, can only extend its view to new objects, by losing sight of those which are now before.

Reputation is therefore a meteor which blazes a while and disappears for ever; and, if we except a few transcendent and invincible names, which no revolutions of opinion or length of time are able to suppress, all those that engage our thoughts, or diversify our conversation, are every moment passing to obscurity, as new favourites are adopted by fashion.

It is not therefore from this world that any ray of comfort can proceed to cheer the gloom of the last hour, but futurity has still its prospects; there is yet happiness in reserve, which, if we transfer our attention to it, will support us in the pains of disease, and the languor of decay. This happiness we may expect with confidence, because it is out of the power of chance, and may be attained by all that sincerely desire and earnestly pursue. On this therefore every mind ought finally

to rest. Hope is the chief blessing of man, and that hope only is rational, of which we are certain that it cannot deceive us.

SERIOUS.

The Traveller: an oriental Apologue.

AS soon as I perceived the first sparkling fires of day, I mounted my as and took the path which leads to the high-road of Babylon; scarcely was I there, when in raptures I exclaimed,

Oh how mine eyes do wander with joy over yon green hills! with what delicious perfumes do these flowery meadows embalm the air!

I am in a beautiful avenue; my as and I may retire under the shade of its trees when it shall seem good unto us.

How serene the heavens! how fine a day! how pure the air I breathe! well-mounted as I am, I shall arrive before dusk.

Whilst I uttered the words, besotted with joy, I looked kindly down upon my as, and gently stroking him.

From afar I see a troop of men and women mounted upon beautiful camels, with a serious and disdainful air,

All clothed in long purple robes, with belts and golden fringes, interspersed with precious stones.

Their camels soon came up with me; I was dazzled by their splendour, and humbled by their grandeur.

Alas! all my endeavours to stretch myself served only to make me appear more ridiculously vain.

Mine eyes did measure them incessantly; scarcely did my head reach their ancles: I was sorely vexed from the bottom of my soul, nevertheless did I not give over following them.

Then did I wish that my as could raise himself as high as the highest of camels, and fain would I have seen his long ears peep over their lofty heads.

I continually incited him by my cries; I pressed him with my heels and my halter; and, though he quickened his pace, yet six of his steps scarcely equalled one of the camel's.

In short, we lost sight of them, and I all hopes of overtaking them. What difference, cried I, between their lot and mine? Why are they not in my place? or why am I not in theirs?

Wretch that I am! I sadly journey on alone upon the vilest and slowest of animals; they, on the contrary—happy they—would blush to have me in their train; so despicable am I in their eyes.

Busied in these reflections, and lost in thought, my as, finding I no longer pressed him, slackened his pace, and presently stopped to feed upon the thistles.

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The grats was goodly; it seemed to invite him to rest; so he laid him down: I fell; and, like unto him who from a profound sleep awaketh in surprize, so was I on a sudden awakened from my meditations.

As soon as I got up, the voice of thousands came buzzing in my ears; I looked around, and behold a troop still more numerous than the former.

These were mounted as poorly as myself; their linen tunics the same as mine; their manners seemed familiar; I addressed the nearest.

Do your utmost, says I, you will never be able, mounted as you are, to overtake those who are a-head of you.

Let us alone, says he, for that; the madmen! they risk their lives; and for what? to arrive a few minutes before us.

We are all going to Babylon, an hour sooner or later, in linen tunics or purple robes, on an ass or a camel, what matters it when once one is arrived? nay upon the road, so you know how to amuse yourself?

You, for example: what would have become of you had you been mounted on a camel? your fall, says he, would have been fatal. I sighed, and had nothing to reply.

Then, looking behind me, how great was my surprize to see men, women, and children, following us on foot, some singing, others skipping on the tender grats; their poor backs bowed under their burdens.

Then, cried I, transported beyond myself, they go to Babylon as well as I: and is it they who rejoice? and is it I who am sad? when on a sudden my oppressed heart became light; and I felt a gentle joy flow within my veins.

Before we got in, we overtook the first party; their camels had thrown them, their long purple robes, their belts, and gold fringes interspersed with diamonds, were all covered with mud.

Then, ye powerful of the earth! even then it was I perceived the littleness of human grandeur; but the just estimation I made of it did not render me insensible to the misfortunes of others.

Carazan: an eastern Tale.

CARAZAN, the merchant of Bagdat, was eminent throughout all the East for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obscure, as that of the spark which by the collision of steel and adamant is struck out of darkness; and the patient labour of persevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought

thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether, in his dealings with men, he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether, in proportion as he accumulated wealth, he discovered his own importance to increase, Carazan prized it more as he used it less: he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and, as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

But though the door of Carazan was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the prophet. That devotion which arises from the love of God, and necessarily includes the love of man, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. Carazan, therefore, when he had locked his door, and, turning round with a look of circumspective suspicion, proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and, though he was known by every man, yet no man saluted him.

Such had been long the life of Carazan, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given, by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened with compassion, and his cheek glowed with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and, the murmur of innumerable voices increasing like the sound of approaching thunder, Carazan beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they smook, the Almighty and the most Merciful, be everlasting honour! He has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone

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in my haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increase of my wealth, I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of Him who was in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of paradise was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and, while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“Carazan, thy worship has not been accepted, because it was not prompted by the love of God; neither can thy righteousness be rewarded, because it was not produced by love of man: for thy own sake only hast thou rendered to every man his due; and thou hast approached the Almighty only for thyself. Thou hast not looked up with gratitude, nor round thee with kindness. Around thee, thou hast, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if vice and folly could justify thy parsimony, would they not condemn the bounty of Heaven? If not upon the foolish and the vicious, where shall the sun diffuse its light, or the clouds distil their dew? Where shall the lips of the spring breathe fragrance, or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut compassion from thine heart, and grasped thy treasures with a hand of iron: thou hast lived for thyself; and, therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt subsist alone. From the light of heaven, and from the society of all beings, shalt thou be driven; solitude shall protract the lingering hours of eternity, and darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.” At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me, with all the vehemence of desire. “Oh that

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that I had been doomed for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and guilt ! There society would have alleviated the torment of despair, and the rage of fire could not have excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been condemned to reside on a comet, that would return but once in a thousand years to the regions of light and life ; the hope of these periods, however distant, would cheer me in the dreary interval of cold and darkness, and the vicissitude would divide eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness : the agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that, when ten thousand thousand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that Power who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyss of darkness, through which I should still drive without succour and without society, farther and farther still, for ever and ever. I then stretched out my hands towards the regions of existence, with an emotion that awakened me. Thus have I been taught to estimate society, like every other blessing, by its loss. My heart is warmed to liberality ; and I am zealous to communicate the happiness which I feel to those from whom it is derived ; for the society of one wretch, whom, in the pride of prosperity, I would have spurned from my door, would, in the dreadful solitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric or the gems of Golconda."

At this reflection upon his dream Carazan became suddenly silent, and looked upward in an ecstasy of gratitude and devotion ; the multitude were struck at once with the precept and example ; and the caliph, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.

Methods for the speedy Recovery of the Use of the Foot or Hand that has been violently Strained.

A Sprain, (which may more properly be called a strain,) whether of the foot or hand, is an accident that frequently happens, and, if great, occasions a painful lameness of the part, for a while, and hinders its doing the usual business ; and, therefore, the proposing a method, which may hasten a recovery of the part strained to its natural state, doubtless, will

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be acceptable to the public and of service to those who may want it.

It may lead us to a right management of the part strained, if we consider the effects of a strain when it is very great, *viz.*

First, such an extension of the tendons and vessels of the muscles strained, that they cannot contract themselves to their natural lengths.

Secondly, that the great elongation of the vessels (which deprives them of their contractile power) lessens the diameter of their cavities, obstructs the free course of the fluids through them, makes them swell and become painful, and incapable of their usual services, or of being moved by the acts of the will, as before the accident happened.

These effects of violent strains may lead us to conclude, that the best remedies are those applications which may best attenuate the obstructed fluids, recover an easy circulation of them, and sufficiently contract the elongated vessels.

For these purposes, I advise vinegar, the rectified spirits of wine, (such as are burnt in lamps,) friction, and motion, in the following manner, *viz.*

Suppose the ankle strained.

First, let it be fomented with vinegar, a little warm, for four or five minutes at a time, once every four hours; this will render the circulation of the fluids, in the parts affected, more easy, and either prevent its swelling or promote its subsiding.

Secondly, let the person stand, three or four minutes at a time, upon both his feet, in their natural posture, and sometimes move the strained foot; and sometimes, when sitting with his foot on a low stool, let him move it this way and that, as he can bear it; this will contribute much to contract the over-stretched vessels, and to recover a due circulation of their fluids through them.

Thirdly, let a gentle dry friction, with a warm hand, be sometimes used to the part affected, which will conduce much to the same ends.

Two hours after every application of the vinegar, let the parts affected be just wetted with rectified spirits of wine and then gently rubbed.

By these means, persons, to whom I have advised them, have recovered from the effects of very violent strains in a few days, when others have been weeks in recovering, where different ways of management, such as continual resting of the strained foot and disuse of its motions, &c. had been recommended.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

To ———, Esq.

*If my ability were equal to my wishes, neither want nor miser
should long remain in the world.*

ADDISON.

S I R,

VIRTUOUS and praise-worthy actions will have their reward, and vices their punishment, not only in this life, but in that which is to come. In doing good to others we do good to ourselves; for it is more blessed to give than to receive. The experience of rational, dispassionate, and impartial, men has confirmed the truth of these positions; and all, who are such, will, soon or late, realize their truth. They are not the wild sallies of enthusiasm or blind zeal, but the dictates of right reason, which are truth. Were men wise, and happy enough to give place to reason, and act consistently with its rules, it would adorn their characters; their conduct would please God and be approved by the wise and worthy. But, alas! whilst men of affluent fortunes are insensible to the noblest dictates of humanity; whilst they have no bowels of compassion for the necessitous, no feeling for the poor and distressed, the maimed and the blind; no sympathy for the widow and fatherless in their affliction; there is too great reason to believe their actions are displeasing to that God who will judge the earth in righteousness, who knoweth our hearts, and sees us just as we are. Some men are favoured with a large portion of riches, perhaps, in order to prove their faithfulness in the temporal trust committed to them. We are all, indeed, but stewards, at the will of the great Lord of the universe, who sometimes sees meet to send the undeniable messenger of death suddenly, at an unexpected hour, and to call upon us for an account of our stewardship. It is, therefore, a point of the greatest wisdom, in all, rightly to endeavour to do their duty towards God, their own souls, and all mankind. "He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" How can the rich be said to *do justly*, when they withhold from their distressed fellow-creatures the communication of that superabundant wealth which a bountiful Creator has committed to their trust for that very end? How can they *love mercy*, when they prevent its streams from refreshing the sterile regions of poverty? Or how can they *walk humbly with God*, when the means of rendering the wretched happy are employed in aggrandizing themselves, in pride and luxury, or in accumulating

treasures which they cannot enjoy, and have not spirit enough to communicate to others? The *communicable* attributes of God are love, mercy, and justice. In these excellent attributes it is our indispensable duty to imitate him to the utmost extent of our ability. But "he, who loves not his brother, whom he hath seen, cannot love God, whom he hath not seen." The only way we can be said to *please God*, or *do him service*, is by being serviceable one to another, and thereby lessening the evils, and promoting the peace, order, and happiness, of his creation. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." To compassionate the distresses and afflictions of those who are our brethren by creation is a species of love essential to the true Christian character; and we have reason to believe that acts of benevolence, proportioned to our abilities to do good, are highly acceptable in the sight of him, who, "of one blood, made all nations of men that dwell upon the face of the earth." To cultivate a charitable disposition, in helping our fellow-travellers on their way, by imparting a little of that abundance which providence has intrusted some with, is an act of justice that must afford heart-felt consolation to a beneficent mind. But, through a misapplication or neglect of those gifts of God, designed for a blessing to ourselves and others, they may ultimately prove a curse. The kindly-lambent flame of charity, which should warm and expand our souls, may, when confined within the contracted recesses of an avaricious heart, at length, become a fire to consume and dry up every source of consolation and joy.

I cannot conceive that the annual income of the many thousands my friend — is intrusted with was designed wholly for his own use: it appears to me highly probable that he was placed in a superior station, endowed with superior abilities, and intrusted with much affluence, in order that he might use them to the glory of God, in promoting the good of mankind.

Permit me, therefore, to exhort him, by the mercies of God, for the sake of his own soul, and the good of others, that he will henceforth make a right use of the blessings heaven has dispensed, that he may have the happy reward of a faithful servant in the end of days.

It is required of stewards that they be found faithful; that they use their lord's money rightly. In liberally assisting the necessitous, and rendering those about you comfortable, you would lay the strongest motive of gratitude upon them, and excite their utmost assistance in obliging you. I believe a liberal distribution of part of your great wealth would be the strongest bulwark of your preservation and happiness in this life.

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Excuse me, when I say you are empowered to make thousands happy, that are now miserable, and yourself too, in relieving them. How can you reconcile this to your own conscience, in the hours of serious reflection? I entreat you to take an impartial retrospective view of your past conduct; and let past omissions excite to future diligence and greater wisdom. Consider yourself as an accountable being, that must be arraigned at the bar of infinite Justice, (a holy judgement-seat, far more tremendous than any on earth,) from whose awful decision and sentence there is no appeal; where "the action lies in its true nature; we ourselves compell'd, e'en to the teeth and forehead of our faults, to give in evidence."

If in this life only we have hope in Christ, we are, of all men, the most miserable; for short is its duration: but herein consists the perfection of our nature, that it is in our power to become successful candidates for the joys of immortality. We are placed in a state of agency, and have a power of choice, by the exercise of which we may either become our own truest friends or greatest enemies.

I mean not to offend you, but take the liberty of offering these remarks to your impartial consideration, with all due deference to your superior judgement. I wish ever to cultivate a disposition to adopt the excellent rule of doing as I would be done unto. Perhaps you may think me officious: I can only say, my design is your good and the happiness of the distressed around you: you will, therefore, excuse me.

To conclude, let me entreat you to try the experiment I have recommended, and I doubt not but that, in disposing of a part of your riches, you will find a satisfaction that will abundantly compensate the labour. The pleasure, arising in the benevolent mind from acts of brotherly kindness and charity, is great; it is the noblest feast wealth can furnish. It is your welfare, both in this life and in that which is to come, I have in view. Acts of goodness will never lose their reward; for, "Verily, there is a reward for the righteous: verily, there is a God that judgeth in the earth." I am, &c.

BENEVOLUS.

Anecdotes

Anecdote of a Monkey.

SOME * years ago an ambassador from England went to Moscow, and carried a great monkey with him, whom he put in a livery, like one of his foot-boys. The monkey got astray one day, and leaped into a church, which then happened to be open, just opposite to the ambassador's house. The unlucky ape, as those animals commonly are, did a great deal of mischief; he skipped about every where, loosened and quite spoiled the pictures that hung to the walls, and committed other ravage. The church-warden, hearing a strange rattle, ran to the church, and seeing the ape there in the livery of the English ambassador, whom he took for one of his valets, he shut up the church, and went immediately to tell the patriarch what had happened. The patriarch, in a great fret and fume, went that very instant to the czar's palace, to inform him of so foul a deed, and immediately some halbardiers were sent to seize the miscreant, who had presumed to prophane the church, thinking the offender was actually a valet-de-chambre. When the halbardiers entered the church, they found the monkey upon the altar as busy as could be. They threatened him, and charged him to come down, on pain of being well thrashed; but, as they only talked all the while to a beast, they were not obeyed. The monkey, on the contrary, as is the custom of those creatures, shewed them his teeth, which put one of the halbardiers into such a passion, that he ran to the ape, and gave him some blows upon the back with his half-pike. The monkey, being strong and sturdy, was in such a rage at this drubbing, that he flew at the halbardier, and mauled him so cruelly, notwithstanding the drubbings that were given him to make him let go his hold, that they were obliged to carry the poor man home almost dead. Mean time the other halbardiers had much ado to master the monkey, nor could they hold him till they had laid him on his back by mere dint of blows. Then they bound him, and in that manner dragged him to prison, in sight of a vast crowd of people that were got together. The ambassador at the same time ran the hazard of being as ill used as his monkey, if he had not obtained a safeguard for his quarter, the mob being incensed against him from a notion that he was the author of the sacrilege that had been committed; and some there were that suspected this minister to have dealings with evil spirits, because he carried a devil about him that they could not get a word out of; and, indeed, as he was no more than a monkey,

how

how should they? The principal officers and merchants went to court, and complained to the czar, and represented that the creature which had committed all this disorder in the church was not a man, but a beast, that had been caught wild in the East-Indies, and then tamed; and the ambassador offered to make double satisfaction for what damage he had done. But this did not bring off the monkey; for the patriarch alledged, that, let the animal be what it would, beast or devil incarnate, he must indispensibly be put to death, because he had not only profaned the church, but made a racket and a disturbance in a place that was sacred. Sentence being passed on him accordingly, poor pug was drawn through the whole city tied and bound with cords; and then (for they were as much afraid of this animal as they were of the devil) some of the stoutest and most courageous of the halbardiers shot him to death. After so notable an execution, public outcry was made, that nobody should offer to attack the person of the ambassador on pain of death.

Conjectures on the charming or fascinating Power of the Rattle-snake, grounded on credible Accounts, Experiments, and Observations; by Sir Hans Sloane. Phil. Trans. N°. 433. p. 321.

AS to rattle-snakes, it is universally agreed on, that, by keeping their eyes fixed on any small animal, as a squirrel, bird, or the like, though sitting on the branch of a tree at a considerable height, it shall, by such stedfast or earnest looking thereon, be made to fall dead in their mouths.

Sir Hans had a rattle-snake given him, which had been sent alive in a box with some gravel from Virginia; it had lived three months without any sustenance, and had in that time cast its outer coat, or exuvizæ, which was found amongst the gravel.

Captain Hall, a very understanding and observant person, who had lived several years in Virginia, ventured to take the snake out of the box, notwithstanding that the poison from its bite is almost present death; for he gave an instance of a person bitten, who was found dead at the return of a messenger going to the next house to fetch a remedy, though he was not gone above half an hour: nay, so certain are the mortal effects of this poison, that sometimes the waiting till an Iron can be heated, in order to burn the wound, is said to have proved fatal: he therefore thought the safest way was immediately to cut out the part where the wound was made: for

for he had seen several, who carried these hollow scars about them, as marks of the narrow escape they had had, and they never felt any inconvenience afterwards.

Though providence hath produced a creature so terrible to other animals; yet it seems to have provided it with the rattle at its tail, that the noise thereof may give them warning to get out of its way.

An experiment was tried before several physicians in the garden belonging to the college in London: the captain, by keeping the head fast with a forked stick, and making a noose, which he put about the tail of the snake, tied it fast to the end of another stick, with which he took the snake out and laid him upon the grass-plat. Then, a dog being made to tread upon him, he bit the dog, who thereupon howled very bitterly, and went away some few yards from the snake: but in about a minute of time he grew paralytic in the hinder legs, as dogs do who have the *aorta descendens* tied: he died in less than three minutes, as is related by Mr. Ranby in an account of this experiment in Phil. Transf. N^o. 401. p. 377. and by captain Hall, N^o. 399. p. 309.

According to Sir Hans, the whole mystery of their enchanting or charming any creature is chiefly this; namely, that when such animals as are their proper prey, as small quadrupeds, and birds, &c. are surprised by them, they bite them, and the poison allows them time to run a small way, as the dog in the above experiment did; or perhaps a bird to fly up into the next tree, where the snakes watch them with great earnestness, till they fall down, or are perfectly dead; when, having licked them over with their spawl or spittle, they swallowed them down, as the following accounts relate.

“Some people in England (says colonel Beverly in his History of Virginia, edit. 2d, p. 260. Lond. 1722. 8vo.) are startled at the very name of the rattle-snake, and fancy every corner of the province so much pestered with them, that a man goes in constant danger of his life, that walks abroad in the woods. But this is a gross mistake: for, first, this snake is very rarely seen, and, when that happens, it never does the least mischief, unless you offer to disturb it, and thereby provoke it to bite in its own defence: and it never fails to give you fair warning, by making a noise with its rattle, which may be heard at a convenient distance. For my own part, I have travelled the country as much as any man; and yet, before the first impression of this book, I had never seen a rattle-snake alive and at liberty in all my life. The bite of this viper, without some immediate application, is certain death: but

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remedies are so well known, that none of their servants are ignorant of them. I never knew any one killed by these or any other of their snakes. They have several other snakes, which are seen more frequently, and have very little or no hurt in them; such as the black-snakes, water-snakes, and corn-snakes. The black viper-snake, and the copper-bellied snake, are said to be as venomous as the rattle-snake; but they are as seldom seen. These three poisonous snakes bring forth their young alive; whereas, the other three sorts lay eggs, which are afterwards hatched; and that is the distinction they make, esteeming those only to be venomous which are viviparous. They have likewise the horn-snake; so called from a sharp horn it carries in its tail, with which it assaults any thing that offends it, with such a force, that, as it is said, it will strike its tail into the butt-end of a musket, from which it is not able to disengage itself.

"All sorts of snakes will charm both birds and squirrels; and the Indians pretend to charm them. Several persons have seen squirrels run down a tree directly into a snake's mouth: they have likewise seen birds fluttering up and down, and chattering at the snakes, till at last they have dropt down before them.

"In the latter end of May, stopping at an orchard, by the road side, (being three of us in company,) we were entertained with the whole process of a charm between a rattle-snake and a hare; the hare being better than half grown. It happened thus; one of the company, in his search for the best cherries, espied the hare sitting, and, though he went close by her, she did not move; till he (not suspecting the occasion of her tameness) gave her a lash with his whip. This made her run about ten feet, and there sit down again. The gentleman, not finding the cherries ripe, immediately returned the same way; and, near the place where he struck the hare, he espied a rattle-snake. And still, not suspecting the charm, he goes back about twenty yards to a hedge to get a stick to kill the snake; and at his return found the snake removed and coiled in the same place, from whence he had moved the hare. This put him in thoughts of looking for the hare again, and he soon espied her about ten feet off the snake, in the same place to which she had started when he whipt her. She was now lying down; but she would sometimes raise herself on her fore-feet, struggling as it were for life, or to get away, but could never raise her hinder parts from the ground; and then she would fall flat on her side again, panting vehemently. In this condition the hare and snake were when he called me; and, though we all three came up within fifteen feet of the

snake, to have a full view of the whole, the snake took no notice at all of us, nor so much as gave a glance towards us. There we stood at least half an hour, the snake not altering a jot; but the hare often struggling and falling on its sides again, till at last, the hare lay still for sometime as dead. Then the snake moved out of his coil, and slid gently and smoothly on towards the hare, his colours at that instant being ten times more glorious and shining than that at other times. As the snake moved along, the hare happened to fetch another struggle, upon which the snake made a stop, lying at his length, till the hare had lain quiet again for a short space; and then he advanced again, till he came up to the hinder parts of the hare, which in all this operation had been towards the snake. There he surveyed the hare all over, raising part of his body above it, then he turned off, and went to the head and nose, after that to the ears; took the ears in his mouth, one after the other, working each apart in his mouth, as a man does a waffer to moisten it; then returned to the nose again, and took the face into his mouth, straining and gathering his lips, sometimes by one side of his mouth, sometimes by the other. At the shoulders he was a long time puzzled, often hauling and stretching the hare out at length, and straining forward first one side of his mouth, then the other; till at last he got the whole body into his throat. Then we went to him, and taking the twist-band off from my hat, I made a noose, and put it about its neck. This made him at length very furious: but, having secured him, we put him into one end of a wallet, and, having carried him on horseback five miles to the house where we lodged that night, next morning we killed him and took the hare out of his belly. The head of the hare began to be digested, and the hair to fall off, having lain about eighteen hours in the snake's belly.

"In my youth I was a bear-hunting in the woods, above the inhabitants; and, having strayed from my companions, I was entertained upon my return with a relation of a pleasant rencounter between a dog and a rattle-snake, about a squirrel. The snake had got the head and shoulders of the squirrel into his mouth, which, being something too large for his throat, it took him up some time to moisten the fur of the squirrel with his spawl, to make it slip down. The dog took this advantage, seized the hinder parts of the squirrel, and tugged with all his might. The snake on the other side would not let go his hold for a long time; till, at last, fearing he might be bruised by the dog's running away with him, he gave up his prey to the dog. The dog ate the squirrel and felt no harm.

"Another curiosity, concerning this viper, I will relate from my own observation. A rattle-snake being taken in a noose, I cut off the head, leaving about an inch of the neck with it:

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this I laid upon the head of a tobacco hoghead, one Stephen Lankford, a carpenter, being with me. Now, these snakes have but two teeth, by which they convey their poison, and these are placed in the upper jaw, pretty forward in the mouth, one on each side. These teeth are hollow and crooked like a cock's spur: they are also loose or springing in the mouth, and not fastened in the jaw-bone, as all the other teeth are. The hollow has also a vent through, by a small hole, a little below the point of the tooth. These two teeth are kept lying down along the jaw, or shut like a spring knife: they have also over them a loose thin film or skin of a flesh colour, which rises over them when they are raised. This skin does not break by the rising of the tooth only, but keeps whole till the bite is given, and then it is pierced by the tooth, by which the poison is let out. The head being laid upon the hoghead, I took two little twigs or splinters of sticks; and, having turned the head upon its crown, opened the mouth, and lifted up the fang or springing tooth on one side several times; in doing of which I at last broke the skin. The head gave a sudden champ with its mouth, breaking from my sticks; in which I observed that the poison ran down in a lump like oil, round the root of the tooth. Then I turned the other side of the head, and resolved to be more careful to keep the mouth open, on the like occasion, and observe more narrowly the consequence: for, it is to be observed, that, though the heads of snakes, terrapins, (a sort of tortoise,) and such like vermin, be cut off; yet the body will not die in a long time after, the general saying is, not till the sun sets. After opening the mouth on the other side, and lifting up the fang also several times, he endeavoured to give another bite or champ. But I kept his mouth open, and the tooth pierced the film, and emitted a stream like that in blood-letting, and cast some drops upon the sleeve of the carpenter's shirt, who had no waistcoat on. I advised him to pull off his shirt, but he would not, and received no harm; and, though nothing could then be seen of it upon the shirt, yet in washing there appeared five green specks, which every washing appeared plainer and plainer, and lasted as long as the shirt, which was about three years after. The head we afterwards threw down upon the ground; and a few came and ate it before our faces, and received no harm. Now, I believe, had this poison lighted upon any place of the carpenter's skin, that was scratched or hurt, it might have poisoned him. I take the poison to rest in a small bag or receptacle in the hollow at the root of these teeth; but I never had the opportunity afterwards to make a farther discovery of that.

"As to the violent effects of this poison, I was told, by colonel James Taylor, that, being with others in the woods, surveying, they found a rattle-snake, and cut off his head, and about three inches of the body. Then, with a green stick which he had in his hand, about a foot and a half long, the bark being newly peeled off, he urged and provoked the head till it bit the stick with fury several times. Upon this the colonel observed small green streaks to rise up along the stick towards his hand. He threw the stick upon the ground, and, in a quarter of an hour, the stick of its own accord split into several pieces, and fell asunder from end to end. This account I had from him again at the writing hereof."

F. La Bat likewise tells us (in his *Nouveau voyage aux isles de l'Ame'ique*, Tom. 4. p. 96, 106) that serpents, when they bite their prey, retire, to avoid being hurt by them; and, when dead, cover them with their spittle, extend their feet along their sides and tails, if quadrupeds, and swallow them.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Of Education and Custom.

WE suck in the first rudiments, as we do the common air, without discrimination or election, of which, indeed, our tender and unexercised minds are not capable. And I confess it is necessary we should do so; nor were there any hurt in this innocent easiness, did not most men all their lives, worship the first thing they saw in the morning of their days, and ever after obstinately adhere to those unexamined receptons. But here lies the mischief; when we are children, we are apt to believe every thing; and, when we are grown men, we seldom examine things, but settle in their first impressions, without giving ourselves the trouble to consider and review them. And these prejudices, by custom and long acquaintance with our souls, become irresistible to every thing that is different from those images of education.

Tully, I remember, makes mention of a musician, who, being asked what the soul was, presently replied, that it was *harmony*; whereupon, Tully, being well enough pleased with the answer, makes this witty remark: *hic à principiis artis sue non recessit*; he knew not how to leave the principles of his own art. So, likewise, Plato's scholars had been altogether bred up in arithmetic and the knowledge of numbers; and therefore hence it was, that, afterward, when they diverted their studies to the knowledge of nature or moral philosophy, wheresoever they walked, or whatsoever they were doing, their heads were still running

running upon numbers. They fancied the world was framed out of numbers; cities, kingdoms, and commonwealths, they thought, stood by numbers; number, with them, was the sole principle and creator of every thing. In a word, it fares much with us as it did with Tully's musician or Plato's scholars; *difficulus à principiis artis nostræ recedimus*; it is with much difficulty that we forsake those principles we have been bred up in. The wise philosopher tells us, that the soul of man is a *rasa tabula*, like a white sheet of paper; out of which, therefore, it must be more than common art that can so clearly take out the first writing as to superinduce a new copy, fair and legible. This is the true reason why any person finds it so difficult to quit those notions which have been established in his mind from his early infancy. There is a marvellous agreement and natural kindness to those opinions which we suck in with our milk: they are like foster-brothers; to whom, it has been observed, there is as strong an inclination as to the natural: we play and converse with them from our cradles; and, as soon as we can go alone, we take them by the hand: we sleep with them in our bosoms, and contract an insensible friendship with them, a pleasing familiarity, which takes off all deformities: we love them and we like them, and their very blackness is a beauty, as it is with the African nations, to whom even that, which we judge deformity, appears more lovely than the most delicate European beauty.

Thus do we judge all things by our anticipations, and condemn or applaud them as they differ or agree with our first opinions. It is on this account that almost every country censures the laws and customs of every other, as absurd and unreasonable, and are confirmed in their own follies beyond possibility of conviction. In a word, there is nothing so absurd to which education cannot form our tender youth: it can turn us into shapes more monstrous than those of Afric. For, in our childhood, we are like the melted wax to the prepared seal, capable of any impression from the documents of our teachers.

Seneca says, that we govern ourselves not by reason but by custom; accounting that most honest which is most practised; and error serves us for a law when it is become public. Custom, we know, is of so great account among physicians, that, according to the great Hippocrates, there is no one thing ought to be more regarded: nay, says he, whatsoever a man is used to, although it be bad, is less harmful than what we are not accustomed to, although in itself it be better. And, among the lawyers, we see there is nothing of more esteem than custom: prescription is always counted the best title; and the common law (which is nothing but several customs, established by time and

and experience) has always the preference of statute-law, and is esteemed the nobler part. Again, custom governs our very affections; and we love rather by custom than by reason: hence mothers more tenderly affect their children, with whom they commonly converse, than fathers do; and nurses more than some mothers. Custom hath likewise such power over the imagination, that, when we are asleep, we often dream of those things which our minds most run upon when we are awake. And what a mighty influence has it upon the outward senses! Which may be perceived in those persons who, after they have been for some time kept in a dark place, come into a full and open light; they not being able to bear that luminous body, which, by its glaring, seems to dazzle and offend their sight. And hence it is that those, who live near the cataracts of Nile, as also those several tradesmen, whose noise displeases us so much, and who dwell in mills and forges, are made so familiar with it, by custom, that they are no ways disturbed with this constant clattering, but rest and sleep as quietly, with the noise, as others do without it. Thus doth custom sufficiently shew its own force and power, which is stronger than nature, inasmuch as it both alters and destroys it, and is so powerful that it cannot be destroyed but by itself. To conclude, then, the power of custom is much greater than most men imagine; and therefore it is, that, through mistake, we often call that the law of nature which really is but the effect of custom and education. That affection which we say every man naturally bears to his own country, whence comes it? Is it not from custom? I know, indeed, that some tell us that this love to our native soil is by the instinct of nature, as beasts love their dens and birds their nests: but I rather think it is from civil institution, as being accustomed to the same laws, the same ceremonies, the same temples, the same markets, and the same tribunals. No wonder, then, that the generality of mankind is so influenced by custom; since that idea, which many men have of truth and reason, is no other than what custom dispenses to them. And therefore it is, that we often are so strangely deluded and imposed upon: for *custom*, says Montaigne, *veils from us the true aspect of things; they appear according to our ignorance of nature, and not according to the essence of nature. The continually being accustomed to a thing blinds the eye of our judgment.* It may therefore seem ridiculous to think there is any common standard of reason amongst men, since that charms in one country, which is abhorred in others; and the very imaginary lines, which divide kingdoms, seem likewise to divide their way of thinking, and to make a different geography in the reason which they adore as well as on the earth on which they

they trample. Hence, then, it is, that all nations are so fond of their own customs: the Greeks and Romans thought all other nations barbarous in respect of themselves: the Italians call all *oltramontani* (such as are on this side the Alps) *barbari*, as though none knew what civility meant but they: the Venetians will commonly say, when they hear a man speak in a language which they understand not, *Ma, parlate Christiano, [nay, speak like a Christian,]* as if no language were good and Christian-like but theirs: the Chinese esteem themselves the only reasonable and civilised people; whence it is a common proverb amongst them, that the *Chinese only see with two eyes; and all other men but with one*: and thus do we still keep up the same humour, by judging all those, who differ from us in their customs and usages, to be at least ridiculous, if not barbarous: though, after all, the barbarians are no more a wonder to us than we are to them, nor, it may be, with any more reason. And, to say the truth, there are many laws and customs which seem, at the first view, to be savage, inhuman, and contrary to all reason; but, if they were, without passion, soberly considered, though they were not found to be altogether just and good, yet, at least, they might be plausibly defended by some kind of reason. A wise man, therefore, ought to suspend his judgement, and not to be over-forward in censuring and condemning the practices and customs of other nations; which sort of narrowness I find many are subject to, and, with the hermit, are apt to think the sun shines no where but in their cell, and that all the world is darkness but themselves. But this certainly is to measure truth by a wrong standard, and to circumscribe her by too narrow a scantling. But to proceed. Since custom hath so great a sway in all our actions, we may well look upon it as another nature. A rooted habit becomes a governing principle, and bears almost an equal sway in us with that which is natural: it is, says Tillotson, a kind of new nature superinduced, and even as hard to be expelled as some things which are primitively and originally natural. When we bend a thing at first, it will endeavour to restore itself; but it may be held bent so long that it will continue so of itself and grow crooked; and then it may require more force and violence, to reduce it to its former straightness, than we used to make it crooked at first. Mens minds are naturally of the same clay; education is the potter's hand and wheel that form them into vessels of honour and dishonour. This, of all human means, is the most effectual towards the refining and sharpening mens intellects, giving them an edge and quickness; and that the more, because it takes them in that age wherein their faculties are, as their joints, pliant and tractable, and so capable of being, by exercise, improved

proved into great degrees both of strength and activity. In a word, there is nothing tends more to the forming an honourable and virtuous life than a good education. Most certain it is, without this, we are as good as lost in our very cradles; for, whatsoever principles we make choice of in our infancy, we carry, for the most part, to our graves; and, in a word, it is the education that makes the man.

Thus we see that the least false step at the first setting out makes us hobble and limp all the journey afterwards. Since education, then, carries so great force and authority along with it, how much does it behove such parents, as have any regard to virtue and wisdom, to give their children a virtuous and sober education! Though, indeed, this does not always prove successful: for Nero, notwithstanding his two excellent tutors, Seneca and Burrhas, received but little improvement, Cicero's son, to the stupidity of his nature, added drunkenness, and returned from Athens and Cratippus as arrant a blockhead as he went. Marcus Aurelius provided fourteen of the most approved masters to educate Commodus, yet could not rectify his froward and barbarous humour. Thus, as Sir Henry Wotton observes, there is, in some tempers, such a natural barrenness, that, like the sands of Arabia, they are never to be cultivated or improved. There are some crab-stocks of such a nature, that all the ingrafting in the world can never correct or amend. But these monsters of nature are not often to be met with; for we usually observe, that the culture of the mind, as of the earth, doth deliver it from the barrenness of its own nature; and that the toughest and most unbended natures, by early and prudent discipline, may be much corrected and improved. B.

* * The essays, signed *Cælebs*, *Eusebius*, *Mentor*, *XYZ*, a *Subscriber*, with the *matrimonial table*, a *prayer*, an extract upon *human learning*, and several other anonymous pieces, are received.

The letter, directed to the rev. —, it is apprehended would not be acceptable to the readers of the *Monthly Ledger*.

W's favour came too late for insertion, but it shall appear in the next number. The corrected piece, signed *Aristander*, will be acceptable.

ERRATUM.

In the last number, p. 418, l. 4, for *conscious guilt and punishment*, read, *conscious guilt and merited punishment*.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

Inserting the following, if agreeable to the Editor of the very entertaining and instructive Monthly Ledger, will oblige a constant reader

In the East Angles.

A WISH, by a LADY.

A Near little box, on the side of a hill,
At the bottom of which runs a
murmuring rill:
The soil should be healthy, and temp'rate
the air,
And, to add to my prospect, I'd have a
parterre.
The sweet rose of Sharon my walks should
adorn;
Just under my window, I'll fancy a lawn,
Where delicate shrubs should be planted
with taste,
And none of my ground be seen running
to waste.
Inst'ad of Italians, the linnet and thrush
Would with harmony greet me, from
ev'ry bush;
Those gay feather'd songsters do rapture
inspire;
What music so soft as the heavenly choir?
My furniture elegant, simple, and plain;
Not any thing gaudy, expensive, or vain.
My friends should repose on a pillow of
down;
Nor ever, from me, should they meet
with a frown.
A study, replete with good authors, I'd
choose,
That, if serious or gay, might instruct or
amuse;
No new fashion'd novel or gilded romance
Should there find a place, tho' it travel'd
from France.
My table I'd cover with old English cheer;
No kickshaws or luxury should be seen
here:
I would treat you with port and a service
of fruit,
But modern extravagance ne'er should take
root.
If, to crown my felicity, fortune would
lend
A sensible, sprightly, compassionate,
friend,
Vol. II.

One free from suspicion: — if such could
be found.
He soon should be master of this fairy
ground.

Account of the Origin and Progress of Reason, from Langbarne's Second Epistle on the Enlargement of the Mind.

W HEN first the trembling eye re-
ceives the day,
External forms on young perception play;
External forms affect the mind alone,
Their different pow'rs and properties un-
known.
See the pleas'd infant court the flaming
brand,
Eager to grasp the glory in its hand!
The crystal wave as eager to pervade;
Stretch its fond arms to meet the smiling
shade;
When memory's call the mimic word
obeys,
And wings the thought that falters on its
ways;
When wise experience her slow verdict
draws,
The sure effect exploring in the cause,
In nature's rude, but not unfruitful,
wild,
Reflection springs, and reason is her child:
On her fair stock the blooming scyon
grows,
And brighter thro' revolving seasons blows.
O flower divine! O beauty's eldest born!
From life's fair tree by fatal error torn!
Tho' bright thy form the tempted eye to
please,
Too dearly bought for innocence and ease,
What tho' by hope of godlike knowledge
led,
On thy fair fruit our hapless parents fed,
The good, alas! they but in memory knew,
Not so the evil—for they felt it too.
Yet, beauteous flow'r! immortal shalt
thou shine,
When dim with age yon golden orbs de-
cline;
Thy orient bloom, unconscious of decay,
Shall spread and flourish in eternal day,
O! with what art, my friend, what early
care,
Should wisdom cultivate a plant so fair!

R r r

How

How should her eye the rip'ning mind
revise!

And blast the buds of folly as they rise!
How should her hand with industry restrain
The thriving growth of passion's fruitful
train,

Aspiring weeds, whose lofty arms would
tow'r

With fatal shade o'er reason's tender
flow'r.

From low pursuits the ductile mind to
save,
Creeds that contract and vices that enslave;
O'er life's rough seas its doubtful course
to steer,

Unbroke by avarice, bigotry, or fear;
For this fair science spreads her light afar,
And fills the bright urn of her eastern star.

PSALM XVIII. *paraphrased, by Mr.*
Merrick.

BLEST Object of my soul's desire,
To thee my grateful thoughts aspire;
On thee my steadfast hope I build;
My God, my rest, my rock, my shield!
The strength of my salvation thee,
And tow'r of sure defence, I see.
What foe shall e'er my terror raise,
While thus I pay my debt of praise,
And, as the doubtful field I tread,
To God my suppliant hands outspread!
Woes heap'd on woes my heart deplor'd,
While sin's proud torrents round me
roar'd;

The sepulchre's extended hands
Had wrapp'd me in its strongest bands,
And Death, insulting, o'er my head
Th' inextricable toils had spread.
My words, as, griev'd, to God I pray,
Wing'd to his heav'nly fane their way,
Through adverse clouds their passage clear,
Nor unaccepted reach his ear:
With strong convulsions groan'd the
ground,

The hills, with waving forests crown'd,
Loos'd from their base, their summits nod,
And own the presence of their God:
Collected clouds of wrathing smoke
Forth from his angry nostrils broke,
And orbs of fire, with dreadful glare,
Rush'd onward through the glowing air.
Incumbent on the bending sky
The Lord descended from on high,
And bade the darkness of the pole
Beneath his feet tremendous roll.
The cherub to his ear he join'd,
And on the wings of mightiest wind,
As down to earth his journey lay,
Reckless urg'd his rapid way.

Thick-woven clouds around him clos'd,
His secret residence compos'd,
And waters, high suspended, spread
Their dark pavilion o'er his head.
In vain, reluctant to the blaze
That previous pour'd its streaming rays,
As on he moves, the clouds retire,
Dissolv'd in hail and rushing fire:
His voice th' almighty monarch rear'd,
Through heav'n's high vault in thunder
heard,

And down, in fiercer conflict, came
The hailstones dire and mingled flame.
With aim direct his shafts were sped,
In vain his foes before them fled;
Now here, now there, his lightnings fly,
And sure destruction marks their way:
Earth's basis opens to the eye,
And ocean's springs were seen to lie,
As, chiding loud, his fury past,
And o'er them breath'd the dreadful blast.
God, in my rescue, from the skies
His arm extends, and bids me rise
Emergent from the flood profound,
Whose waves my struggling soul surround.
His hand my strongest foes repell'd,
Their force by force superior quell'd,
And I, unequal to the fight,
Ev'n I, have triumph'd in his might.
Oppress'd with languor, grief, and pain,
E'er yet my nerves their strength regain,
His fierce assault th' invader gave;
But thou wert present, Lord, to save:
My spacious path, by thee outspread,
With course secure behold me tread,
Best in the favour of my God,
And speak the grace on all bestow'd,
Who guiltless hands to him can raise,
And offer unpolled praise.

His precepts, fix'd before my view,
My thoughts with steadfast aim pursue,
Nor error's cloud nor arts of sin
My soul from his obedience win.
Thou seest, eternal Judge, my breast
Each taint of inward guilt detect:
My will subdu'd to thy commands,
And wash'd in innocence my hands,
Thine eye delighted hath survey'd,
Thy pow'r with fullest bliss repaid.

Thy ways to ours conform: in thee
The holy shall the holy see,
The pure the pure; the perfect mind
In thee perfection's self shall find;
Their arts the men of troward turn,
By deeper art eluded, mourn:
While these their pow'r's with effort vain
Unite, the meek and pious train
Thou, ever watchful, ever nigh,
Defendest; and the haughty eye,
Chastis'd by thy afflicting stroke,
Bends to the earth its humbled look.

While

While night's thick shades around me stand,

My lamp, illumin'd by thy hand,
Pours through the gloom its steady ray,
And turns my darkness into day.

My arm, if thou thine aid supply,
Shall bid whole hosts before me fly;
My feet, if thou my sinews string,
High o'er the wall exulting spring.

Nor stains of sin thy path defile,
Author of good! nor fraud nor guile
To thee belong: on thy blest word,
(By truth's severest flames explor'd,)

On thy blest word who build their trust
Shall find their confidence was just.
What God but thee shall Israel know,
Or who, Oh! who, can save but thou?

'Tis God that arms me for the fight,
'Tis God that girds my soul with might;
From him my feet their path have
known,

And, wing'd with vigour not their own,
Support me, while in air sublime,
Swift as the hind, the rock I climb,

And, safe from each invader's hand,
Fix on its craggy height my stand.

By him inform'd, with surer art,
My hands direct the pointed dart,
And forceful break the steely bow,
New-wrested from the struggling foe.

Thou, mightiest Lord, hast o'er my head
The shield of my salvation spread;
By thy right-hand I walk'd upheld,
Great in thy mercy trod the field
With step enlarg'd, and, thou my
guide,

Nor fear'd to fall, nor knew to slide.

With fierce pursuit my foes I press'd,
Beheld my spear their flight arrest,
Nor bade my sword its fury stay,

Till prostrate on the ground they lay.

They bow'd, they fell, disdain'd with
gore;

They bow'd, they fell, and rose no more.

Bless'd Lord! 'twas thy resistless pow'r
That arm'd me for the dreadful hour,
My foes beneath my feet o'erthrown,

To certain conquest led me on,
Their backs expos'd to many a wound,
And stretch'd them breathless on the
ground.

Aloud, oppress'd with horror, cried
The rebel throng; but none replied:

To God they call; but God their pray'r
Abhorrent scatters to the air.

Behold the troops before me chas'd,
As dust before the driving blast,

And trampled, as the yielding clay
Extended o'er the beaten way.

When furious crowds against me rose,
How prompt thy hand to interpose!

O'er realms, that but have heard my name,
Through thee the just command I claim;
The tribes, that from their God estrang'd
Through climes to me unknown had
rang'd,

With flatter'd lip their homage pay,
And trembling own a foreign sway.
Each dreads my vengeance to sustain,
Nor walls nor forts their fear restrain.

Blest be the living God, whose aid,
When impious foes my peace invade,
Their rage instructs me to decline,
And makes his wish'd salvation mine;
Deals, in my right th' avenging stroke,
And bends the nations to my yoke,
Each force, that durst my reign contest,
By his resistless strength suppress'd.
For this thy pow'r my song shall claim,
And distant regions hear thy fame.

Behold thy David to the throne
By thee uprais'd: his temples own
Thy sacred unction; fair success
His counsels and his arm shall bless:
Thy love on him and on his line
With unextinguish'd lustre shine.

*An Answer to the two Enigmas in the last
Number.*

THE letter F ambiguously doth tell
That with the fair he condescend
to dwell;

Attendant waits at the luxurious feast,
Yet doth not deign to taste the rich repast.
True, as a friend, an Englishman, we
know,

It scarce can be;—only consult De Foe.

But egotisms must his praise record;

"An Englishman ne'er wants his own
good word."

The next is *parcament's* consequential name;
Whose conflict, sure, bespeak no com-
mon theme:

He tells us what his fire had undergone;
But yet, from thence, doth urge his
prospect on

Till he's aloft on the triumphal car,
Or, midst the scenes, sounding the alarm
of war:

Speaks of his thunder, when Bellona
reigns,

And all the terror of the field maintains.

At wakes and fairs, he says, his power
is known;

And that's, indeed, a truth I can't
dissown:

Lastly, he says that he's a friend to law,
And then he asks our leave just to with-
draw.

I. T.

RESIGNATION: a POEM.
Written on the Death of the late ———.

Though fond affection prompts the frequent sigh,
 And, o'er the rev'rend Nerva's recent grave,
 Religion and the social virtues shed
 The silent tear, and mourn their dearest friend,
 Yet let me not invoke the fabled muse,
 That swells, with frenzy wild, the pompous song,
 And strives, with praise and ostentation vain,
 To celebrate the dead: reason forbids:
 But, oh! thou sweetest child of virtue, come,
 Serene my soul and harmonize the strain!
 Hail, power celestial, RESIGNATION, hail!
 By thee inspir'd, the holy man of old*
 Attun'd his harp, and rais'd the grateful hymn
 To the Supreme: "although the vine shall fail;
 The labours of the olive be in vain;
 Although the herds and snowy flocks shall die;
 And all the verdure of the fields shall fade;
 Yet will I look, Omnipotence, to thee;
 Yet, with rejoicings, will I praise thy name."
 Come, gentle power, and be my constant friend,
 Through all life's fleeting fluctuating scenes;
 And, even though the thorny paths of care,
 By heav'n's decree should it be mine to tread,
 Still cheer my soul, and check each murm'ring sigh.
 Oh, thou, whose placid brow no woes deform,
 Though round the heav'n's tremendous thunders roil,
 And howling tempests heave the swelling seas
 In horrid mountains,—seated on a rock,
 Clad in the garments of sweet innocence
 Thou smil'st amid the fury of the storm!
 Behold'st sweet'ner of each bitter cup,
 To mortals, in unerring wisdom, giv'n,
 The man of sorrows woos thee in the shade,
 When robb'd of ev'ry charm appears his life;

Habal, chap. 3.

And, friendless and forlorn, with weary steps,
 Silent, he steals along this vale of tears,
 As, from the summit of some craggy rock,
 The swain, agast, beholds the torrent pour
 Its course, impetuous, down the fertile vale,
 And bear his all, his little flock, away:
 In vain the lambkin to its mother bleats;
 Both, in one ruin plung'd, together sink;
 And the sad shepherd hears them bleat their last!
 He turns away; the loss, how shall he bear;
 Home, as he hies, what fears his bread alarm!
 How shall his little offspring be sustain'd
 When winter spreads its rigours o'er the land!
 How, to the tender partner of his joys,
 Shall he relate it! oh! his bosom bleeds!
 But, pensive, as he journieth on his way,
 Fair RESIGNATION breathes upon his soul,
 Wipes off the tear, and turns his eye to heav'n!
 Peace, gentle swain, may bounteous heav'n bestow:
 Its blessings yet shall crown thy humble board:
 And, with her genial smile, shall plenty cheer thy cot.
 For peace, that never smiles upon the days
 Of impious murmurers, shall attend the mind
 That meets, with fortitude, the frowns of fate,
 And joys, with gratitude, if heaven smiles.
 What though harmonious, but mistaken, bards
 Have sung of Brutus and of Cato's death,
 And call'd it "bravely falling": 'twas but fear;
 'Twas meanly shrinking at the ill of life,
 And turning cowards in the heat of battle.
 Taught by the sacred author of its faith,
 The Christian heart disclaims the impious deed;
 And to the pow'r divine that strikes the blow
 Humbly looks up, and says, "thy will be done,"
 "Thy will be done," the language of the faint
 In every conflict, and in every storm!

While

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 And all th
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 Sink low in
 frown
 Terrific of
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 Calm and
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While patience leads him on his heav'nly way

To realms celestial, his eternal home.
Ev'n when convulsions dire the nations shake,

And all the tow'ring piles of human pride

Sink low in dust, guilt trembles at the frown

Terrific of Omnipotence incens'd !
Calm and resign'd the Christian views

the storm ;
Calm and resign'd he sees th'uplifted

rod,
While faith her holy anchor drops secure,

And smiling hope irradiates the gloom.
Such was the Christian firmness, such the

mind
Of Nerva, ever honour'd, ever dear !

By thee, great Source of ev'ry good,
sustain'd,

He follow'd virtue through the arduous paths

Her followers have to tread beneath the stars :

Above the varying fashions of the times,
He kept the way the faithful antients

trod,
And, with a dignity becoming man,

Thankful he greatly fill'd the station heav'n assign'd ;

And when, at length his peaceful ev'ning clos'd,

(By truth divinely stay'd,) the good old man,

Looking to brighter realms beyond the grave,

With **RESIGNATION** bade the world adieu !

Thus set his sun beneath a cloudless sky,
Th'auspicious preface of a glorious day !

EVENING. By J. Cunningham.

O'ER the heath the heifer strays
Free ; the furrow'd talk is done :
Now the village windows blaze,
Burnish'd by the setting sun.

Now he sets behind the hill,
Sinking from a golden sky :
Can the pencil's mimic skill
Copy the resplendent dye ?

Trudging, as the plowmen go,
(To the smoking hamlet bound,)
Giant-like their shadows grow,
Lengthen'd o'er the level ground.

Where the rising forest spreads,
(Shelter for the lonely dome,)
To their high-built airy beds,
See the rooks returning home.

As the lark, with vary'd tune,
Carols to the ev'ning, loud ;
Mark the mild resplendent moon,
Breaking through a parted cloud.

Now the hermit howlet peeps
From the barn or twisted brake ;
And the blue mist slowly creeps,
Curling on the silver lake.

As the trout, in speckled pride,
Playful, from its bosom springs,
To the banks, a ruffled tide
Verges, in successive rings.

Tripping through the silken grass,
O'er the path-divided dale,
Mark the rose-complexion'd lass,
With her well-pois'd milking-pail,

Linnets, with unnumber'd notes,
And the cuckow-bird with two,
Tuning sweet their mellow throats,
Bid the setting sun adieu.

EUGENIUS.

The **PRICE** of **WHEAT** per Quarter, at the Corn-Market
Mark-Lane.

	Mar. 28.		31.		Apr. 4.		7.		11.		14.		18.	
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, —	42	55	42	55	43	55	43	55	43	55	43	55	43	55
Rye, —	26	29	26	29	27	28	27	28	27	28	27	28	27	28
Barley, —	22	27	22	27	22	28	22	28	22	28	22	28	22	28
Oats, —	13	18	13	18	12	18	12	18	12	18	12	18	12	18
Apr. 21. Wheat, 43a55s. — Rye, 27a28s. Barley 22a28s.														
Oats, 12a18s.														

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From April 10, to April 15, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	4	3	3	3	0	2	0	3	0

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	7	—	—	3	4	2	4	3	2
Surry,	6	9	4	0	3	4	2	5	4	0
Hertford,	6	11	—	—	3	4	2	3	3	9
Bedford,	7	1	4	11	3	2	2	2	3	2
Cambridge,	6	11	3	11	3	1	1	11	2	8
Huntingdon,	6	11	—	—	3	2	1	11	2	10
Northampton,	7	7	—	—	3	9	2	1	3	2
Rutland,	6	9	—	—	3	7	2	0	3	0
Leicester,	7	6	5	2	3	9	2	1	4	0
Nottingham,	6	9	5	0	3	8	2	3	3	8
Derby,	7	1	—	—	4	0	2	6	4	1
Stafford,	7	4	—	—	3	10	2	1	4	5
Salop,	7	6	5	10	3	8	1	11	4	7
Hereford,	6	7	—	—	3	5	2	0	3	11
Worcester,	7	4	4	8	3	6	2	6	3	9
Warwick,	7	5	—	—	4	0	2	6	5	2
Gloucester,	7	2	—	—	3	4	2	4	4	4
Wiltshire,	6	9	—	—	3	2	2	5	4	3
Berks,	7	0	—	—	3	4	2	4	3	8
Oxford,	7	3	—	—	3	3	2	5	4	1
Bucks,	6	10	—	—	3	5	2	2	3	2

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	9	3	3	3	1	2	1	3	2
Suffolk,	6	1	3	0	2	11	2	0	2	10
Norfolk,	6	1	3	4	2	9	1	11	3	4
Lincoln,	6	4	4	3	3	2	1	10	3	2
York,	6	3	4	10	3	4	2	1	3	4
Durham,	6	0	3	11	3	5	2	0	3	7
Northumberland,	5	4	3	9	3	0	2	0	3	9
Cumberland,	6	4	4	8	3	3	2	5	4	0
Westmoreland,	7	0	—	—	3	2	2	4	—	—
Lancashire,	6	4	—	—	3	3	2	3	3	7
Cheshire,	7	2	—	—	4	0	2	4	—	—
Monmouth,	7	0	—	—	3	4	1	10	—	—
Somerfet,	7	3	—	—	3	1	2	1	3	2
Devon,	6	9	—	—	3	2	1	9	—	—
Cornwall,	7	1	—	—	3	9	1	10	—	—
Dorset,	7	3	—	—	2	11	2	5	4	1
Hampshire,	6	10	—	—	3	1	2	4	3	6
Suffex,	6	5	—	—	2	11	2	2	3	4
Kent,	6	5	—	—	3	7	2	4	2	11

From April 3, to April 8, 1775.

W A L E S.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans

	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	5	5	3	9	2	9	1	5	3	0
South Wales,	7	5	6	8	3	4	1	10	3	4

Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	Beans	Big.
5 2	3 6	2 8	2 2	2 9	2 9

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For March, 1775.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm. lo. hi.	Weather.
1	W.S.W. fresh	30	46 50	Fair.
2	S.W. little	29 ¹⁰ ₁₀	47 54	Morning early rain, fair day.
3	S.E. fresh	29 ⁴ ₁₀	43 43 ¹ ₂	Hail and rain.
4	S.E. fresh	29 ³ ₁₀	43 46 ¹ ₂	Rainy.
5	S.E. calm	29	46 47	Rainy, with intervals fair.
6	W. calm	29 ⁴ ₁₀	44 45 ¹ ₂	Ditto and ditto.
7	W. fresh	29 ² ₁₀	44 45	Rainy.
8	W.S.W. strong	29 ³ ₁₀	43 43 ¹ ₂	Rain.
9	S.W. fresh	29 ⁶ ₁₀	44 ¹ ₂ 47	Showers.
10	W.S.W. strong	29 ³ ₁₀	46 46 ¹ ₂	Heavy showers, intervals clear.
11	S. strong	29 ⁷ ₁₀	47 49	Heavy showers.
12	W. strong	29 ⁴ ₁₀	47 ¹ ₂ 48	Showery.
13	N.W. strong	30 ¹ ₁₀	46 46 ¹ ₂	Slight showers.
14	W.N.W. little	30 ² ₁₀	43 44 ¹ ₂	Brilliant day, frosty night.
15	W.N.W. little	30 ³ ₁₀	42 43	Ditto and ditto.
16	W. little	30 ³ ₁₀	42 44 ¹ ₂	Ditto and ditto.
17	N.W. fresh	30 ² ₁₀	42 ¹ ₂ 45	Fair.
18	W.S.W. little	29 ⁷ ₁₀	44 ¹ ₂ 48	Rainy.
19	W. fresh	29 ⁴ ₁₀	47 49	Heavy showers.
20	N.W. fresh	29 ⁷ ₁₀	46 49	Cloudy and some rain.
21	W.N.W. fresh	29 ⁸ ₁₀	48 49	Fair.
22	W. fresh	29 ⁸ ₁₀	48 ¹ ₂ 50	Ditto.
23	W. fresh	29 ⁹ ₁₀	48 52	Ditto.
24	N.W. strong	29 ⁹ ₁₀	48 ¹ ₂ 53	Ditto.
25	W.N.W. strong	29 ⁸ ₁₀	45 47	Some heavy showers.
26	W.N.W. strong	29 ⁶ ₁₀	46 48 ¹ ₂	Showery.
27	E. to N.W. strong	29 ⁷ ₁₀	47 ¹ ₂ 48	Cloudy.
28	S.W. fresh	29 ⁷ ₁₀	44 44 ¹ ₂	Cloudy, with snow and frost.
29	N.W. fresh	29 ⁴ ₁₀	38 38 ¹ ₂	Hail, snow, storms, & severe frost.
30	N.W. little	29 ³ ₁₀	38 39 ¹ ₂	Severe frost, with some snow.
31	N.W. little	29 ¹ ₁₀	38 ¹ ₂	

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S .

M. 2.	BANK.	E. India Stock.	South Sea Stock.	Old S. Sea Annuit.	S. Sea New 3 per Cent. Reduced.	P R I C E S O F S T O C K S .			Long Annuit.	Ind. Bonds prem.	Na. Bk. disc.
						3 per Cent. Consols.	3 per Cent. An. 1726.	3 per Cent. E. I. An. 1751.			
1	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	87 1/2	87 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
2	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
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4	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
5	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
6	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
7	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
8	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
9	144 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
10	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
11	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
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13	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
14	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
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16	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
17	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
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19	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
20	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
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22	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
23	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
24	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2
25	145 1/2	156 1/2	156 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	86 1/2	25 1/2	60 1/2	1 1/2

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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Of Passion : And whether the Passions are an Advantage or Disadvantage to Men.



T was the usual saying of a very ingenious person, *that passionate men, like Yorkshire hounds, are apt to over-run the scent.* They have not the patience to pause and deliberate, but *quicquid in buccam venerit, whatsoever they think they speak ;* and therefore it is that they often run into such gross absurdities. A mind, transported with passion, rejects the best reasons and retains the worst opinions, like a bolter, which lets the flour pass and keeps nothing but the bran. Therefore Plato, speaking of passionate persons, says, they are like men who stand upon their heads, they see all things the wrong way. How incompatible the Spirit of God and passion is the holy scriptures plainly shew : for, when Elias was upon the mountain, there came a whirlwind, and God was not there ; then an earthquake, and God was not there ; but, at last, came a still voice, and God was there. The scripture likewise exhorteth us *to possess our souls in patience ;* intimating, according to the

VOL. II. lord
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lord Bacon's paraphrase, that whosoever is out of patience is out of the possession of his soul. Well, therefore, might the poets call anger a short madness: for, look upon an angry man, when he is in the height of his rage, and you may see all Africa and its prodigies in him: he is more savage than the tigers there: blow him into a flame, and you may see volcanos, hurricanes, and borascos, in him. And, certainly, were he, while his passion was thus raging, forced to look at himself in the glass, those very convulsions and distortions, his anger had put him into, would soon shame him into a better temper. In short, there is no surer argument of a great mind than not to be transported to anger by any accident whatsoever: the clouds and tempests are formed below, but all above is quiet and serene; which is the true emblem of a brave man, that surpasses all provocations and lives within himself. This made a great philosopher say, that a wise man ought to be like the Caspian Sea, which is said never to ebb or flow. But, from this excess of the passions, to infer an utter uselessness of them, to me seems very unreasonable; for I cannot think nature is such a severe step-dame as that, by her planting these passions in us, she designed only to plague and torment us: I therefore conclude, there is an honest and an innocent use of them. As Bias once said of the tongue, that it was the best and worst part of man, so may we of the affections, *nec meliores unquam servos, nec dominos, sentit natura, deteriores, they are the best servants, but the worst masters, nature can have*: like the winds, which, being moderate, carry the ship, but drown it, being tempestuous. And, as it is observed in greater states, so does the same hold good in man's little commonwealth, that those, who are the fittest for service, if once they become mutinous, always prove the most dangerous enemies. I know there have been several modern stoics, who, with a zeal much transcending their knowledge, have declaimed against the passions; nothing less than an utter extirpation will satisfy these men: they are not contented with our keeping them under, but they tell us that the mind ought to deal with its affections just as Pharaoh would have dealt with the Jews males, whom he thought it best to cut off, for fear they might, some time or other, be in a condition to make head against him. But, whether this be reasonable or not, let any man judge. Because the passions are now and then disorderly, must we, therefore, wish there were no passions? No, certainly; for this would be every whit as unreasonable as to wish there were no rivers in the world, because it sometimes happens, that, by their overflowing, we receive great detriment.

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Thus, we see, the passions, if rightly managed, are of great use and service to us; but, if once we suffer them to grow headstrong, lions, wolves, and tigers, are more governable. We too well know there is not any one thing hath done more hurt to the Christian religion than the spirit of passion; as is most evident by those many unhappy disputes and controversies amongst us. It is strange that men cannot talk of religion but they must quarrel too; as if the best way of establishing the law of God was by violating the laws of charity. I thank God, my charity is of an extensive nature; I refrain no man's company because his opinion comes not up to mine; nor do I think it reasonable that a difference in opinion should divide an affection. Mens understandings are not all of one size and temper; and therefore it cannot be imagined there ever will be such a consonancy and uniformity of judgement, amongst all men, no, not amongst wise and good men, but that, in many things, and those sometimes of great importance, they may and will dissent one from another, unto the world's end. But it is one thing to *dissent from*, and another to be at *discord with*, a man. It is an excellent rule, saith bishop Wilkins, to be observed in all disputes, that men should give soft words and hard arguments; that they should not so much strive to vex, as to convince, an enemy. If this were but diligently practised, in all cases and on all sides, we might, in a good measure, be freed from those vexations, in the search of truth, which the wise Solomon, by his own experience, did so much complain of, when he told us that, *in much wisdom, there is much grief; and he, that increaseth knowledge, increaseth sorrow*. There is nothing so impertinent, in disputes and controversies, as anger and passion; for every man is fond of his own notions, and no man cares to be huffed and hector'd out of them; and therefore this blustering way is so far from inclining us to yield to mens opinions, that it rather hardens us against them, by giving us a prejudice to their persons. For my part, I love to speak of *persons* with civility, but of *things* with freedom; and therefore I abhor the practice of many, who write as if they thought railing at any man's person, or wrangling about his words, necessary to the confutation of his opinions: methinks this is as unwise as provoking; for, if I civilly endeavour to reason a man out of his opinions, I make myself but one work to do, namely, to convince his understanding; but, if, in a bitter or exasperating way, I oppose his errors, I increase the difficulties I would surmount, and have as well his *affections* against me as his *judgement*; and it is not very easy to make a profelyte of him who not only differs from us but is an enemy to us. Besides, as a mad dog, by biting others, is wont to make those he bites run mad like himself, so these pro-

voking writers are wont to enrage those they offend, and infect them also with their own virulent distemper. In a word, then, they are the gentle insinuations which pierce, as oil is the most penetrating of all liquors; and the best way of proselyting men is to gain their affections. If disputes could be managed with temper and moderation, men might certainly reap great benefit by them; but, our unruly passions do so much get the ascendant over our understandings, that this is a thing rather to be wished than to be expected. Upon this consideration was it, that the great Montaigne was for suppressing all disputes and controversies: and much of this opinion was the philosopher Plato, who, in his Republic, prohibits this exercise to fools and ill-bred people. I think there is not any man so ignorant, but knows that nothing hath been a greater scandal to the reformed religion, either among heathens, Mahometans, or papists, nay, nor hath given a fairer occasion for bringing in atheism and infidelity, than our divisions and animosities, which proceed from our many controversies and disputes of religion. Indeed, our controversies about religion, saith the learned Stillingfleet, have brought religion itself into a controversy: for weaker heads, saith he, when they once perceive the battlements shake, are apt to suspect the foundation itself stands not firm; and, if they see any thing called in question, they presently conclude there is nothing certain. The school-men have spun the thread too fine, and made Christianity look more like a course of philosophy than a system of faith and supernatural revelation; so that the spirit of it evaporates into niceties and exercises of the brain, and the contention is not for truth but victory. Indeed, when I consider the works of the schoolmen, it puts into my thoughts how far more importantly a good method of thinking and a right course of apprehending things contribute towards the attaining of perfection, in true knowledge, than the strongest and most vigorous wit in the world can do without them. It cannot, without injustice, be denied, that they were men of extraordinary strength of mind; they had a great quickness of imagination and subtlety of distinguishing; they very well understood the consequence of propositions; their natural endowments were excellent; their industry commendable; but they lit on a wrong path, at first, and wanted matter to contrive; and so, like the Indians, only expressed a wonderful artifice in the ordering of the same feathers into a thousand varieties of figures. But, after all that can be said in their commendation, we must needs own that nothing hath been of more mischievous consequence to the Christian religion than school-divinity. I know it is much controverted, among the learned, how this school-learning came first to be set up: but, to give Aristotle his due, I think

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It may easily be proved that he was not the chief author of this sophistick kind of disputation, which reigns in our schools, but rather the Arabians, Averroes and Avicenna, his commentators; who, being wholly unacquainted with the Greek tongue, were forced to depend upon the *versions* of Aristotle, which, being very imperfect, left them under great darkness and ignorance respecting Aristotle's sense and meaning; whence there sprang a world of unintelligible terms and distinctions, with as many sophistick disputes and controversies: these the school-men greedily licked up (as the minor poets what came from Homer) and incorporated with their theology, which filled the universities of France (where this school-divinity was first broached) and England (which had continual recourse to Paris for learning) with nothing but vain strife about words, instead of sound philosophy and divinity, far worse than what was to be found in the pagan schools: which vain itch for disputation hath proved the scab of the church, as hath been observed by many learned men. When men will be wiser than God, and, in their foolish wisdom, think it fit to add their strength to God's weakness, as a speedier and surer way to establish the truth, then does God, to convince them of their folly, suffer that strong man, the enemy of the gospel, (whom none but his almighty arm can bind and master,) to come and sow his tares of division, which soon over-run the good seed of the church, and so bring all to confusion. Thus, then, by our foolish notions and conceptions, do we often stain and dilute the very fountain itself: and, as the Jews dealt with the blessed Jesus, so do we now with his holy religion, by plating its head with a crown of thorns. And this is that which hath robbed the Christian world of its unity and peace, and made the church the stage of everlasting contentions: for nothing puts men more out of humour, one with another, than schisms and unnecessary breaches of church communion: these naturally sour the tempers of men and alienate their affections to the highest degree; for both parties, endeavouring to vindicate themselves, are forced to recriminate, and these recriminations always end in heat and passion; and so, like two flints struck together, they will be continually sparkling and spitting fire at one another, till they have kindled the quarrel into an unquenchable flame. It is the learned Selden's observation, that disputes in religion will never be ended, because there wants a *measure* by which the business would be decided. It is just as if two men were at bowls, and both judged by the eye; one says, it is his cast, the other says, it is my cast; and, having no *measure*, the dispute is eternal. I remember, Ben Johnson satyrically expresses the vain disputes of divines, by Inigo Lanthorn's disputing with his puppet, in Bartholomew-Fair: It is so; it

is not so : it is so ; it is not so : crying thus, one to another, a quarter of an hour together. Thus we see how much even religion suffers by these unhappy disputes and quarrels among us ; for there is nothing does more abate the inward strength of religion than when it is rarified into airy notions and speculations ; this, indeed, gnaws and consumes the very vitals, and may, in time, quite destroy the substance, of it. It was the motto of the primitive Christians, *Non magna loquimur sed vivimus* ; our Religion consists not in talking, but in doing, great things. But may not the reverse of this be properly applied to the present age ? Religion is now become one of the *artes sermocinales*, a talkative mystery, an art, not to govern the mind and to regulate the actions, but to frame and fashion discourse. The essence and being of Christianity is practice ; and, according to that test, where almost can it be said to exist in the world ? It is true, we have some images and shadows of it : some have taken its picture, but the substance and solid body is too much vanished, resolved into air, and, like the fable of the sibyls, being worn into a voice, we have turned it into a mere noise and sound, nay, which is worse, into an echo, that flattering complying voice which reverberates every man's own language to him. Men dictate to their religion, and then will needs persuade themselves and others that their religion dictates to them. And now, to conclude, it is no wonder that our disputes and controversies have so ill an effect, when our unruly passions have so great a share in them ; for, as we have said before, the passions, if not moderated, are the brutish part in us ; and, therefore, when we transform ourselves into beasts, it is not to be supposed we can act like men.

B.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

I Had lately put into my hands a book, written near a century ago, by a gentleman, intitled *Reflections on human Learning*. The author appears to have been a man of great erudition, and well acquainted with the several branches of science and natural philosophy. In this work he has attempted to shew the insufficiency of human learning in its various branches, in order to prove the usefulness and necessity of revelation.

It must indeed be allowed that our knowledge, in various branches of science and philosophy, was very imperfect to what it is at present ; many positions, which at that time were doubtful, have since been demonstratively proved by experiments

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experiments and the discovery of instruments unknown to philosophers in that age. We must not therefore, allow all that this ingenious author has advanced against the certainty of human knowledge; but his reasonings on the subject are, in the general, so just and conclusive, that I have sent an extract from his concluding chapter, which I think is worthy a place in your entertaining and instructive miscellany, and will doubtless be acceptable to many of your readers.

I am, &c.

One of your Correspondents.

HAVING now gone through the several sorts of learning, and observed the various defects, and uncertainties which they are subject to, the conclusion is obvious, that, since no compleat satisfaction is to be met with from them, we are to seek for it somewhere else if happily it may be found. It may be found, but not by our own powers, or by our own strength; and that which our most exalted reason, under all its improvements, cannot yield us, is only to be had from revelation. It is there we may securely rest, after the mind has tried all other ways and methods of knowledge, and tired itself with fruitless enquiries. It is with the mind, as with the will and appetites; for as, after we have tried a thousand pleasures, and turned from one enjoyment to another, we find no rest to our desires till at length we fix them upon the sovereign good, so, in pursuit of knowledge, we meet with no tolerable satisfaction to our minds, till, after we are wearied with tracing other methods, we turn them at last upon the one supreme and unerring truth. And, were there no other use in human learning, there is at least this in it, that, by its many defects, it brings the mind to a sense of its own weakness, and makes it more readily, and with greater willingness, submit to revelation. God may have so ordered in his wise providence, thereby to keep us in a constant dependence on himself, and under a necessity of consulting him in his word; which, since profane men treat so negligently already, they would have it in greater contempt; and it would be still more vile in their eyes, did they find any thing within them equally perfect which might guide them in their course and bring them to the haven where they would be. But, since they do not meet with this, it ought to wean them from an opinion of themselves, and incline them to seek out satisfaction somewhere else, and to take shelter where it may be found.

I have said nothing, in this whole discourse, (nor can I repeat it too often,) with a design to discredit human learning;

I am neither of their mind, who were for burning all books except their bibles; nor of that learned man's opinion, who thought the principles of all arts and sciences might be borrowed from that storehouse; I would willingly put a just value upon the one without depressing the other; but where men strike out the other way, and take liberty to exalt learning to the prejudice of religion, and oppose shallow reason to revelation, it is then time, and every man's business, to endeavour to keep it under, at least to prevent its aspiring, by not suffering it to pass its due bounds. Our reason is a proper guide in our enquiries, and is to be followed where it keeps within its sphere; but, shining dimly, it must borrow rays from the fountain of light, and must always act subordnately to revelation. Whenever it crosseth that, it is out of its sphere and indeed contradicts its own light; for nothing is more reasonable than to believe a revelation, as being grounded upon God's veracity, without which, even reason itself will be often doubting. That whatever God (who is truth itself) reveals is true, is as sure and evident a proposition as any we can think of: It is certain in its ground, and evident in its connection, and needs no long train of consequences to make it out; whereas most of our rational deductions are often both weakly bottomed, and, depending upon a long train of consequences, which are to be drawn from one another, their strength is often lost, and the thread broken, before we come at the conclusion.

And though it be commonly objected, that there are as many differences concerning divine truths as about those of nature, yet, I think, there needs nothing farther to be said to this, but that men should approach divine truths with the same dispositions that are required by philosophers to the reading of their writings, and the objection would soon fall to the ground: the best philosophers require that, in reading their books, we should carefully lay aside partiality to a party, all passion, and other prejudice: and, let men only approach the scriptures with the same preparations of mind, and, with these and ordinary grace, (that is never wanting to those that seek it,) I dare be confident they will have no reason to complain of obscurity or ambiguity in those sacred writings: with these helps (that are had by asking) the weakest and most ordinary capacity shall see enough, and shall not stand in need of deep reach and penetration, which are necessary to the understanding of natural truths.

God, who would have all men happy, has made them all so far wise, and has so ordered, that the most important truths should be the most easy and common; and it can be no ob-

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jection that, to the understanding them, we must make use of ordinary means, and come prepared with suitable dispositions; this is what is necessary in all other things; for every thing is best understood by the same spirit by which it is written.

God has gone yet farther with us; necessary truths are not only the most common, but he has likewise made them the most convincing, and has given them a power that is not easily resisted.

Rational arguments, however convincing they may seem, are usually repelled by reason, and it is hard to convince a man, by such methods, that is equally master of reason with ourselves; whereas divine truths make their own way, they act upon us with a secret power, and press the mind with an almost irresistible strength, and do not only persuade, but almost force an assent: the first only act like light, the other strike down and pierce us through like lightening. We have as remarkable a passage, to this purpose, as most in ecclesiastical story; which, though well attested, yet, were it only a parable, the moral of it might be of good use. Upon the convening of the first general council at Nice, and the appearing of the Christian bishops there, several of the heathen philosophers offered themselves among them, intending to signalize themselves upon so great an occasion, by attacking the faith in its most eminent professors, and by endeavouring to overthrow it by philosophy and reason. To this end several conferences were held upon the principles of reason, by the most noted men of either party, in which one of the philosophers, more forward than the rest, began to grow insolent upon a supposed advantage, and must needs triumph before victory: an aged bishop took fire at this, one who had been a confessor in the late persecution, and was more noted for his faith than learning; philosophy he had none, but encountered his adversary in a new manner, in the name of Jesus, and by the word of God, and, with a few plain weapons drawn from thence, he humbles the pride of this arrogant philosopher, and straitway leads him captive to the fort: all the reply our philosopher had left him was, that, while he was encountered by philosophy and human learning, he defended himself the same way; but, being attacked by higher reasons, it was necessary for him to yield himself up to the power of God. Such is the force of that word which simple vain men so much contemn.

What then must we do? are we to give ourselves up to this word, and lay aside all human learning? I am far from thinking so, and have already cautioned against any such wild and anabaptistical conceit: these two may well con-

sist. Learning is of good use in explaining this word; and the word serves very well to lessen *our* opinion of human learning. The former may be serviceable while it acts ministerially and in subservience to the latter; but being only a handmaid to religion, whenever it usurps upon that, it is to be kept down and taught its duty; it is still only human learning, and, as such, very weak and defective; and, after all the great things that can be said of it, and the uses that may be assigned it, it must, after all, be confessed that our bible is the best book, and the only book that can afford any true lasting satisfaction: It is that which satisfies and never fatiates; which, the deeper it is looked into, pleaseth the more, as containing new and hidden treasures, by the unfolding whereof there always spring up in the mind fresh pleasure and new desire: whereas human writings (like all human things) cloy by their continuance, and we can scarcely read them the second time without irksomeness, and oftentimes not without nauseating those fine things that please so wonderfully at the first.

The sum of all this is, we busy ourselves in the search of knowledge, we tire out our thoughts, and waste our spirits in this pursuit, and afterwards flatter ourselves with mighty acquirements, and fill the world with volumes of our discoveries: whereas, would we take as much pains in discovering our weakness and defects as we spend time in ostentation of our knowledge, we might, with half the time and pains, see enough to shew us our ignorance, and thereby learn truer wisdom. We frame to ourselves new theories of the world, and pretend to measure the heavens by our mathematical skill, (that is, indefinite space by a compass, or a span,) whilst we know little of the earth we tread upon, and every thing puzzles us that we meet with there. We are not only puzzled by things without us, but we are strangers to our own make and frame; for though we are convinced that we consist of soul and body, yet no man hitherto has sufficiently described the union of these two, or been able to explain how *thought* should move *matter*, or how *matter* should act upon *thought*.

And yet we, who know so little in the smallest matters, talk of vast fields of knowledge, busying ourselves in natural enquiries and flattering ourselves with the wonderful discoveries and mighty improvements that have been made in human learning, a great part of which are purely imaginary; and, at the same time, neglecting the only true, solid, and satisfactory, knowledge. Things that are obscure and intricate we pursue with eagerness, whilst divine truths are usually disregarded, only because they are easy and common: or, if some there be of a higher nature, they shall possibly be re-
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jected, because they are above, or seemingly contrary to, reason, whilst we admit several other things without scruple, which are not reconcilable with revelation; though revealed truths be certainly divine, and the other either no truths at all, or, at the best, only human.

This sort of conduct is very propofterous; for, after all, true wisdom and satisfactory knowledge is only to be had from revelation; and, as to other truths which are to be collected from sense and reason, our ignorance of them will always be so much greater than our knowledge, as there are a thousand things we are ignorant of to one thing that we really and thoroughly know.

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**On Prejudice.*

THERE is so great seeming affinity between right reason and prejudice, arising from our different passions, and betwixt true natural ideas and the notions implanted by education, that it requires a far more penetrating head than mine so to distinguish, as to be able to satisfy ourselves, and shew the world under which denomination our principal and common sentiments are to be ranked. I confess at once it is out of my reach, at the same time I shall attempt to shew where prejudice has the greatest force, and hold it up for public discussion through the means of the Monthly Ledger, that is, if the Editor permit; and, as such a publication should be adapted to the greatest innocent variety, I think, provided the stile is not absolutely too low, he may have no objection to insert this.

The various and fixed sentiments, concerning the different modes of worship, at once shew the greatest influence of prejudice by education. We see that not all the positive truths, deeply considered by the most serious and well-meaning persons, can shake the principles instilled into his mind in his bringing up, though, to all the world except those of the same profession, they may appear monstrous and ridiculous; to prove this, look among the many sects in Christendom, and we find that not one perhaps in a thousand ever turn from the way in which he was educated; yet who dares say that the remaining nine hundred and ninety-nine, even in what we may suppose the most impious body, are totally wandering from the road to happiness; indeed, in saying that sect is really impious, we have no more to support such

assertions than they themselves have to prove us so. But you, perhaps, say, that, throwing aside the deceitful determination of your own reason, you apply to the plain doctrine laid down in the scripture; so do they; it is prejudice only that perverts the meaning of the same word or sentence, to maintain principles as contrary as light from darkness.

This essay, though short, abrupt, and, I know, very imperfect, is a hint sufficient for a more informed mind and abler pen to treat fully upon, and properly elucidate, in your next.

AN ENQUIRER.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*The luxury of Rome will know no end,
For, still, the less we have the more we spend.* JUV.

IT is a matter of painful and melancholy reflection, to a thinking mind, that dissipation and extravagance daily increase with the enhanced price of provisions and every necessary of life; as if penury and distress were the parents of wantonness and luxury. This is one of those paradoxes which would appear impossible, in speculation, did not general practice confirm it. Our wise forefathers thought it necessary to govern their expences by their capital, and to avoid the indulgence of things not absolutely necessary, when those, which were so, increased in their value. We act differently; and, in proportion to the advance of every article, indulge the desire of possessing a larger share of it. The effects of this unnatural but reigning passion are too apparently seen and felt, both by individuals and the public. Hence the large lists of bankrupts, which fill out weekly papers, often to the ruin of the fair trader and his family: hence that iniquitous rage for stock-jobbing, so injurious to the real proprietor and to public credit in general.

If the extravagance of the spendthrift and the desperate schemes of the projector ended only in their own ruin, nobody would repine at or pity their distress; but, alas! the fatal consequences of their folly extend to innocent persons, involving the fair trader, with his wife, and children, in the same calamity.

The effects of extravagance have been thought so hurtful to the morals of the people, and so destructive of the happiness of society, that the wisest states, in all ages, have introduced sumptuary laws, to restrain excesses in living, and inculcate frugality. This is now the case in Holland, where the spendthrift

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spendthrift is restrained from ruining himself and entailing misery upon his family; his estate and effects being committed to the management of some prudent person, (stiled procurator,) till the spendthrift is reclaimed, and has learned a more æconomical method of living. Addison mentions, in the Guardian, another excellent instance of æconomical wisdom, practised in the same country. He tells us, that, in some parts of Holland, it is provided by law, that every man before he marries, shall be obliged to plant a certain number of trees, proportionable to his circumstances, as a pledge to the government for the maintenance of his children. Thus parsimony is made fashionable, and prodigality rendered infamous; it is likewise well known, that amongst the Dutch, no idle and dissolute poor are to be seen begging in their streets. How different is the case in England! where frugality, though all moral writers agree in recommending it as a virtue, is now ridiculed, as mean, narrow, and selfish; and where dissipation and profusion are applauded and almost universally practised. It is now too troublesome, and thought beneath a gentleman of fashion and fortune, to know any thing of his own affairs, or to compute his income, and regulate his expences by the narrow rules of prudence and economy. His estate is committed to the direction and management of some harpy in the law, who, in the character of steward, sells long and very beneficial leases to his tenants, and who, (unless his iniquity happens to be timely discovered,) in a course of years, pockets his estate. His cellars are given up to his butler, his stables to his groom, and his kitchen to the disposal of a favourite servant. Thus the easy, indolent, gentleman is betrayed, and plundered by every body in turn; and, when he sees distress and ruin approach him, wonders which way his money is gone; and, having contracted a habit of inattention and dissipation, cannot throw it off to save himself; but, securing the little that is left, betakes himself to *France, or Italy, for the benefit of a freer air.*

I am, &c.

One of the People.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

An Account of the Torpedo.

THIS fish is very remarkable for striking the arm of those who touch it with a numbness. Various accounts have been given of this singular fish, both by ancient and modern authors;

authors; but the celebrated M. Reaumur, of the French academy of sciences, has at length cleared the point and set the matter in a satisfactory light.

The torpedo is a flat fish, much of the figure of the thornback, sufficiently known to render a particular description unnecessary, and commonly found about the coasts of Provence and Gascony, where the people eat it without danger.

Upon touching the torpedo with the finger, it frequently, though not always, happens, that the person feels an unusual painful numbness, which instantly seizes the arm up to the elbow, and sometimes to the very shoulder and head.

The pain is of a very particular species, and not to be described by any words; yet Messrs Lorenzini, Borelli, Redi, and Reaumur, who all felt it severely, observe it to bear some resemblance to that painful sensation felt upon striking the elbow violently against some hard body; though M. Reaumur assures us this gives but a very faint idea of it.

Its chief force is at the instant it begins; it lasts but a few moments, and then vanishes entirely. If a person holds his hand ever so near the torpedo without touching it, he feels nothing; if he touches it with a stick, he feels a faint effect; if he touches it through the interposition of a thin body, the numbness is felt very considerably: If the hand is pressed very strong against it, the numbness is the less; but still strong enough to oblige a man speedily to let go. There have been many different methods of accounting for this singular effect: the ancients contented themselves with ascribing a torporific virtue or faculty to this animal. Some modern writers will have the effect produced by the torpedo to depend on an infinite number of corpuscles issuing continually out of the fish, but more copiously under some circumstances than others. This was the opinion generally received in the last century, being adopted by Perault, Redi, and Lorenzini. They explain themselves thus; as the fire unites a quantity of corpuscles proper to heat us, so the torpedo unites a quantity of corpuscles sufficient to numb the part they insinuate themselves into; whether it be by their entering in too great abundance, or by their falling into tracks or passages very dissimilar to their figures.

But the most just hypothesis is that of M. Reaumur. The torpedo, like other flat fish, he observes, is not absolutely flat, but its back, or rather all the upper part of its body, a little convex. When it did not, or would not, produce any numbness in such as touched it, he found its back preserved its natural convexity; but, whenever it would dispose itself to receive a touch or thrust, it gradually diminished the convexity

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convexity of the back parts of its body; sometimes only rendering them flat, and at other times even concave. The very next moment, the numbness always began to seize the arm; the fingers that touched were obliged to give back; and all the flat and concave part of the body became immediately convex; and, though it only became flat insensibly, it returned to its convexity so swiftly, that one could not perceive any change till it was effected. The motion of a ball out of a musket is not perhaps quicker than that of the fish reassuming its former situation; at least the one is not perceivable any more than the other. It is from this sudden stroke that the numbness of the arm arises; and, accordingly, the person, when he begins to feel it, imagines that his fingers have been violently struck: it is merely the velocity of the stroke that occasions the numbness.

The wonder is, how so soft a substance, as that of the fish, should give so rude a blow: indeed a single stroke of a soft body could never have done it: but, in this case, there is an infinity of such strokes given in an instant. To explain the admirable mechanism thereof, we must give a little view of the parts whereon it depends.

This mechanism consists in two very singular muscles, described by several authors, who have given the anatomy of the torpedo: their form is that of crescents; and they together take up almost half the back of the fish, one on the right side, and one on the left. Their origin is a little above the mouth, and they are separated from each other by the bronchia, into the last of which they have their insertion. What is most singular is their fibres, if, with some authors, we may give that name to a sort of smaller muscles as big as goose-quills, of an assemblage whereof the great muscles are formed. These lesser muscles are hollow cylinders, their length nearly equal to the thickness of the fish, and ranged along-side each other; all perpendicular to the upper and lower surfaces of the fish, accounting their surfaces as two nearly parallel planes. The exterior surface of each of these cylinders consists of whitish fibres, whose direction is the same with that of the cylinder; but the fibres only form a kind of tube, whose particles are not thicker than common paper. The cavity of the tube is full of a soft matter, of the colour and consistence of pap, divided into near thirty different little masses, by so many partitions parallel to the base of the cylinder, which partitions are formed of transverse fibres; so that the whole cylinder is composed of near thirty smaller cylinders, placed over each other, and each full of a medullary substance.

We need only now to remember that, when the torpedo is ready to strike its numbness, it slowly flattens the outer surface of its upper part, and the whole mechanism whereon its force depends will be apparent. By that gradual contraction it binds, as it were, all its springs, renders all its cylinders shorter, and at the same time augments their bases; or, which amounts to the same, stretches all the little inclosures which divide the soft medullary matter. In all probability too the large fibres or little muscles, in that moment, lose their cylindrical form to fill the vacuities between them.

The contraction being made to a certain degree, all the springs unbend, the longitudinal fibres are lengthened, the transverse ones, or those that form the inclosures, are shortened; each inclosure drawn by the longitudinal fibres, which are lengthened, drives the soft matter it contains upwards, in which it is apparently assisted by the undulatory motion which is in the transverse fibres when contracting.

If then a finger touches the torpedo, it presently receives a stroke, or rather many successive strokes, from each of the cylinders whereon it is applied. As the soft matter is distributed into several inclosures, it is more than probable all the strokes are not given precisely at the same instant; for all parts of soft bodies do not strike at once. These quick reiterated strokes, given with inconceivable velocity, shake the nerves, suspend, or change, the course of the animal spirits, or some equivalent fluid; or produce an undulatory motion in the fibres of the nerves, which clashes with their natural motion when they move the arm; and hence the inability we are under of using it, and the painful sensation which accompanies it.

Hence it is that the torpedo does not convey its numbness, to any perceivable degree, except when touched on this great muscle; so that the fish is very safely taken by the tail, which is the part by which the fishermen catch and handle it.

For what use this creature is endued with such a singular power is uncertain: some have supposed it to be a means of its preservation from fishermen; but, as they frequently take them by the tail, it does not answer this end. Others, with greater reason, agree that it serves for the catching of other fishes, which it easily does if it can touch them.

The Abyssinians use torpedos for the cure of fevers, by tying down the patient on a table, and applying the fish successively upon all his members, which puts him to a cruel torment, but effectually cures the disease.

A Lover of Natural-History.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

*A genuine Letter of W. Law's to X. S.**Poor honest man,*

WHOM I much love and esteem, your letter has been lost, amongst a multiplicity of papers, and is but just found by me. I am not without hopes but God and time may have done that for you in a better way than it would have been done by me. To be left in distress is oftentimes the only way to be delivered from it; and, when help seems to be the farthest off, then are we the nearest to the place where it can only be had. Happy is that desolation, wheresoever it comes, that forces us to see no glimpse of relief but in giving up ourselves, blindly, implicitly, and wholly, to the redeeming power and goodness of God, without the least thought or conceit of having any other or more goodness than what his holy nature and spirit bring forth in us. This is the one great point with you, and all your remedy lies in it. Your way is short; no variety of rules and practices, no methods of finding help from yourself or any creaturely thing, no length or variety of fine-composed prayers, will do that for you which you want to have done: all these things, in your present case, stand between you and God. They will only help you as that infirm woman in the gospel was helped, by spending all that she had on physicians and medicines; she was nothing bettered, but rather grew worse, till the time came that all that was within her said, "If I may but touch the hem of his garment, I shall be whole." A blind, unreasoning, absolute, faith in God, offering up all your sins, without any reflections on their nature, quality, or degree, to the mere mercy of God, to be consumed in that blessed furnace of love which made God become a suffering dying Redeemer, is your only infallible and full relief; any other way but this, however full of religious contrivances, will only keep up both your weakness and perplexity under it; but to this faith every thing must yield; all things are possible to it, it draws divine virtue from the hem of a garment; it can remove mountains; pluck up whole trees of sin by the roots; make lepers clean; and raise the dead to life. If I end here, perhaps you will think my advice too short; but, if I add nothing else to it, it is because I would have you only attentive to the one thing needful, and the one thing only available to your salvation: only have a strict eye upon your outward life; be temperate in every thing; and, as much as you can, avoid temptations: but, in this and every thing else, place nothing in your

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own care and resolutions, but do all that you do, not as contrivances to help yourself, but as acts of faith and dependence upon the power of God, living and working in your soul all that is or can be holy or good in it. Prayer of the heart is the most principal work or fruit of faith; and, as our faith is, such will our prayer be always: but neither faith nor prayer is ours, but as they both come out of our own hearts. The soul, therefore, that lives by faith, will have no need of being outwardly taught the following spirit of prayer; it will be as constant as the beating of the pulse of the heart; always living in it, and being inseparable from it, it will, with and without words, be continually crying to God.

Oh! infinite fathomless depth of never-ceasing love, save me from myself, from the disorderly workings of my own evil nature: kindle, with the fire of thy divine love, the dead powers of that first holy life which thou breathedst into the first created man: oh! quicken and revive the heavenly seed which thy redeeming mercy, in Christ Jesus, hath planted in my soul, that it may come to the full birth, that thy holy Jesus may be truly formed and fully revealed in my soul, that I may be born again of him, in him, a new creature, led and governed by his holy Spirit, ever living, dwelling, and working, all that is within me and proceeds from me.

Oh! holy and adorable God of light and love, of mercy and goodness, of glory and majesty, every where present, manifest the power of thy holy nature within me; help me to such a true and living faith in thee, such earnest hunger and thirst and longing desire of thy holy nature, that all that is within me may seek and find, worship and adore, the life-giving power of the holy presence in my soul; that all that is within me may be humbly, earnestly, obediently, resigned, devoted, and attentive, to thy holy will, ever-speaking word, ever-sanctifying spirit, within me; turned from every thing, or thought, that is not of thee, thy holy will, and heavenly working, in my soul. That every blessing of God may be continually with you, is the hearty prayer of your most affectionate friend and servant,

W. L.

P. S. Never think of God but as an infinity of overflowing love, who wills nothing, by the creation, but to be the comfort, the blessings, and joy, of every life, according to its capacity: and let this idea, which is the truth of truths, animate and govern all that you think, or say, or do, either towards God or man.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Picture of a virtuous Woman.

WHILE some of your correspondents are endeavouring to promote matrimony by moralizing on the subject, give me leave to excite a desire in our batchelors, to experience its joys, by laying before them the following reflections on those amiable forms who have twice passed through their Maker's hands.

Man, being ushered into this world of woe, solitary and pen-
sive, though invested with noble powers; placed in dominion
over beings innumerable, had, notwithstanding, no striking
forms to converse with, no images divine around him, no
partner in his bliss, till his bountiful benefactor presented him
with a blushing beauty; — a being cast in a mould from above,
in whom were infused all the sweetness of temper and softness of
soul essential to soothe his sorrows, qualify his cares, divert his
deep penetration, and dart beams of light on his gloomy hours.
But, as all her charms derive their lustre from heaven, it is vir-
tue alone that makes her truly amiable: virtue gives life to every
beauty, preserves her native innocence, and adorns her with
that graceful modesty and engaging sweetness peculiar to the
delicacy of her nature: for, such is the softness of her frame,
that it renders her more susceptible of impressions, whether of
virtue or vice; and, according to the bias of her mind, her
reason is clear and will free, or her passions strong. Happy,
thrice happy, is she, who, inspired by wisdom, influenced by
goodness, and guarded by him who is the preserver of men, is
blind to her own beauty and deaf to the empty applause of an
unthinking multitude; whose excellences only make her the
more humble, and who chooses prudence for her director, her
companion, and her friend. She values her master's jewels,
and never scatters her pearls before the groveling swine: she is
mistress of her own stores; they are sacred to her friends, her
equals: her sentiments are just, and her taste is refined: she
leaves the familiarities and unguarded freedoms of the age to
low souls: she looks down with contempt on mere sensual plea-
sure and the undue liberties of the times: her enjoyments are of
a more exalted nature, those of the mind; and her comforts flow
from an inexhaustible source of felicity and peace within. She
is, indeed, in the language of the oriental moralist, “a crown
to her husband, and her price is beyond rubies.” The blessing
of such a partner in life approaches the nearest to what the most

exalted minds form an idea of in the anticipation of that enjoyment which happy spirits taste in the regions of immortality;

But methinks I hear some Myops of an old batchelor cry out, on reading thus far, "All this is very fine; but where shall we find these phoenixes?" I answer, they are not phoenixes: thousands of them adorn our isle; although, from the stupidity or mercenary views of our own sex, they are suffered to wither in their virgin bloom, and, like flowers neglected,

To blush unseen,
And waste their sweetness on the desert air.

AN ADMIRER OF THE FAIR-SEX.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Letter to a Friend: on Spring.

I Received yours with the verses on spring, you were so kind to send me; I admire them much; they reminded me of that beautiful, I may say, inimitable, description of this delightful season in the Canticles. "Lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear in the earth, and the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines, with the tender grape, give a good smell." The almighty Creator of heaven and earth, in infinite wisdom, has disposed the constant circulation of the planets to produce the different changes of the year and ordained that "seed-time and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease," but shall succeed each other as long as the sun and moon endure; thereby kindly providing for our wants; yet, surely, not confining himself to that alone; I cannot but think some higher and more important lesson was intended for us, by this operation of divine Providence, than merely a constant supply of meat that perisheth, and that our intellectual faculties are to be a little entertained with the beauty and novelty this season of the year affords.

When I consider it in the light it always appears in to me, I cannot help saying, in rapture and astonishment, all thy works praise thee, O Lord, but *nature's resurrection* most; for so I look upon *spring*. All creation appears emerging from death, and seems to be restoring to newness of life: we need only take a walk in our garden, or go abroad into the fields, to learn the doctrine of the *resurrection*. We are careless and

and inattentive readers of the volume nature unfolds to our view ; if we were not, how much profit might we gain ! what sacred wisdom might we be instructed in, if, like the royal psalmist, we were to contemplate the creatures as they shew the glory, the majesty, and the power, of the great Creator ! like him, we might discover something of that *true philosophy* which sustains, supports, and governs, the universe. It was not a superficial admiration of the brightness of the starry heavens that gave occasion to that beautiful psalm, which has been so often celebrated for its imagery and poetical composition, but a thorough knowledge of the various causes and effects that produced operations of nature.

It was the most philosophical propriety, that inspiration could suggest, which made the psalmist utter what his full soul had revealed unto him : “ The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work. Day unto day uttereth speech ; and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is neither speech nor language, where their voice is not heard. Their line (or rule or direction) is gone out through all the earth, and their words unto the ends of the world : in them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun, which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and he rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race : his going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it ; and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.”

I will not pursue this subject, lest you should complain of having your head perplexed with curious enquiries into things that, you say, we have no business with, and that we shall never be condemned for our ignorance of : the latter I allow ; though, I must confess, as much philosophy as the bible teaches is lawful and right for every one to know ; and all beside I count but as dung and dross, for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus, my Lord.

But suppose that is needless, if the principal season of the year is designed to teach us the most important doctrine of Christianity, what shall excuse our ignorance of that ? is it not a cheering comfortable thing to see the promises in scripture confirmed by the voice of nature ? I suppose there are few but, at some intervals, have had reason similar with those in the apostles time, who thought it a thing “ incredible that God should raise the dead ;” to silence those reasonings, from the beginning of the world, there has been this annual instruction, to teach all nations this important truth, that, when the reason of foolish man shall say it cannot be, nature might reply, behold and see it is a fact. Does the hardened infidel laugh at it as ridiculous ? to such, in the words

words of the apostle, we may say, thou fool, that which thou sowest is not quickened except it die. Go into the fields, and ask, can this dead tree live? thy reason will tell thee it can; thine eyes shall see it bud and blossom, and bring forth fruit: withered and lifeless as it appears, it shall bloom with fresh vigor and beauty; why not, then, those dry bones? Every loose spray in the hedge is full of life, its leaves again are green; deny what thine eyes have seen, ere thou again deniest this important truth. Think it not an idle dream, but a well-grounded confidence in almighty God, that made Job say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet, in my flesh, shall I see God, whom I shall behold for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another." And how often do believers lament the loss of friends, and think them too soon or untimely snatched away, and "sorrow like them that have no hope!" forgetting what eternal truth hath spoken, "Thy dead men shall live; together with my dead body, shall they arise:" as a proof of this, "Christ" himself "is risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept." And when he, who has spoiled death of his power, takes away the keys of his gloomy mansion from him, (who alone can open it and no man shut it, and shut it and no man can open it,) and shall say, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust; for thy dew is as the dew of herbs;" and command "the earth to cast out her dead;" then shall they, who are in the grave, hear his voice, and rise up fresh as the morning, vigorous and blooming as the spring, clothed with the robes of honour, and decked with unfading beauty. We should consider, them now, with respect to their bodies, in a state of winter, and compare them with the dull and languid appearance of shrubberies, and consider, that, as a few weeks will revive the desolate face of nature and restore the death-like plants and flowers to their primeval brightness, and we shall soon see they have lost nothing of their original splendor and purity, so shall those dear friends, with whom we have often taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company; those, whose endearing conversation, whose enlivening humour, whose affectionate concern and tender care, have been as a reviving cordial to refresh our fainting bodies, or as a healing balm to our wounded soul; and sometimes, when overwhelmed and oppressed by our own or another's woe, our tender nature has sunk beneath the load, with their kindly- soothing consolations, like the refreshing rain upon the new-mown grass, or as the sacred dew unto Israel, we have been

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sweetly restored by them, in a little while, a few more months or years, "arise and shake themselves from the dust;" though laid down in much weakness, they shall be raised in power; though in dishonour, shall rise in glory; though in corruption, shall put on incorruption; and their mortal put on immortality.

I could say much more on this subject, but, as I know not your sentiments upon it, I will drop it for the present, and shall be happy if these few hints may afford you any pleasure, and be a means of assisting you to pursue this delightful theme and to enlarge more upon it than the leisure and abilities will permit of.

Q.

To Spring. Referred to in the Beginning of the foregoing Letter.

*Hail the lovely spring, returning
To delight our raptur'd sense!
Ev'ry eye thy charms discerning,
Ev'ry breeze thy sweets dispense.
While thy variegated beauties
All their fragrances disclose;
And soft zephyrs waft the duties,
Which thy num'rous offspring shows.*

*Hail the pow'r, whose voice, restoring,
Bids thy charming reign return;
While his children, all adoring,
With seraphic ardours burn.
In each shrill delightful anthem
Thy gay choirs their Maker sing;
In their early mattins chant him,
Or their ev'ning tributes bring.*

*Join in praise the whole creation,
Ev'ry bright celestial throne;
Ev'ry saint, of humbler station,
Him with grateful homage own.
In the universal chorus
Let the meaner works accord,
Till his love to heav'n restore us:
Hallelujah! praise the Lord!*

P.

On

On the Study of the human Mind.

THE study of human nature has been often and variously recommended. "Know thyself," was a precept so highly esteemed by the venerable sages of antiquity, that they ascribed it to the Delphian oracle*. By reducing it to practice, we learn the dignity of human nature: our emulation is excited by contemplating our divine original; and, by discovering the capacity and extent of our faculties, we become desirous of higher improvement. Nor would the practice of this apophthegm enable us merely to elevate and enlarge our desires, but also to purify and refine them; to withstand the sollicitations of groveling appetites, and subdue their violence: For improvement in virtue consists in duly regulating our inferior appetites, no less than in cultivating the principles of magnanimity. Numerous, however, are the desires, and various are the passions, that agitate the human heart. Every individual is actuated by feelings peculiar to himself, insensible even of their existence; of their precise force and tendency often ignorant. But, to prevent the inroads of vice, and preserve our minds free from the tyranny of lawless passions, vigilance must be exerted where we are weakest and most exposed. We must therefore be attentive to the state and constitution of our minds; we must discover to what habits we are most addicted, and of what propensities we ought chiefly to beware: we must deliberate with ourselves on what resources we can most assuredly depend, and what motives are best calculated to repel the invader. Now, the study of human nature, accustoming us to turn our attention inwards, and reflect on the various propensities and inclinations of the heart, facilitates self-examination, and renders it habitual.

Independent of utility, the study of the human mind is recommended in a peculiar manner to the curious and inquisitive; and is capable of yielding delight by the novelty, beauty, and magnificence, of the object. Many find amusement in searching into the constitution of the material world; and, with unwearied diligence, pursue the progress of nature in the growth of a plant, or the formation of an insect. They spare neither labour nor expence to fill their cabinets with every curious production: they travel from climate to climate: they submit with cheerfulness to fatigue and inclement seasons; and think their industry sufficiently compensated by the discovery of some unusual phænomenon. Not a pebble

* Cic. de legibus.

that lies on the shore, not a leaf that waves in the forest, but attracts their notice, and stimulates their enquiry. Events, or incidents, that the vulgar regard with terror or indifference, afford them supreme delight: they rejoice at the return of a comet, and celebrate the blooming of an aloe, more than the birth of an emperor. Nothing is left unexplored: air, ocean, the minutest objects of sense, as well as the greatest and most remote, are accurately and attentively scrutinized. But, though these researches are laudable, and are suited to the dignity of the human mind, we ought to remember, that mind itself deserves our attention. Endowed with the superior powers of feeling and understanding, capable of thought and reflection, active, conscious, susceptible of delight, and provident of futurity, it claims to itself a duration, when the most splendid objects around us shall be destroyed. Observe the vigilance of the senses in collecting ideas from every part of the creation: memory preserves them as the materials of thought, and the principles of knowledge: our reasoning-faculty separates, combines, or compares, them, in order to discover their relations and consequences: and imagination, sedulous to amuse, arranges them into various groups and assemblages. If we consider the passions and feelings of the heart; if we reflect on their diversity, and contemplate the various aspects they assume, the violence of some will terrify and astonish, the fantastical extravagance of many will excite amazement; and others, soft and complacent, will sooth us, and yield delight. Shall we assert, therefore, that the study of human nature is barren or unpleasant? or that the mind, thus actuated and informed, is less worthy of our notice than the insect produced at noon-tide, to finish its existence with the setting sun? "Shall a man," says Socrates, "be skilled in the geography of foreign countries, and continue ignorant of the soil and limits of his own? Shall he inquire into the qualities of external objects, and pay no attention to the mind?"

But, though the utility and pleasure resulting from the study of human nature are manifest, the progress men have hitherto made in it neither corresponds with the dignity of the subject, nor with our advances in other branches of science. Neither is our knowledge of the passions and faculties of the mind proportioned to the numerous theories men have fabricated concerning them. On the contrary, the numerous theories of human nature, that have appeared in various ages and languages, have been so different from one another, and withal so plausible and imposing, that, instead of informing, they perplex. From this uncertainty and diversity of opinion,

some have asserted, that the mind of man, on account of its transcendent excellence, and the inconceivable delicacy of its structure, can never be the object of precise enquiry. Others, again, from very different premises, deduce the same conclusion, forming their opinions on the numerous, and apparently discordant, powers and affections of the mind, and affirming, that its operations are governed by no regular principles.

That a perfect knowledge of the nature and faculties of the mind is not to be acquired in our present condition cannot possibly be denied. Neither can the contrary be affirmed of any subject of philosophical inquiry. Yet our internal feelings, our observation and experience, supply us with rich materials, sufficient to animate our love of knowledge, and, by enabling us to prosecute our researches, to extend the limits of human understanding. Neither can we affirm, that our thoughts, feelings, and affections, are in a state of anarchy and confusion. Nothing, you say, seems wilder and more incoherent, than the images and ideas continually fluctuating in the mind: like the "gay motes, that people the sun-beams," they know no order, and are guided by no connection. We are conscious of no power that regulates their motions, restrains their impetuosity, or composeth their disorder. No less irregular and disagreeing are the feelings and emotions of the heart. We are alike accessible to love or hatred, confidence or suspicion, exultation or despondency. These passions and dispositions are often blended together, or succeed each other with a velocity which we can neither measure nor conceive. The soul that now melts with tenderness, is instantly frantic with rage. The countenance now adorned with complacency, and beauteous with the smile of content, is in a moment clouded with anxiety, or distorted with envy. He must therefore be more than mortal who can reduce this tumultuous and disorderly chaos to regularity. "Lift up thine eyes to the firmament," said a countryman to a philosopher, "number the stars, compute their distances, and explain their motions. Observe the diversity of seasons, and the confusion occasioned by the changeableness of the weather: the sun and refreshing showers cherish the fruits of the earth; but our fields are often blighted with mildews, the sky is suddenly overcast, the storms descend, and the hopes of the year are blasted. Prescribe laws to the winds, and govern the rage of the tempests; then will I believe that the course of nature is regular and determined." Thus, even external phenomena, to an uninstructed person, will seem as wild and incongruous as the motions and affections of the mind. On

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a more accurate inspection, he finds that harmony and design pervade the universe; that the motions of the stars are regular; and that laws are prescribed to the tempest. Nature extends her attention to the most insignificant productions: the principles of vegetation are established immutable in the texture of the meanest blossom; the laws of its existence are accurately defined; and the period of its duration invariably determined. If these observations are just, and if we still maintain that the mind is in a state of anarchy and disorder, we are reduced to the necessity of affirming, that nature hath exhausted her powers in the formation of inferior objects, and neglected the most important; that she hath established laws and government in the inanimate creation, and abandoned the mind to misrule; and that she hath given us a body suited to our condition, fashioned according to the most accurate proportions, and adjusted to the nicest rules of mechanics; and left the animating principle, the mover and director of this wonderful machine, to be actuated by random impulses, mis-shapen and imperfect. Shall we acquiesce in this opinion, and ascribe negligence or inability to the Creator? the laws that regulate the intellectual system are too fine for superficial attention, and elude the perception of the vulgar: but every accurate and sedate observer is sensible of their existence.

Difficulty in making just experiments is the principal reason why the knowledge of human nature has been retarded. The materials of this study are commonly gathered from reflection on our own feelings, or from observations on the conduct of others. Each of these methods is exposed to difficulty, and consequently to error.

Natural philosophers possess great advantages over moralists and metaphysicians, in so far as the subjects of their inquiries belong to the senses, are external, material, and often permanent. Hence they can retain them in their presence till they have examined their motion, parts, or composition: they can have recourse to them for a renewal of their ideas when they grow languid or obscure, or when they feel their minds vigorous, and disposed to philosophize. But passions are excited independent of our volition, and arise or subside without our desire or concurrence. Compassion is never awakened but by the view of pain or sorrow. Resentment is never kindled but by actual suffering, or by the view of injustice. Will anger, jealousy, and revenge, attend the summons of the dispassionate sage, that he may examine their conduct, and dismiss them? Will pride and ambition obey the voice of the humble hermit, and assist him in explaining the principles of human

nature? Or by what powerful spell can the abstracted philosopher, whose passions are all chastened and subdued, whose heart never throbs with desire, prevail on the amorous affections to visit the ungenial clime of his breast, and submit their features to the rigour of his unrelenting scrutiny? The philosopher, accustomed to moderate his passions, rather than indulge them, is of all men least able to provoke their violence; and, in order to succeed in his researches, he must recal the idea of feelings perceived at some former period; or he must seize their impression, and mark their operations at the very moment they are accidentally excited. Thus, with other obvious disadvantages, he will often lose the opportunity of a happy mood, unable to avail himself of those animating returns of vivacity and attention essential to genius; but independent of the will.

Observations made, while the mind is inflamed, are difficult in the execution, incomplete, and erroneous. Eager passions admit no partners, and endure no rivals in their authority. The moment reflection, or any foreign or opposing principle, begins to operate, they are either exceedingly exasperated, agitating the mind, and leaving it no leisure for speculation; or, if they are unable to maintain their ascendant, they become cool and indistinct; their aspect grows dim; and observations made during their decline are imperfect. The passions are swift and evanescent: we cannot arrest their celerity, nor suspend them in the mind during pleasure. You are moved by strong affection: Seize the opportunity, let none of its motions escape you, and observe every sentiment it excites. You cannot. While the passion prevails, you have no leisure for speculation; and, be assured it hath suffered abatement, if you have time to philosophize.

But you proceed by recollection. Still, however, your observations are limited, and your theory partial. To be acquainted with the nature of any passion, we must know by what combination of feelings it is excited; to what temperament it is allied; in what proportion it gathers force and swiftness; what propensities, and what associations of ideas, either retard or accelerate its impetuosity; and how it may be opposed, weakened, or suppressed. But, if these circumstances escape the most vigilant and abstracted attention, when the mind is actually agitated, how can they be recollected when the passion is entirely quitted? Moreover, every passion is compounded of inferior and subordinate feelings, essential to its existence, in their own nature nicely and minutely varied, but whose different shades and gradations are difficult to be discerned. To these we must be acutely attentive; to

mark

mark how they are combined, blended, or opposed; how they are suddenly extinguished, in a moment renewed, and again extinguished. But these fleet volatile feelings, perceived only when the mind is affected, elude the most dexterous and active memory. Add to this, that an idea of memory is ever fainter and less distinct than an actual perception, especially if the idea to be renewed is of a spiritual nature, a thought, sentiment, or internal sensation.

Even allowing the possibility of accurate observations, our theories will continue partial and inadequate*. We have only one view of the subject, and know not what aspects it may assume, or what powers it may possess in the constitution of another. No principle hath been more variously treated, nor hath given rise to a greater number of systems, than that by which we are denominated moral agents, and determine the merit or demerit of human actions. But this can proceed from no other cause than the diversity of our feelings, and the necessity we are under of measuring the dispositions of others by our own. Even this moral principle, though a competent judge of the virtue and propriety of human actions, is apt to mislead us in our inquiries concerning the structure and dispositions of the mind. Desirous of avoiding the rebuke of this severe and vigilant censor, we are ready to extenuate every blameable quality, and magnify what we approve.

In order, therefore, to rectify our opinions, and enlarge our conceptions of the human mind, we must study its operations in the conduct and deportment of others: We must mingle in society, and observe the manners and characters of mankind, according as casual or unexpected incidents may furnish an opportunity. But the mind, not being an object of the external senses, the temper and inclinations of others can only be known to us by signs either natural or artificial, referring us to our own internal sensations. Thus, we are exposed nearly to the same difficulties as before: we cannot at pleasure call forth the objects of our researches, nor retain them till we have examined their nature: we can know no more of the internal feelings of another than he expresses by outward signs or language; and consequently he may feel many emotions that we are unable easily to conceive. Neither can we consider human characters and affections as altogether indifferent to us: they are not mere objects of curiosity; they excite love or hatred, approbation or dislike. But, when the mind is influenced by these affections, and by others that often attend them, the judgement is apt to be biased, and the force of the principle we contemplate is increased or diminished accordingly. The inquirer must not only beware of
external

* Dr. Reid's Inquiry, chap. I. sect. 2.

external difficulties, but must preserve his heart both from angry, and from kind, affection. The maxim, that all men, who deliberate about doubtful matters, should divest themselves of hatred, friendship, anger, and compassion, is as applicable in philosophy as in politics.

Since experiments, made by reflecting on our own minds, or by attending to the conduct of others, are liable to difficulty, and consequently to error; we should embrace every assistance that may facilitate and improve them. Were it possible, during the continuance of a violent passion, to seize a faithful impression of its features, and an exact delineation of the images it creates in us, such a valuable copy would guide the philosopher in tracing the perplexed and intricate mazes of metaphysical inquiry. By frequently examining it, every partial consideration, and every feeling tending to mislead his opinions, would be corrected: his conception would be enlarged by discovering passions more or less vehement than his own, or by discovering tempers of a different colour. We judge of mankind by referring their actions to the passions and principles that influence our own behaviour: we have no other guide, since the nature of the passions and faculties of the mind are not discernable by the senses. It may, however, be objected, that, according to this hypothesis, those, who deduce the conduct of others from malignant passions, and those, who are capable of imitating them, must themselves be malignant. The observation is inaccurate. Every man, unless his constitution be defective, inherits the principles of every passion: but no man is the prey of all the passions. Some of them are so feeble in themselves, or rather so entirely suppressed by the ascendant of others, that they never become principles of action, nor constitute any part of the character. Hence it is the business of culture and education, by giving exercise to virtuous principles, and by rendering them habitual, to bear down their opponents, and so gradually to weaken and wear them out. If we measure the minds of others precisely by our own, as we have formed and fashioned them by habit and education, and make no account of feeble and decaying principles, our theories must necessarily be inadequate: but, by considering the copy and portrait of minds different from our own, and by reflecting on these latent and unexerted principles, augmented and promoted by imagination, we may discover many new tints and uncommon features. Now, that class of poetical writers, that excite by imitating the passions, might contribute in this respect to rectify and enlarge the sentiments of the philosopher: and, if so, they would have the additional merit of conducting us to the temple of truth, by an easier and more agreeable path than that of mere metaphysics.

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To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

OBSERVING a part of your well-selected publication is often appropriated to the improvement of natural-history, I have transmitted some remarks in that subject, which, if you think proper to insert, will be an inducement, as observations occur, to a future correspondence. Yours, &c.

AMONGST quadrupeds, there are not any that, in a beautiful variety of colours, vie with the cat-kind, from the large Asiatic tiger to the domestic animal; neither is there any class of animals that, till of late, has been so imperfectly described. But, since natural-history has become a favourite study, and met with encouragement from the liberal, every part of this inexhaustible science has been very rapidly improved, and particularly zoology, since the accurate and concise methods of arrangement and description adopted by Mr. Ray, whose Synopses remain proofs of his great genius. Within these few years, this part of natural-history has been very much improved by those indefatigable zoologists, M. Buffon, Dr. Linnæus, and Mr. Pennant, whose works are an honour to their respective countries.

Mr. Pennant, in his Synopsis of Quadrupeds, has as much improved zoology as any writer, since Ray, in his methods of arrangement and concise descriptions: notwithstanding which, there yet remains room for trivial remarks; nor is it a wonder, when we consider the very great variety of animals that ingenious naturalist has treated on in that unrivalled work.

The animals, which are the subjects of the present inspection, are two of the spotted feline kind, distinguished, by Messieurs Pennant and Buffon, by the names of panther and leopard; creatures that have ever been remarked for their beauty, but, from their similarity, have been, by most describers, confounded, and even, by some, with the Asiatic tiger. My design, at present, being to shew the distinction subsisting between the animals in question, I shall proceed to describe them separately, from remarks taken from the living animals, by which it will easily appear.

The Panther. Synop. Quad. Numb. 122.

The * hair is short and glossy, of a bright red brown; the back, sides, and flanks, are marked with bright black spots, beautifully

* On comparing my remarks with the Synopsis of Quadrupeds, and finding a very near agreement, I took the liberty of applying, in

beautifully disposed in circles, with a single black spot in the center. On the top of the back is a row of oblong spots, disposed very closely together, the longest next the tail: a few of the circles on the upper parts surround spots of brown: the chest and belly are white; the first marked with transverse dusky spots; the belly and tail with large, irregular, black, solid, spots; the face and legs with small single spots; the ears short and pointed; the nose brown; the eyes large and brilliant, of a very light gray: from the corners of the mouth to the chin is a large black patch. It had a very savage aspect; is a subtle creature, watching its opportunity to do mischief; very active and restless: it frequently emitted a deep hoarse roar, and was a female. Some years since, I saw another, exactly agreeing with the above; it was larger, and said to be a male; its height about three feet.

The Leopard. Synop. Quad. Numb. 123.

It is about the size of the former; the ground a lively yellow colour, on which are spots of a bright red brown, encompassed with black circles, smaller than the Panther's, disposed on the back and sides: the face and legs are marked with separate spots, which, on a near view, appear to form circles which also surround spots of brown: the breast is clouded; the belly dusky white, *covered with longer hairs than the rest of the body*, marked mostly with single black spots: its eyes bright, darker than the panther's: ears short, a little rounded: lips black: on each side the mouth, on the under jaw, in the male, is a black mark: the nose is brown: the tail, as the panther's, about three feet long, of equal thickness; the upper part, for about two-thirds, spotted as the body, the rest of the spots, to the extremity, large and solid. It varies from most other animals of the cat-kind, in not having a ridge-line. Both the above animals are found in Africa.

in part, the descriptions from that excellent work: some observations, which have there escaped notice, I have inserted in Italics.

In the *Histoire Naturelle*, by M. Buffon, a work enriched with the most masterly and best executed designs that, perhaps, ever before illustrated a philosophical subject, there are some that it may not be improper here to notice, *viz.* those entitled *la panthere male*, *la panthere femelle*, and *le leopard*; each of which designs was, no doubt, taken from life. From some fatality, the first has been, in both editions, wrongly entitled, as a comparison with the descriptions will shew; the second, *la panthere femelle*, being the real panther, the first and third leopards. The translators of that work have erroneously illustrated the description of the panther with the first plate, particularly the late very ingenious Dr. Goldsmith, in his *History of the Earth and animated Nature*.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Remarks on the Island of Caprea, the Cities of Naples and Herculaneum, Mount Vesuvius, and Places adjacent: Extracted from the Journals of the late Captain John Proud.

ON Wednesday, June 18, 1748, after having dined with Sir Nathanael Thorold, at his house, in Naples, our company, consisting of seven persons, all English, went on-board my ship, the *Alexander*; where, having made ready our boat, we sailed for the island of Caprea, and arrived there the same evening; the distance from Naples-Mole, S. S. E. being 10 leagues. We walked up to Sir Nathanael's house, where we supped and lodged.

The next morning we rose an hour before the sun, marched down to the sea-side, and viewed some large and massive remains of a once superb palace, said to have been built in Tiberius Cæsar's time, who resided much here, on account of the healthfulness of the air. We could trace some large remains of the walls for, I believe, 400 feet along the shore, by the side of the mountain, in some parts pretty intire and well cemented, the mortar at present being firmer than the stones of which it is composed: in some parts it is of a great thickness, with large pieces of marble columns, here and there interspersed; some bricks, thin, broader, and longer, with large tiles, not unlike what we pave our rooms with in England, are likewise laid the whole length of the wall, about a foot in thickness, at the distance of about six, eight, or ten, feet above each other. The foundations have run a good way into the sea.

In our return home, we visited a place where there are several graves, dug in the manner we now use in England, of a suitable length for one corpse, and walled with the above tiles, of a depth capable to contain 7 or 8 corpses, and niches of about 2 or 3 inches, left without the wall all round, at about 20 inches above each other; so that, when one corpse was laid, tiles, of a sufficient breadth and strength, were laid over upon the niche, with an inscription, in Latin; then another corpse upon that; and so progressively, till they were full. These graves, or tombs, were ranged close by the side of each other, in a regular manner. I do not find what the upper covering was, or if it was any way different from the others; but the surface is level; nor are there any remains of any monument. This place is near to the above building.

From thence we went to take a view of, several large aqueducts, made to contain the rain-water; of which there are vast

numbers upon this island; some of them 40, others from 70 to 80, feet in depth, or more, and some not above 20; but of this sort there are very few: some stand single, and resemble a bridge of one arch, of a monstrous substance; others consist of 2, 3, 4, to 6 and 7, along-side one of another, and may be from 30 to 50 feet wide each; others much more; and are from about 80 feet in length to 200: the tops of them are terraced over and quite flat. I believe there have been dwelling-houses on them. Some are provided with a convenient passage for the rains to run into them; to others there are none now to be seen. There is a stair-case to several, yet pretty entire, whereby to go down to cleanse them. There are passages through the wall, from one to another, and several walls or abutments in those whose length and breadth are considerable, with a passage through for one person. They are mostly built of the bricks and tiles mentioned before, and are covered with terrace to preserve the bricks; and over that again is a thin crust of another stuff, harder than any marble I ever saw; and it was with the utmost difficulty that we could break off a piece to bring home; this served as a sufficient defence for the walls against the water. Some of them were partly set with stones, cut diamond-fashion; and all of them shewed much art and contrivance in the builder. It is impossible to conceive the prodigious sums they must have cost. I think there was but one that had any quantity of water in it, and that was nearly full, together with a great quantity of fullers-earth, which must have grown up in it in time. The water is exceedingly fine, and of a more pleasant taste than any I ever met with, and perfectly cold.

Being, by this time, very weary, the sun exceedingly hot, and these dark places extremely cold, and many of them very difficult of access, we found it convenient to return home.

Friday. This morning we rose much earlier than the day before, and had a most delightful walk, for about a mile, to the foot of the mountain, through a great variety of fruit-trees, corn-fields, olive and vine-yards; the whole being perfectly adapted to please the taste, delight the eye, and ravish the ear. Now began a most fatiguing pleasure, or curiosity, choose whether, of an ascent of 560 steps, which the inhabitants count (and, I believe, when entire, many more) up the side of a mountain to Anna-Caprea, situated in a very pleasant valley, notwithstanding the height to which we had already advanced, which may be about 200 fathoms perpendicular. We then ascended to a prodigious eminence, up a very rugged mountain, leaving Anna-Caprea on the right-hand, and passed between two very high and ragged rocks into another fine plain, interspersed with very fine trees; shortly after which, we arrived at

a small hermitage, to our great comfort, where a servant met us with necessaries suitable for people in our condition: the good old hermit, likewise, set part of his morsel before us; and, I make no doubt, notwithstanding his great sanctity and self-denial, he would be glad of such visitors every day. From this hermitage we, with great pleasure, viewed the whole island, this being by much the highest part of it.

After resting awhile, in our return, we visited a fine nunnery in Anna-Caprea, where my companions amused themselves with talking to the nuns; but, as I could not understand their barbarous Italian, and consequently had nothing to divert me, espying a chair, I sat down, and took a comfortable nap in the church, and was awake time enough to prosecute my journey home, which I thought I did with greater facility than any of my brother-travellers. However, when we came to descend the mountain, by the way of the stair-case, (for there is no other,) it being now 11 o'clock, the sun in our faces, and not an air of wind stirring, impossible to sit down, because the steps were so hot, we all thought it best to get away as fast as we could, and march home to bed: where, having rested about an hour, we were all ready for a good dinner, which was plentifully provided by our kind host, Sir Nathanael.

A good nap after dinner enabled us to walk down to the sea-side and take boat to go round the island: we steered toward the East end, which is of a surprizing height, probably, about 400 fathoms, and almost as perpendicular as a wall, so that it is impossible to ascend it. We turned round the point, and, at a little distance from it, took a small boat, in which we sat close down to the bottom, and, the sea at that time being perfectly smooth, we passed under the solid rock, which almost touched our heads. About 10 or 12 fathoms afterward, we had height sufficient, and landed upon a fine beach of sand, which extended itself in length about 50 fathoms, and is washed by the sea that comes under this low passage, just mentioned; there is, I judge, about 20 fathoms water, which gradually shoals to the shore: we landed upon the beach, and many times endeavoured, but in vain, to light a torch we had brought with us: however, after waiting some time, we could perceive, by the light the sun reflected upon the water, and which was again reflected into our present habitation, that this natural cave was very roomy, in length, perhaps, 100 fathoms, and in height, probably, much more: in some places, the water, which was condensed by the large mass of rock over our heads, fell very fast, and in large drops, being extremely cold. There are many strange and surprising figures in it, grown from the congealing of the wa-

ters which are condensed through the rock; many, also, like icicles at the house-eaves in the winter-season.

We put on to another cave; but the entrance into this was large enough to have contained two ships of war, of 300 tons each, upon the shore, with their topmasts on-end and yards across, and depth of water more than sufficient to launch them into: there are some small remains of walls in it, and some niches cut in the solid rock, which inclined us to think it had formerly been a place for worship: there is a place in the rock, cleft by nature, where the natives say was formerly a stair-case to descend into it. If there was, it must have been a costly affair, to descend perhaps 300 fathoms, or more. However, I do not credit it. At present, it is not accessible but by water, and is useful to the fishermen. I pass over several other natural curiosities, but less remarkable. We then steered toward the West end of the island, toward a very large cave, the entrance of which is very spacious: it stands about 200 fathoms from the water's edge, and is almost perpendicular; probably, it may be 50 fathoms high at the entrance; very difficult, I apprehend, to get into it; but our time did not permit, nor inclination prompt us, to make the trial. Nearly in the middle, right over head, hangs a fig-tree by the roots, large and fair, well stored with fruit, and in a flourishing condition. Passing still westward, we surrounded the island, and arrived at home late, as well as very weary.

Early the next morning we got up, marched to the East end of all the island, and visited the grottos, caves, and other subterraneous places, thereabout, which are well worth seeing, though apt to give a man a shock, when he maturely considers the vast extent of them formerly, and the mean figure they now make. In one of these, which is more entire than the rest, were marked upon the wall the names of many persons, some of them of the first rank in England: we, like other travellers, increased the number, by adding ours. There are, upon the pitch of the point, the remains of a light-house, now about 20 feet high; and near it are pieces thrown down by time different ways; two or three of them may be 20 ton weight each: it hath certainly been a prodigious piece of work of its kind. There is also a hermitage here; but the bread was mouldy and the wine sour, so that neither would go down with us. In our return, we visited a round mount, called St. Angelo, and ascended to the top by a road that winds round, hewn out of the rock, capable of containing three coaches a-breast, but now overgrown with ruins: the top has been made smooth by art, and has certainly contained some superb building, there being still twelve square pedestals, situate in a right-line, at equal distances,

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tances, left; by which I apprehend part of the building to have been supported: they are of a monstrous size, and I believe nearly equal. From this mount we view the whole Gulph of Naples.

In our way toward a stately convent, through a pleasant valley, we discovered a long row of arches, carried along in a very regular manner, so as nearly to form a plain upon this mountainous island, which we apprehended to have been a coach-road formerly; but it is impossible for any to pass now; neither are the people capable of maintaining any. The sun being now upon the meridian, together with a strong desire of rest and refreshment, were powerful inducements for us to return home. After dinner, we returned to Naples.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Avarice and Prodigality.

OF all the vanities which are daily acted under the sun, none appears more unaccountable, to a cursory observer, than the prodigality with which riches are squandered in youth, and the avidity with which they are sought after in old age. Every man, who comes into the world, may assure himself that he is one day to leave it; and the experience of every hour, as well as the history of former generations, may convince him that a century will include the term of his temporary existence. It should, then, seem reasonable, that, the less of that term we had run through, the more careful should we be of the means of supporting life; and that every year which rolled over our heads, as it took from the sum of the days we had to spend, so should it proportionably lessen our anxiety for the goods of fortune. But when, on the contrary, we see those, who have the greatest number of years in prospect, the least careful of the means of passing them with satisfaction, and that, as the back bends with infirmities and the head whitens with age, the desire of riches gathers strength and vigour, how can we help pronouncing man to be a mystery to himself, and the most inconsistent of all God's creatures! Yet, with all this appearance of absurdity, men do not, even in these instances, act without the concurrence of reason; for that eagerness after wealth, which is remarked to be the universal concomitant of old age, is not generated by the desire of enjoying it, but has its source in the pride of living independent of our fellow-creatures, and is nourished by the dread of the calamities attendant on poverty. Neither is the youth's
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disregard of money to be attributed to ignorance of its value or inattention to the uses he may have for it in future, but it is founded on the confidence he places in his bodily strength, and a presumptuous dependence that his abilities will always be sufficient to procure him sustenance.

The man, who feels no infirmity, may have no apprehensions of a sick bed, and may flatter himself that he has still enough to provide for the imbecility of old age; but he, who feels the decay of nature, and is conscious of his incapacity to provide necessaries for himself, and whose experience has taught him the selfishness of professions of friendship, and shewn compassion to be a precarious dependence, must grasp the bag with ardour, and count over its shining contents with delight, when he reflects that they alone can, in the estimation of the world, supply the place of labour, they alone can find rest for the limbs of them that totter under their burthen, and procure cordials for the heart that is bursting with anguish.

Generosity is, therefore, as suitable to the beginning of life, as frugality is to the latter end of it; and dispositions, which are alike conformable to our different circumstances, are certainly alike commendable. The misfortune is, however, that generosity, when indiscreetly indulged in youth, frequently leads to extravagance and criminal dissipation; and that frugality, when it is made the business of advanced life, often grows into niggardliness and avarice.

But, though each of these vices is equally odious, yet the treatment, which each meets with in the world, is very different. Avarice, in an old man, is only termed excess of prudence; while prodigality, in a youth, is stiled the offspring of folly. This happens because it is the aged that give laws to the world; and every man is fond to excuse the vices to which he finds himself addicted, and to stigmatize those to which he finds no incitement. And hence it is that we often see a parent disinherit a worthy son, whose only crime is negligence of his pecuniary affairs; whilst he cherishes a wretch who deviates from every path of honour and virtue, because he is careful of his money. Yet, whatever may be said in extenuation of the vice of avarice in the aged, nothing sure can be urged to avert the heaviest censure on the youth who suffers the love of money to be his ruling passion; for he, who, in the bloom and vigour of life, can place his confidence in wealth, must be unconscious of any good quality by which he might hope to recommend himself to the favour of those who have the power to serve him. Nor is the prodigal, who, although he dissipates his fortune and reduces himself from affluence to labour and want, scatters plenty on the industrious

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and supplies the cravings of the needy, to be held equally criminal with the man, who, to secure to himself the good things of this life, independent of the good will of his fellow-creatures, locks up the means of subsistence from thousands, and "turns the hungry empty away."

The present custom, of estimating the value of every man by the size of his fortune, is, indeed, a strong temptation to the young, as well as to the aged, to consider riches as their chiefest good, and poverty as the most shocking of all vices; but the Christian, who has another method of valuing things, and whose prospect into futurity extends beyond the limits of this life, will consider wealth as an adventitious good, and that virtuous dispositions are more to be prized than largeness of possessions.

The inequalities of the moral, as well as those of the natural, world, he knows to have their uses, and to be ordained for purposes equally wise. If some are raised to eminence, it is not to indulge them in the pleasure of overlooking others, but that they may become fountains of benevolence; that the blessings, which they enjoy, may be diffused in streams of bounty and munificence amongst those who daily pay back a portion of the gift in grateful exhalations to the source of all goodness.

Every situation in life has its attendant obligations; and, as we are told that the reward of fidelity will not be proportioned to the post occupied, but to the vigilance of the sentinel, it is of small importance whether our lot places us in the front or in the rear. In every station, we may rely on his protection, who *numbereth the hairs of our head*, and whose *tender mercy is over all his works*. He it is that commands us to cast all our cares upon him, and he will supply all our necessities. He it is that assures us, *that, when the poor and the needy seek water, and there is none, and their tongue faileth for thirst, I, the Lord, will hear them, I, the God of Israel, will not forsake them.*

Labour he has, indeed, entailed upon all the posterity of Adam, as the temporal punishment of his transgression; and it would be acting in contravention of his own decree, should he procure sustenance for us otherwise than he feeds the ravens. He provides for them in the mortality of other animals, and for us by a providential distribution of rain and sunshine. They must use vigilance and industry to seek their prey, and man must till the earth and sow the seed before he can expect the harvest. The children, whom we have been the instruments of bringing into being, it is certainly our duty to provide for in their infancy, and to endeavour to place them in such a station, in advanced life, that their being may be eligible to them;

them; but, it is no part of our duty to spend our whole lives in labour and anxiety, without allowing ourselves any respite for doing good or considering our ways, merely to exempt them from partaking in the denunciation against Adam's posterity, or to deliver them from any necessity of being active or industrious. Indeed, if we confide in the promises of him who made both us and them, we shall take a much surer method for providing for them (by giving them a virtuous and religious education, and setting before them an example of a good life) than by heaping up riches for them by oppression, and increasing their inheritance with the spoils of the poor. *I have been young, says David, and now am old; and yet never saw I the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.*

The sovereign Disposer of all things it cannot be supposed, will withhold those blessings from his servants which he bestows on the unjust; nor can we, without banishing his providence from the superintendency of worldly affairs, imagine but that "all things will work together for good to them who love him." The whole scheme of our religion is, indeed, so contrary to avarice, or an anxious desire of wealth, that we have assurance, from the divine Author of it himself, that it is hardly possible for a rich man to enter into his kingdom, and that no man, who is the slave of this world, can be his servant. A man may call himself a Christian, if he will; but, if he scrapes together wealth with the avidity of a miser, and hoards it with the anxiety of an avaricious man, he surely gives his conduct in evidence against the truth of professions, and manifests to the world that he places more dependence on riches, for supplying his necessities, than on the assurances of the Captain of our salvation. If we trace the consequences of this detestable vice, we shall quickly perceive that there is none, amongst those we are required to abstain from as the beginning of sin, that is more horridly attended; and none, from the indulgence of which it was greater mercy to warn us. The love of money has stopped the ears of the merciful against the cries of the wicked, the pitying eye it has turned away from beholding of misery and calamity, the tongue it has prompted to utter falsehood, the hands it has taught to steal, and the head it has hardened to deliberate upon murder! What more can be added? And yet there is another crime behind; and let the Christian, who has cherished this adder in his bosom, tremble when he recollects it! It was for the lucre of thirty pieces of silver that Iscariot betrayed his Lord and Saviour, and made the name of Judas, to all generations, as hateful as that of the devil himself!

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Observations on the lithontriptic Effects of Tea.

WRITERS upon oriental tea have, in general, remarked, that tea-drinkers, in China and Japan, are neither liable to the stone nor gravel,* which they attribute to the preventive virtues of this liquor. A variety of remedies has been offered to the public, at different times, as efficacious in the former complaint; and those, who have tried the most strong and powerful of them with very little benefit, will hardly place any confidence in a simple infusion of tea: but as the disorder, said to be prevented by it, is one of the most painful and excruciating, and as the fact is related by authors of credit, it certainly merits some consideration.

— *Si renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi.* HOR.

The caustic alkali is esteemed one of the most effectual lithontriptics in the materia medica; upon which I shall digress in some remarks. It has been supposed to act either

- I. By a solvent power, or
- II. By attracting fixed air.

The first is founded on a supposition that the stony matter of the calculi coheres from a mixture of animal gluten, and that, as the caustic alkali dissolves animal substances, it may also dissolve this gluten, and thereby set free the particles of sand. To prove that the alkali arrives at the bladder in its caustic state, a fossil acid is poured into the urine, which sometimes produces an effervescence.

The other opinion is founded on an experiment, made by Dr. Hales,|| who found that human calculi, from the urinary bladder, contain near three-fourths of their weight of fixed air; which air is supposed to be the bond of union; and to deprive the stone of that the means of dissolving it.

But we ought to consider how small a quantity of this medicine can be applied, and how long it requires to dissolve a human calculus, in its concentrated state. Dr. Hales † found that a stone of the gall-bladder, no bigger than a pea, required seven

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* Le Compte's Memoirs and Observations, p. 227. Rhod. Sommaire de divers Voyages, &c. 1653. Kämpfer's Amœnitat. Exot. Kämpfer's History of Japan, by Scheuchzer, appendix, p. 17. Pechlin de remed. arthr. prophyl. p. 276. Bagliv. in dolor. calculosis, p. 117, eam commendavit.

|| Statical Experiments, N. 2, p. 188, et seq. † Ibid.

days to be dissolved in the lixivium tartari, which is a concentrated state of the caustic alkali; and he also observes, that he could not get a calculus of the urinary bladder to dissolve at all. §

That the caustic alkali has a considerable attraction for fixed air is certain; but it is also found that our aliment generates a great quantity of this air, and that the intestines are never without it: therefore, it is scarcely probable that this medicine can pass to the bladder with its former properties, nor hence can it act by depriving the calculus of fixed air. It may also be doubted whether it can reach the bladder, even in an alkaline state, as digestion appears to be carried on by a fermentative process, somewhat similar to the vinous or acetous. † The acid in the stomach, uniting with the caustic alkali, would both destroy the causticity and alkaline state, and, without the presence of fixed air, convert it into a mild neutral salt. *Quodcirca medicamento, siue id foras applicatum, siue ex illis fuerit quæ devorantur vel potantur, potestatem præsentem non oportet considerare, sed qualem habebit ubi ad affectum locum pervenerit.* ‡

The experiment before-mentioned, of producing an effervescence in the urine of those who have taken the caustic alkali, by the addition of an acid, rarely succeeds, and perhaps never, unless the urine has been kept till the ammoniacal salts begin to be decomposed and the vitriolic acid be set at liberty. An experiment can, therefore, be fairly tried upon recent urine only. This remedy, then, acts only as a neutral salt; and, indeed, many neutral salts do promote the secretion of urine; and it is chiefly by the quantity secreted that any lithontriptic effect can be produced; which seems more probable, from considering, that, when the quantity is diminished, it is higher coloured, sooner deposits a sediment, and more quickly concretes.

Every solvent is capable of taking up only a limited quantity of the solvend, and, when fully saturated with it, is incapable of suspending it long; hence it is plain that the quantity of stony matter, carried off, must be greater when the urine is increased in quantity and has not been too long retained in the bladder: and, therefore, as tea is diuretic, it may, in this view, prove lithontriptic. *

From

§ Mr. Lane's experiments are not contradicted in this supposition; his being made upon powdered calculi, out of the body. I have known persons who have taken the caustic alkali for three months, without the least benefit.

† Pringle's Diseases of the Army, Ed. 3, pag. V. and VI. Macbride's Essays, p. . Dissertatio inaug. B. Ruth, De coctione ciborum in ventriculo. Edinb. 1768.

‡ Galen. de method. med. ad Glauc. lib. II. cap. 4.

* Lettsom on Tea-drinking, p. 61.

From what has been advanced, the following conclusions may be drawn, with respect to the caustic alkali.

I. That the caustic alkali is converted into a neutral salt.

II. That this neutral salt acts sometimes as a diuretic.

III. That it is from its diuretic virtues that we are to expect its good effects.

IV. That an increased flow of urine through the bladder, however produced, may dissolve and carry off some portion of the calculus, when present, and palliate the disease.

V. And lastly, that, as drinking tea proves diuretic, it may thereby prevent the production of calculous concretions and palliate those already formed. †

As the uva ursi and other bitters have mitigated several paroxysms of the stone, may not tea prove serviceable also, by its antacid quality?

I shall not enquire here by what properties tea may operate, to prevent the gout from attacking the natives of China and Japan, because the fact itself is not sufficiently attested. Kæmpfer, § indeed, relates this circumstance, in his *Amœnitates Exoticæ*, but, when he treats of the moxa, he mentions in what manner the natives apply this remedy, to cure the gout, || which proves that they are far from being strangers to this disease.

HYGEIA.

† Vide Kirkpatrick's notes on Tissot's Diseases of literary Persons, p. 61.

§ P. 626. See also History of Japan, vol. 2, app. p. 17.

|| *Amœnitat. Exot.* p. 600. History of Japan, vol. 2, app. p. 39. 44.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On giving Advice.

————— *If there's a power above us;
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.*

ADDISON'S CATO.

IT has been a custom as general in the world to offer advice and admonition, as it has been the practice constantly to offend; and indeed there is no plea for the one, but the continuation and increase of the other. While vice prevails, instructions, for the support of virtue, will often be found necessary, and one lesson is lost, if it is not seconded by another,

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and even that by a third ; for so frail and depraved is human nature, that very often the strictest resolution is not proof against the slightest temptation, which encourages deviation from the laws of virtue. It is an old maxim, and was followed by most of the ancient heathen philosophers, *to think with the wise, and act with the vulgar* ; and even now it is too generally followed ; there are numbers who undertake to rectify our nature, and to give us rules for our conduct in life ; but, if you once descend to investigate their actions, you will find their conduct gives the lie to their precepts. It is very easy to be good when only abstracted ideas of virtue are proposed to the mind ; but when the mastery of the passions, and the amendment of the heart, are made necessary to happiness, the work then appears difficult and disagreeable.

It is not therefore the sentiments only that must be regulated, but those sentiments must produce good works, if we would ever hope for that salvation offered to mankind by the revelation of God.

It has often been matter of surprize to serious and religious men, that so many, who pretend to a superior depth of understanding and elevation of genius, to a nice and circum-spect discernment and fine sensations, should still shew themselves so blindly ignorant in the only question that is of any immediate importance.

In common affairs they will discover great marks of wisdom and much penetration, but how can you account for their negligent and irregular lives, when they are convinced that they are short-lived rational creatures, placed here by the mercy of their all-wise Creator, and intended for an eternity of happiness with him ! when they know that time bears no proportion to eternity, and that their future felicity, on the contrary, depends on the manner in which they conduct themselves on earth !

Reason informs them that three score and ten years (the life of man) are next to nothing, when compared with the never-ceasing duration which is to follow it ; and therefore that to endeavour an attainment of that future happiness, even at the expence of every sublunary enjoyment is the highest wisdom, and a neglect of it, consequently, must be the greatest and most deplorable folly. Notwithstanding all these known and incontrovertible truths, the allurements of life are sufficient to overbalance their judgements and their consciences.

The only method, therefore, to guard against such complicated mischief, is to have recourse to such admonitions as are offered, and to rely on our benevolent Creator, for strength to overcome every such temptation.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On contemplating the divine Attributes.

WE are informed, in the volume of sacred intelligence, that an enjoyment of the immediate presence of deity will be one of the first pleasures disembodied spirits will experience in the world and life that are to come. A contemplation of his attributes will, in some degree, anticipate the glorious rapture, even while here. To dwell upon the ideas of his excellency is, in some measure, to enjoy his presence, and will at once give us a foretaste of that superior bliss and prepare us for the completion of it. The greatest of all human satisfaction must arise from a sense of what the being is who enjoys them, and what that great Source of all existence is from whence we derive them.

He, who contemplates, as he ought, the mercy of his Creator, will never indulge the languor of his despondency, but be at ease, even under those faults which he is conscious that he does his utmost to prevent or to amend: he, who is conscious of his goodness, will know that every work of his hands was intended to be happy; and he, who feels the sense of his beneficence and the care of his over-ruling providence, will rest in security, amidst a thousand dangers, under the wing of so kind, so powerful, a protector. But, more than all, it is our interest to be ever mindful of his omnipresence. This, of all his attributes, is the most immediate source of good, and the most effectual guard against evil, to him whose eyes are open to it. How little will he wish to have witnesses to the worthy actions he performs who is assured that he, whom alone it is his duty to please, he, who alone is to reward, beholds them! And how infinitely ought the man, who is about to do an ill thing; to dread the consequences of it, while conscious that the Being, to whom he is to be accountable for it, is present while he perpetrates it!

The man, who sees himself and his Creator in this light, will not only be secure from evil actions, but his inclinations will be free from all tendency to them. He will be, at all times, sensible that the great Being, "who is about his path, about his bed, and spieth out all his ways," sees to the depth of his most secret resolutions; he will remember that God seeth the heart, as men the faces one of another; and he will do all that the frailty of his nature will admit to drive from thence every thought that cannot stand the test of such an inspection.

It is easy for us to deceive a parcel of creatures, short-sighted as ourselves; our intentions are hidden from them; our actions

actions only come under their cognizance; and, if we find it impossible to bring to execution that of which our soul is fully guilty, we are out of the reach of punishment. To this is owing the daring security of offenders, while they argue, that, if the deed succeeds, it pays them for the consequences; and that, if it does not, the attempt lies concealed in oblivion: but it is not so with him who knows our thoughts; his tribunal is what we ought infinitely more to dread than that below; and this is a seat of justice at which acts not committed may be arraigned.

He sees the very principles on which we proceed, the contrivances we are forming to put them in execution, and the ends they are designed to accomplish. He will not impute to us that innocence which we may boast from our ill intents being frustrated; but will require us to account for crimes we had determined, as if we had effected them.

Could we arrive at a constant habitual sense that our Creator and our Judge is ever present with us, how would it comfort and support us in our virtuous pursuits, and stop our career in those that are evil! Hypocrisy would fade and die away under its influence; and that open honesty, which we found it our business to profess before God, would render us honoured and happy one among another.

We are not to pretend an ignorance of the will of our Creator: it is revealed to us in a bright display of the most self-evident and glorious manifestations. All nature proclaims it throughout her works; it is recorded in the volumes of inspiration, and engraven on the tablet of every heart. Let the man, who is going to engage in any action he does but suspect; (and there is no real evil which conscience suffers us to execute without such a suspicion,) ask himself this short question, Will what I am about to do be pleasing to him who sees all my actions? and he will find a monitor within that never fails to give truth for an answer. If the applause of the world, or the dread of infamy from it, can encourage or deter us in our intended actions, how much more strongly would a consciousness of the presence of that Being, whose acceptance or whose censure is all that is worth our care, answer the same purpose? The bands of society are nothing, unless deduced from this original principle, and it is not easy to say, to how exalted a pitch this mutual love to one another might be carried, were the several individuals duly sensible of that which first established their union. Men, without a consciousness that their actions all lie open to the inspection of heaven, would be more insidious and destructive, more dangerous one to another, than brutes, by as much as they are

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more cunning; nor have I ever been more struck with the justness of an apprehension from others, than in that instance of the patriarch in Gerar, when he gives it for his reason, "the fear of the Lord is not in this place": on the contrary, when a sense, that the immediate eye of a creator and judge is over all our the actions, is impressed, as it ought, in the several individuals, every man finds those about him his friends and brothers.

The relation we, as reasonable and immortal spirits, bear to the supreme Cause of all existence, is indissoluble both in time and in eternity. Our connection with, and dependence on, him, are such, that he ought never to be absent from our thoughts. We cannot, indeed, be always employed in external acts of prayer and praise; but we may for ever retain him in our hearts. Every object that occurs to us affords a theme on which to adore him. And to remember him as we ought in all our actions, and to pay him this tribute in every occurrence, is to give, what he esteems more than the lifting up our hands or bending our knees, a continued worship of the mind, an adoration worth its noblest ardour. This habitual inward lifting up of the soul to God best tends to the establishment of that peace within, which only can arise from the testimony of a good conscience. This prevents ill, and inspires all good that is in our power. This gives us that composure in affliction, that sweet serenity of mind, without which all other enjoyments are imperfect, all other pretended pleasures lead to remorse. This alone is the health of the soul, that diffuses that universal satisfaction, that uninterrupted cheerfulness over it, that gives its relish to the highest enjoyment. This, while it inspires the soul every moment to renew its intercourse with him who formed it, gives also a conviction of the greatness of its origin; and, while it urges it on to approaches, though at an infinite distance, to the resemblance of deity, convinces it that it is a ray of that eternal sun.

Security in the possession of what we call good is the only means of perfect enjoyment of it; but a certainty, of every change that can happen being yet far better than the present, is an improvement on that security: this can be possessed by him who knows his Creator for his friend; "who remembers," as the psalmist gloriously expresses it, "that God is his rock, and the high God his redeemer."

PHILO-PIETAS.

Thoughts

Thoughts on the Origin and Use of Allegory in poetical Compositions.

WHEN we endeavour to trace sentimental allegory, or allegorical imagery, to its origin, we find it coeval with literature itself. It is generally agreed that the most ancient productions are poetical; and it is certain that the most ancient poems abound with allegorical imagery.

If, then, it be allowed that the first literary productions were poetical, we shall have little or no difficulty in discovering the origin of allegory.

At the birth of letters, in the transition from the hieroglyphical to literal expression, it is not to be wondered if the custom of expressing ideas by personal images, which had so long prevailed, should still retain its influence on the mind, though the use of letters had rendered the practical application of it superfluous. Those, who had been accustomed to express strength by the image of an elephant, swiftness by that of a panther, and courage by that of a lion, would make no scruple of substituting, in letters, the symbols for the ideas they had been used to represent.

Here we plainly see the origin of *allegorical expression*, that it arose from the *asses* of hieroglyphics; and if to the same cause we should refer the figurative boldness of style and imagery which distinguish the oriental writings, we shall, perhaps, conclude more justly than if we should impute it to the superior grandeur of eastern genius.

From the same source with the *verbal*, we are to derive the *sentimental*, allegory; which is nothing more than a continuation of the metaphorical or symbolical expression of the several agents in an action, or the different objects in a scene.

The latter most peculiarly comes under the denomination of allegorical imagery; and, in this species of allegory, we include the imperfonation of passions, affections, virtues and vices, &c.

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having the Account of *S. Fothergill*, with the Reflections on the Weighty Sentences which he uttered a little before he died; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be had of the editor, price 3d.

* * Any persons, who take in the *Monthly Ledger*, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the *Reviews*, and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the Editor of the *Monthly Ledger*, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

P O E T R Y.

Beginning of Spring.

FIERCE winter, hence, with all thy
 gelid train,
 Hence to the pole, thine own congenial
 reign;
 Hence, frost, that form'd to rocks the
 lab'ring flood,
 And storms that rent, and snows that veil'd,
 the wood.
 Since genial suns, with promis'd pleasures,
 rise,
 To give us pregnant days and soft'ring
 skies.
 Yet ling'ring cold spring's promis'd reign
 prevents,
 And the frost hardens as her breath relents:
 Amidst whose doubtful sway, nor haw-
 thorns know
 To swell their buds, nor field-fares when
 to go.
 What though the snow-drop leads the ver-
 nal year,
 And various crocus skirt the bright
 pasture;
 I shun the scene, that art has taught to
 glow,
 For nature's range, where flow'rs sponta-
 neous blow;
 Where the mezerion * springs on ground
 untill'd,
 Clusters its crimson blooms, and scents
 the field;
 And where the earliest primrose-buds ap-
 pear,
 The first fair flowret of th' awaken'd year:
 Where pensile violets, purpling o'er the
 ground,
 Kindly dispense an early fragrance round;
 Daisies their radiated flowers unfold,
 And turze, midst guarding spines, its
 leaves of gold.
 But yet no verdure cloaths the woodland
 scenes,
 Save from beneath, when spring the
 tufted greens.
 Through matted leaves, their pencil'd
 souls † grow;
 There the wind-flowret's § early blushes
 glow.

* *Oxalis Acclifolia*, or wood-sorrel, a
 small elegant flower.

† *Daphne mezereum*, frequent about
 Alder in Hants, and elsewhere.

§ *Anemone nemorosa*, wood *Anemone*,
 a wind flower.

Vol. II.

Th' intente botanists their tribes pursue,
 And cry, with transport, nature lives a-
 new!

To sunny banks refert the bleating dams,
 And chear, with warmth reflex, their
 quiv'ring lambs.

When, from the ungenial East, his breath
 austere

Nips the young promise of the infant
 year.

Escap'd their cells, or broke their wint'ry
 tombs,

Th' exulting insect slips the early blooms.
 On spring's first gleam the gay *Papilio*
 flies,

Expands his wings, impress'd with azure
 eyes.

The feather'd tribes from social flocks
 divide,

And each plum'd lover asks a faithful
 bride.

The chaffinch sends his call from grove
 to grove,

And clust'ring sparrows chirp their mates
 to love.

While clam'rous rooks in families con-
 vene,

Their active builders animate the scene;
 Till storms of snow, of hail, or sleet,
 appear,

Then silent gaze and doubt the vernal
 year.

As yet, no raptures swell the tuneful
 throng,

But low or interrupted drop the song;
 Saye larks, rejoicing in the noon-tide
 ray;

Save that the thrush gives eve the soothing
 lay;

Then to the mantling ivy flies for rest,
 With his lov'd partner of the plaster'd
 nest.

But soon, ye gentle minstrels of the spray,
 Strong love shall prompt and raise the
 sounding lay;

Her tepid gales propitious spring shall
 blow.

And round your heads th' expanding
 foliage flow.

Come, genial showers, accelerate her
 reign:

She comes, and verdure spreads the glad-
 den'd plain.

The leafless trees her plastic smiles adorn,
 Swell the red buds, and whiten round the
 thorn.

The advance of Spring.

BORNE on the clouds, and fan'd by
 zephyr's wing,
 Source of gay pleasure, see advancing
 spring!
 Blushing she comes, led by the jocund
 hours,
 Lights up the heav'n's, and strews the
 earth with flow'rs;
 Her deep green robe, with mantling
 flow'rs drest,
 And pearly lustres sparkling on her vest.
 Strait the dun woods a lively green assume,
 And bursting blossoms wave their vivid
 bloom.
 The clapping lark exerts his happiest strain,
 Floats on the wing, and carols round her
 train;
 And every sweet recorder of the song
 Augments the triumph, as she rolls along.
 The green meads spring, with border'd
 flowers seen,
 Their oozing rills, like lucent springs,
 between;
 Amidst whose wat'ry beds the violet *
 grows;
 Its circling blooms a blushing cone com-
 pose;
 While, in fring'd beauty, whit'ning by
 its side,
 The trefoil † blows, the meadow's pearl's
 pride.
 At thy first glance the scaly race repair,
 Here lodge their ova for thy foal'ring care.
 Thou smil'st benign on water, air, and
 earth,
 And the finny'd myriads hasten into birth:
 Playful, within the tepid streamlets glide,
 Till, bolder grown, they brave th' impe-
 tuous tide.
 Now th' airy city's form'd amidst the trees
 In equilibrium to the rocking breeze.
 Each rook stands guard, while waiting to
 molest
 And snatch alternate from a brother's nest.
 Amongst the black race discordant accents
 flow,
 (But soothing falls on man, who walks
 below)
 As the loud city's aggregated sounds
 The unaccustom'd ear with discord wounds.
 But on some distant plain or breezy mound
 When silent evening breathes a sweetness
 round,
 Its dying sounds in placid murmurs roll
 Which thrill with sweet reflection through
 the soul.

* *Hottonia palustris, water-violet.*† *Megasthis trifolia, marsh trefoil.*

Aloof in air the buxom swallow flies,
 And joys again beneath his natal skies;
 Waking from torpid sleep beneath the
 main,
 Or set from Afric's fields and torrid reign,
 He sweeps the river with his downy breast,
 Tempers the daff, and forms the lousy
 nest.
 Come, shew what cares the plummy tribes
 attend,
 To build their domes, and callow broods
 defend;
 Shew him who, all preserving, pow'r
 supplies
 To the least winnowing wing that sin
 the skies.
 Like moss on trees, or fear-leaves cluster'd
 nigh,
 Their nest eludes the snake's or cuckow's
 eye;
 While some within the hollow'd timbers
 sit,
 And spaces form that but themselves ad-
 mit.
 On the bole's crown th' incurious ring-
 dove forms
 Her loose-laid nest, nor fears the shut-
 t'ring storms.
 To save their young, the treach'rous
 rooks unite,
 Nor fear the strong-pounc'd hawk, nor
 talon'd kite;
 But dare the hov'ring miscreant to the
 fight.
 A vary'd instinct lonely pies directs;
 And arching thorn their airy nest pro-
 tects:
 One avenue their watchful care defends?
 Vainly the rav'ning bird of death de-
 scends.
 Titmice and wrens their oval nests do rear,
 With entrance just proportion'd to their
 sphere;
 In these warm domes they nurse their in-
 fant brood,
 Nor hawks can seize, nor cuckows can
 intrude.
 The same inspiring instinct still is found
 In those that build on rocks or on the
 ground;
 In th' eagle's eyry, o'er the toiling main,
 Or couchant curlew's, on the stony plain,
 In this glad season, while they tend their
 broods,
 With reptile millions teem the fields and
 woods;
 These the unsparing Lord of heav'n sup-
 plies,
 Who hears the eaglets plaint and ravens
 cries.

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In flow'rs, innum'rous, now the primrose
 spreads,
 Where checqu'ring hare-bells rear their
 azure heads.
 Not fancy can the pencil'd lawn display,
 Or various tribes that paint the meadows
 gay.
 The hawthorn's bloom impregnates ev'ry
 gale,
 While grateful birds the vernal influence
 hail.
 Delightful 'tis to trace the mazy glades,
 Or muse reclin'd beneath embow'ring
 shades,
 In green refulgence, where the pecker
 clings,
 Or shoots the jay, with azure-checquer'd
 wings;
 While whisp'ring gales and warbling rills
 are heard,
 And flows the song from each enamour'd
 bird.
 His love-instructed accents breathes the
 dove;
 Ev'n thrilling insects aid the choir of love.
 While the sonorous cuckow's vernal sound,
 Symphonious, swells the woodland music
 round.
 Should the owl pierce this musical recess,
 Where love inspires the strain, and rap-
 tures blest
 Th' harmonious song, that moment they
 forego,
 And pour a chatt'ring fury on the foe;
 The blinking robber shuns th' indignant
 cries,
 The discord follows, as the fellow flies;
 Bends for the gloomy haunt his erring
 flight,
 To brood o'er vengeance, on their tribes,
 at night.
 Now transient show'rs but brighten up the
 scene,
 Calls forth new flow'rs, and paints a li-
 ving green;
 Its streamy drops reflects the various bow,
 Swells its grand arch, and gives th' ethe-
 rial glow.
 While wav'ring lustres sparkle on the
 trees,
 One sp'rit of joy the plummy nations seize:
 Above, below, the voice of music glides,
 And earth, and air, th' enraptur'd song
 divides,
 Till the low sun recalls his dazz'ling
 beams,
 And on th' impurpling clouds his splen-
 dor streams,
 Till, deeper flush'd, in crimson's bright
 array,
 And golden radiance, glows receding day;

Brightly serene, extends the placid flood,
 And the last zephyr dies within the wood.
 Now, one by one, the weary warblers
 leave,
 And not a twitt'ring sound prolongs the
 eve;
 But, hark! the nightingale resumes his
 notes,
 Through the hush'd air the sounding ca-
 dence floats;
 Now his sweet trill, now bolder notes de-
 light,
 While thus he charms the list'ning ear
 of night! W.

THE following was written with an
 intention of sending with the *Grave*,
 a poem, to a young lady; and, if they are
 not deemed improper for the Ledger, the
 author will be pleased to see them insert-
 ed this month.

READ, my lov'd lass, attentive, read
 these lines,
 Where truth sublime, in simple language,
 shines;
 And yet, what warmth, what energetic
 rage,
 Breathes in each line, and animates each
 page.
 Nothing more true than what the poet
 sings,
 "The grave's no flatt'rer:" peasants,
 heroes, kings,
 The haughty noble, and th' ignoble slave,
 Sleep undistinguish'd in the gloomy grave.
 'Tis there th' afflicted rest from all their
 woes,
 There wearied trav'lers, undisturb'd, re-
 pose.
 Ah! what avails of birth the boasted
 pride!
 From whom descended, or to whom allied,
 It matters not: none can the shock with-
 stand,
 Elude the dart, or stay th' uplifted hand,
 If death, who strikes fool, madmen, or
 divines,
 Mocks their proud hopes, and thwarts
 their rash designs.
 The patriot's plans, the schemes of ty-
 rant pow'r,
 The warrior's triumph, miser's golden
 show'r,
 The half-starv'd poet's dream of endless
 fame,
 (Incessant toiling for a deathless name,)
 When death appoints the moment, all
 are o'er,

Then cease to charm : and thou canst
please no more.

Then, e'en from ——'s cheek the roses
fly ;

Hush'd the sweet voice, and clos'd the
sparkling eye :

To dull oblivion ev'ry charm's resign'd,
What stole the heart, and what enslav'd
the mind.

No more her faultless form shall beaux
admire ;

No more her beauty tuneful bards inspire :
Snatch'd from th' admiring world, in
youth's fair bloom,

To the cold mansions of the silent tomb !
Then, if to folly's shrine the fair-one
bow'd,

If in her breast unlawful passions glow'd,
Nor glow'd unfated ; no resource untried,
No vice untasted, with ungratified,

Sad is her fate : doom'd to the hideous
plains,

Where one unvary'd endless scene of mis'-
ry reigns.

Virtue's its own reward, by all allow'd,
And, to be happy, needs but to be good.
Then shall the fair, who treads in virtue's
ways,

And bids each action speak her Maker's
praise,

(For 'tis our actions best his goodness tell,
And the best praise is to endeavour well ;)
Sooner or later, summon'd from this stage,
Blooming in youth, or crown'd with hoar-
y age,

Serenely smiling at th' approach of death,
Without a sigh, in peace, resign her
breath ;

Her happy soul to realms celestial soar,
While grief subsides, and troubles vex no
more.

NORWEGIENSIS.

C L E O R A.

A N E L E G Y,

C H I L D of affliction, whose sequest-
er'd shade

Can kindly give the widow'd virgin hail,
Again receive the ever-weeping maid,
And hear once more her melancholy
tale.

Beneath this gloom, at midnight, let her
rove,

A bosom fraught with anguish to dis-
close ;

For here she told the secret of her love,
And must relate the story of her woes,

Forgive, great Object of my first regard,
(Almighty Cause from whence this
world began,)

If, while the saint enjoys his full reward,
That human nature should lament the
man.

And thou, O shade of all my soul held
dear,

If, in the boundless regions of the air,
Chora's plaintive accent thou canst hear,
Look down, look down, and pity her
despair.

From these fond arms for ever art thou
torn,

From these sad eyes eternally remov'd ;
Nor can this breast, a moment, cease to
mourn

The only object which it ever lov'd.

Resistless youth, how excellently form'd !
To love created, and to virtue fir'd ;
Whoever saw him, instantly was charm'd ;
Whoever knew him, wonder'd and ad-
mir'd.

His person rose so delicately sweet,
That art in envy and amazement stood ;
And then his mind was generous and
great,
Sincerely honest, and humanely good,

In taste refin'd, and elegantly bred,
Politeness always on his air was hung ;
For soft persuasion dwelt on what he said,
And more than magic center'd on his
tongue.

The muse too led him to her sacred springs,
(Which sick'ning envy would herself
allow,)

Taught him to strike the sweetest of her
strings,
And wreath'd her freshest laurel round
his brow.

I knew him—lov'd—and gloried in the
fire,

Nor strove the fond emotion to conceal ;
This bosom scorn'd to cherish a desire
Which virtue ever trembled to reveal.

My faith I plighted to the charming
youth,

Nor blush'd my native sentiments to
prove ;

The voice of nature was the voice of truth,
Which virtue gave, and ripen'd into
love.

But,

But, oh ! that morn which made him on-
ly mine,
Array'd in horror, on affliction stands ;
The sun he long'd impatiently to shine,
And blest the tender union of our
hands.

Start, recollection, backward to thy seat,
Nor let remembrance on the moment
dwell,
Unless distraction madly may repeat
What bleeding love must never think
to tell.

Ye sacred pow'rs, in pity, tell me this,
Why I was mark'd to so severe a doom !
That the same sun, which led me on to
bliss,
Should see my husband wedded to the
tomb ?

Are these the joys that innocence must
prove ?
Are these the blessings which your boun-
ty gave ?
That death must snatch the votary from
love,
And Hymen light his torches for the
grave ?

Oh ! that the grand immutable decree
No partial instance of its care had shewn,

But sent its awful messenger to me,
That struck a life much dearer than my
own.

No vigils then these fading eyes might
keep,
Which death's cold hand had settled to
repose ;
No pitying moon had griev'd to see me
weep,
Or rising sun grown weary of my woes.

Thou Cause divine, omnipotent, and
dread,
What nameless crime within my soul
appears,
To doom my love so early to the dead,
These eyes so soon to never-ending
tears ?

This madd'ning brain, all-gracious heav'n,
defend,
Nor let me dare presumptuously to
blame ;
For oh ! to question may be to offend,
But sure to murmur must be to blas-
pheme.

Yet the great Pow'r, whose wisdom could
bestow
A sense so sharp and exquisite of pain,
Will pardon, if extravagance of woe
Should make a wretch improperly com-
plain. H, K.

The Letters, signed *Philaethes*, *Cælebs*, *S. B. H. C. D.* a
Constant Reader, *J. M. Y.* and several anonymous pieces, are
received.

In a few Days will be published, and sold by
RICHARDSON and URQUHART, and
T. LETCHWORTH,

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ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

By E. RACK, of BARDFIELD.

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From May 15, to May 20, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	15	9	3	3	2	9	2	0	3	0

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	4	—	—	3	2	2	5	3	2
Surry,	6	4	—	—	3	1	2	5	3	10
Hertford,	6	2	—	—	2	11	2	3	3	6
Bedford,	6	5	4	10	3	9	2	1	3	0
Cambridge,	6	6	4	0	2	10	2	0	2	7
Huntingdon,	6	6	—	—	3	3	1	11	2	11
Northampton,	7	1	5	0	3	6	2	1	3	0
Rutland,	6	11	—	—	3	7	2	3	3	3
Leicester,	7	3	5	0	3	8	2	1	3	9
Nottingham,	6	7	5	0	3	7	2	2	3	7
Derby,	6	10	—	—	—	—	2	4	3	10
Stafford,	7	5	—	—	3	9	2	2	4	4
Salop,	7	4	5	10	3	9	1	11	4	0
Hereford,	6	9	—	—	3	7	1	11	4	2
Worcester,	7	4	5	0	3	8	2	7	4	0
Warwick,	7	3	—	—	3	10	2	6	5	0
Gloucester,	7	5	—	—	3	4	2	4	4	3
Wiltshire,	6	3	—	—	2	9	2	4	4	3
Berks,	6	8	—	—	2	11	2	5	3	7
Oxford,	7	1	—	—	3	3	2	5	3	9
Bucks,	6	3	—	—	3	10	2	2	3	0

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	2	2	11	3	0	2	2	3	1
Suffolk,	6	0	3	0	2	10	2	0	2	9
Norfolk,	6	6	3	10	2	9	1	11	—	—
Lincoln,	6	5	4	6	3	0	1	10	3	2
York,	6	4	4	9	3	3	2	0	3	4
Durham,	5	11	4	1	3	9	2	1	3	6
Northumberland,	5	6	3	10	3	1	2	0	3	8
Cumberland,	6	5	4	5	3	6	2	2	4	1
Westmoreland,	6	10	5	0	3	7	2	0	—	—
Lancashire,	6	4	—	—	3	5	2	1	3	7
Cheshire,	7	1	—	—	4	2	2	4	—	—
Monmouth,	7	0	—	—	3	7	1	10	—	—
Somerfet,	7	1	—	—	3	0	2	3	3	1
Devon,	6	8	—	—	3	1	1	8	—	—
Cornwall,	6	7	—	—	3	9	1	10	—	—
Dorset,	7	0	—	—	2	10	2	3	3	11
Hampshire,	6	2	—	—	3	0	2	5	3	4
Suffex,	6	2	—	—	2	10	2	1	3	4
Kent,	6	3	—	—	3	0	2	1	2	11

From May 8, to May 13, 1775.

W A L E S.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans

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North Wales, | 7 4 | 5 0 | 3 6 | 1 9 | 4 11

South Wales, | 7 8 | 6 8 | 3 6 | 1 10 | 3 4

Part of S C O T L A N D.

Wheat Rye Barley Oats Beans Big.

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Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For April, 1775.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.
		lo.	hi.		
1	N.W.	little	29 ⁸ ₁₀	39 44	Brilliant day.
2	E.	little	30	42 46	Ditto.
3	E.	fresh	30	45 50	Ditto.
4	N.W.	fresh	30	48 52	Ditto.
5	N.W.	fresh	30	49 52 ¹ ₂	Ditto.
6	N.W.	fresh	29 ⁹ ₁₀	44 ¹ ₂ 49 ¹ ₂	Cloudy with little rain.
7	N.	fresh	30	48 50	Ditto.
8	N.E.	strong	30 ² ₁₀	47 49	Ditto.
9	N.N.W.	strong	32	48 51	Fair and sunshine.
10	N.W.	fresh	31 ¹ ₁₀	45 50	Ditto
11	W.	little	30	47 52	Cloudy.
12	W.	little	30	48 52	Ditto.
13	W.	little	30 ¹ ₁₀	49 52 ¹ ₂	Fair.
14	W.	little	30 ¹ ₁₀	49 ¹ ₂ 54	Ditto.
15	W.	little	29 ¹ ₁₀	48 52 ¹ ₂	Forenoon rain, afternoon fair.
16	W.	fresh	29 ¹ ₁₀	51 53	Showery.
17	W.	fresh	29 ¹ ₁₀	51 ¹ ₂ 53	Ditto.
18	W.	strong	29 ¹ ₁₀	51 52 ¹ ₂	After. thunder, lightening, and rain.
19	N.W.	strong	29 ⁶ ₁₀	47 ¹ ₂ 53	Fine day.
20	W.	little	29 ¹ ₁₀	48 53	Ditto.
21	S.W.	little	30	48 ¹ ₂ 54	Ditto.
22	S.W.	fresh	29 ¹ ₁₀	49 54 ¹ ₂	Cloudy and flight showers.
23	S.W.	little	29 ¹ ₁₀	48 53 ¹ ₂	Slight showers & thunder, inter. fine.
24	S.	little	29 ⁹ ₁₀	50 54	Cloudy.
25	S.	little	30	51 ¹ ₂ 55	Fair.
26	S.W.	little	30	53 55 ¹ ₂	Ditto.
27	S.	fresh	30	54 56	Ditto.
28	S.	little	29 ¹ ₁₀	58 67	Sultry.
29	S.	little	29 ⁹ ₁₀	62 68	Ditto.
30	E.	little	29 ⁹ ₁₀	60 61	Violent thunder, lightening, & rain.

PRICES



THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Sacred History.



SACRED history is very different from all other history whatsoever. The last contains only human facts and temporal events, and often full of uncertainty and contradiction; but the other is the history of God himself, the supreme Being; the history of his omnipotence, his infinite wisdom, his universal providence, his holiness, justice, mercy, and all his other attributes, set forth under a thousand forms and displayed by the most wondrous effects. The book, which contains all these wonders, is the most ancient book in the world, and the only one, before the coming of the Messiah, in which God has shewn us, in a clear and certain manner, what he is, what we are, and for what ends designed.

Other histories leave us deeply ignorant in all these important points. Instead of giving a clear and distinct idea of the Godhead, they render it obscure, dishonour and disfigure it by innumerable extravagant fables, differing only from one another in a greater or less degree of absurdity. They give us no

VOL. II.

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insight

insight into the nature of the world we inhabit; whether it had a beginning; by whom, or to what end, it was created, how it is supported and preserved; or whether it is always to subsist. We learn nothing what we are ourselves, what our original nature, design, and end. Sacred history begins with clearly revealing to us, in a few words, the greatest and most important truths:—that there is a God, pre-existing before all things, and consequently eternal:—that the world is the work of his hands, that he has made it out of nothing by his word alone, and that thus he is Almighty. *In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.*

It then represents man, for whom this world was made, as coming forth from the hands of his Creator, and compounded of a body and a soul;—a body, made out of a little dust, the proof of its weakness; and a soul, breathed into it by God, and, consequently, distinct from the body, spiritual, intelligent, and, from the very substance of its nature and constitution, incorruptible and immortal.

It describes the happy condition in which man was created, righteous and innocent, and destined for eternal happiness if he had persevered in his righteousness and innocence;—his sad fall by sin, the fatal source of all his misfortunes, and the twofold death to which he was condemned with all his posterity; and, lastly, his future restoration by an all-powerful Mediator, which was even then promised and pointed out to him for his consolation, though at the distance of remote futurity; all the circumstances and characters whereof are afterwards described, but under the faint shadows of figures and symbols, which, like so many veils, serve at the same time to disclose and to hide it.

It teaches us, that, in this restoration of mankind, the great work of God, to which all is referred and in which all terminates, is to form to himself a kingdom worthy of him, a kingdom which shall alone subsist to all eternity, and to which all others shall give place; that Jesus Christ shall be the founder and ruler of this kingdom, according to the august prophecy of *Daniel*, who, after he had seen in a vision, under different symbols, the succession and ruin of all the great kingdoms of the world, sees, at last, the son of man drawing near to the Ancient of Days, *usque ad antiquum dierum*, a noble and sublime expression to denote the Eternal; and immediately adds, *That God gave him dominion and glory, and a kingdom; that all nations and languages should serve him; his dominion is an everlasting dominion which shall not pass away, and his kingdom that which shall not be destroyed.*

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This kingdom is the church, which is begun and found here upon earth, and shall one day be carried up to heaven, the place of its original and eternal habitation. *And then cometh the end*, that is, of this visible world, which subsists only for the other, *when Jesus Christ, after having put down all rule, and all authority, and power, shall have delivered up the kingdom* (that is to say, the blessed and holy company of the elect) *to God, even the Father.*

It is this blessed society of the just, and he who has been pleased to be their head, sanctifier, father, and spouse, who are the grand objects and the last end of all the designs of God. From the beginning of the world, and even before sin had perverted the beautiful order of it, he had these ends in view. St Paul declares, in express terms, that the first *Adam* was the figure of the second, *qui est forma futuri*. And he insinuates to us, that *Eve*, who was taken from *Adam's* side during his mysterious sleep, was a natural image of the church, proceeding from the side of Christ, who slept upon the cross to make us the children of it.

We see God, who is ever watchful over the works of his hands, from the earliest times, preparing at a distance the formation of the Christian church, and laying the foundation of it, by revealing to man such mysteries as it was always necessary to his salvation for man to know; by frequently renewing to him the promise of a redeemer; by pointing out to him the necessity of believing in a mediator for the obtaining of true righteousness; by teaching him the essence of religion, and the spirit of true worship; by transmitting from age to age, without alteration, these capital doctrines by the long life of the first patriarchs who were full of faith and holiness; by forming from the beginning a society of just men more or less numerous and visible.

This is what the scripture teaches us, and alone could discover to us, as it alone is the depository of the divine revelations, and of the manifestation of God's decrees, which lay concealed in his bosom from all eternity, till the moment he was pleased to divulge them. And can any object be greater, of nearer concern, and more worthy of the attention of mankind, than a history, wherein God has thought fit, of himself, to draw with his own hand the plan of our eternal destiny!

Now I ask, in the first place, whether we shall not be wanting in the most essential part of the education of youth, if we suffer them to be ignorant of a history, so venerable for its antiquity, its authority, and the greatness and variety of facts related in it, and more especially for the intimate union it has with our holy religion, as it is the foundation of it, as it

contains all the proofs of it, points out to us all its duties and for which it is so capable of inspiring us with the greatest respect from our most tender years, and may afterwards serve as a check and barrier against the licentious boldness of incredulity?

I ask, in the second place, whether it be to study and teach sacred history as we ought, barely to consider the facts recorded in it as historical facts, or to lay them before youth as objects only of their curiosity and admiration, without shewing them, as the firmest supports of their belief, the legal patent of their true nobility, and certain pledges of their future greatness? without teaching them to compare these *miraculous and prophetic events* with the most boasted *prodigies and oracles* of the heathen? and without making them sensible how vain those are upon which the whole Roman religion was founded?

Lastly, I ask, whether we should pay to the sacred history, dictated by the Holy Ghost himself, the respect which is due to it, by examining only the letter of it, without penetrating farther to discover its spirit and true signification, especially after such light as the evangelists and the apostles, and, since them, the uninterrupted tradition the fathers have given us upon this matter?

We very often read, in the gospel, that the actions related there were the accomplishment of the figures and prophecies of the old testament; and Jesus Christ himself assures us, that *Moses* had principally written of him.

St. *Paul* tells us, in clear and express terms, that Jesus Christ was the end of the law, and that what happened to the Jews was by way of type and figure. And St. *Augustine* concludes, that a prophecy of Christ and the church should be sought for in the actions of the people. In what is said, for instance, of *Abraham's* offering up his son *Isaac*, would not reason alone, I mean in a man enlightened with faith, suffice to make us discern in it the charity of our heavenly Father, who had so great a love for mankind as to give his only son for them?

Can we tell our children the history of the brazen serpent, fixed and hung upon a cross in the wilderness, as a remedy for the Israelites who had been bitten by the fiery serpents, without explaining to them, at the same time, of whom this serpent was the type?

Should we rightly understand the admirable history of *Jonas*, if we limited it only to the letter, and did not discern the resurrection of Christ restored to life again from the grave on the third day, and the speedy and miraculous conversion of the Gentiles, which was the fruit of our Saviour's death and resurrection?

And

And the same may be observed in many other passages in sacred history, which are not understood, if not fully comprehended.

We study it as Jews, and not as Christians, if we do not remove the veil that covers it, but are content with the surface, which, though rich indeed, and valuable, conceals other riches of a far more inestimable value.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Men may live fools, but fools they cannot die. YOUNG.

NOTHING is more common, when human life is the topic of discourse, than to hear people complain of its shortness; and yet but a few are inclined to make the most of it, or to look beyond its limits. From the curiosity men generally discover on other occasions, it might reasonably be expected they would more frequently employ it in contemplating that vast scene which lies beyond the confines of time. It is indeed, an "undiscovered country, from whose drear bourn no traveller has returned." But, as this is a subject in which all are essentially interested, we ought, so far as reason and revelation can guide us, to make it the theme of our frequent meditation. To a sensible mind it appears strange that reasonable beings, who know their duration here is short and uncertain, and whose happiness in a succeeding state depends on the performance of present duties, should be so regardless of their best interests as not frequently to *consider their latter end*. General experience, however, evinces it to be a truth. Mens views and expectations seem centered on the "things that are seen," the perishable objects of time and sense. Whence can this inconsistency of conduct arise? Is it because it is pleasant to behold the sun, and that even the idea of being taken from visible things covers the mind with a mournful gloom? Is it that the soul "shrinks back, and startles at" dissolution? To virtuous minds this cannot be the case: To the vicious, and those, who, by considering "too curiously," have reasoned themselves out of the belief of the soul's immortality, it may. Such cannot reflect on their final separation from all that now delights them without horror. Their prospects are bounded by the narrow horizon of time, and their desires by sensuality. They consider no loss so great as the loss of those objects which give present pleasure. Eternity appears to them a dreary waste, arrayed in all the horrors of annihilation. They have no just idea of the happiness annexed to virtue in a future

ture state. They consider not the end of their creation, nor the elevated faculties of an immortal spirit; — faculties which only bud in time, but which, if properly cultivated, will expand and flourish in a celestial soil for ever.

We are constituted of two natures, *rational*, to qualify us for a better country, and *animal*, to partake of the sensitive enjoyments of the present. With respect to the *latter* we may with propriety say to the worm, *Thou art my mother and my sister*. By virtue of the *second* we may boast a divine origin, and claim affinity with the glorified inhabitants of heaven. But, to such a degree of inconsideration are mankind arrived, that numbers seem unconscious, at least regardless, of their immortal descent; and, in the generality of their conduct, act more inconsistently with the dignity of their nature than the beasts of the field. Thus they voluntarily degrade themselves from that rank they were intended to fill in the scale of beings, and, instead of enjoying the substantial pleasures of reasonable creatures, are contenting themselves with the meanest gratifications.

The improper indulgence of passions, given to be governed, and not to rule, the inticing allurements of pleasure, and the unbounded gratification of sensual appetites, employ those faculties and that time, which ought to be employed in ennobling the mind by works of goodness, benevolence, and virtue. Every trifle diverts our attention from considerations of infinite importance, and that great and necessary work which the most active life can but just accomplish, is, with the most criminal folly, frequently put off to the evening of age. Those faculties and powers of the mind, which were given us for the noblest purpose, to investigate, adore, and imitate, the moral perfections of Deity, are debased to the unworthy purpose of accumulating wealth instead of honour, and empty fame instead of a just and virtuous praise.

How deplorable must the state of those be, who have thus mis-spent their time and talents, when the fatal mandate arrives which summons them to the tomb:—when every illusive phantom shall vanish, every mask be stripped off; when their own deformity shall appear, and the awakened voice of conscience proclaims their destiny! At that season, what are riches, honours, external pomp, power, and grandeur? What, indeed, but the *ignis fatuus* of a deluded fancy, which dances before us for a few moments, disappears, and leaves us in all the horrors of a dreadful uncertainty! If such look backward, the black catalogue of their past transgressions, like the roll which *Ezekiel* saw, is written within and without with lamentation, mourning, and woe. If they look forward, the prospect

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pest is involved in gloom ; *clouds and darkness hang upon it ; the day is ended, and the night appears wherein no man can work.* Then "all that now sparkles in the eye of hope, or pants in the bosom of ambition," will lose its power of pleasing. The certainty of those solemn truths will be then felt, which, in the days of festivity, they have treated as idle chimeras and enthusiastic reveries. The fallacy of their schemes will then be detected, and they will wish, vainly wish, their time and talents had been employed in accumulating wisdom and practising virtue.

How far the mercy of God may be withheld from such I will by no means presume to determine. Far be it from me to limit its glorious extension, or to assign the ministration of his judgements to any part of my fellow-creatures. But it must be deemed a great degree of presumption to venture an eternity on so doubtful a cast. We ought to bear it in remembrance, that *justice* is one of the attributes of Deity, and that the incorrigible offender, if he remain such, has no claim to divine favour.

Were we frequently to meditate on our end, and anticipate that day of discovery and decision, to which we are hourly hastening, it would weaken our attachment to things of an inferior nature : and, to a mind conscious of its dignity, this employment can never be either unpleasing or unprofitable. It is the highest proof of wisdom so to act in our present station, that, when we are removed to another, the change may be as happy as it is lasting. For the attainment of this excellent end it is indispensibly necessary carefully to employ the appointed means. A course of action, consistent with those duties which are required of us, will add to our *present*, while they insure our *future, felicity*. The God we ought to serve is no hard master ; he requires nothing of us but what tends to promote our happiness. This is a consideration which ought to be peculiarly impressed on those who are the professed candidates for present enjoyment. If we allow propriety to their plan, the best way to promote it is to be governed by the laws of virtue, temperance, justice, and sobriety. *Godliness is profitable to all things.* The practice of its rules excludes many evils, and preserves in safety and innocence ; while they afford every gratification that can give delight to a reasonable mind.

Were all men influenced by these noble principles how happy would be the state of human society ! The voice of discord would be no more heard in our streets. *Righteousness and peace would kiss each other, and extend from the river to the ends*
of

of the earth. The present state of existence would be a happy prelude to one still more glorious in the regions of the blessed.

However visionary or puritanical these reflections may be deemed by the gay, the inconsiderate, and the licentious, the season is approaching wherein they will discover them to be the language of truth.

The dream of folly will then be broken up. The genuine language of truth will vibrate in their ears. When the hours past in folly are reviewed, life will appear a barren waste. But such as have early applied their hearts unto wisdom, and made her sacred precepts the rule of their action, will possess those substantial riches which time cannot destroy. They will approach the confines of the grave with a hope full of immortality, and in the last hour of their adversity be joyful.

*Life makes the soul dependent on the dust,
Death gives her wings to mount above the spheres.
Through chinks stil'd organs dim life peeps at light,
Death bursts the involving cloud, and all is day;
All eye, all ear, the disembodied power.* Night Thoughts.

MENTOR.

On Peevishness, or Ill-Humour.

NO disease of the mind can more fatally disable it from that intercourse of benevolence, which is one of the chief duties of social beings, than ill-humour or peevishness; for though it breaks not out in paroxysms of outrage, nor bursts into clamour, and turbulence, and bloodshed, yet it supplies the deficiency of violence by its frequency, and wears out happiness by slow corrosion, and small injuries incessantly repeated. It may be considered as the canker of life, that destroys its vigour and checks its improvement, that creeps on with hourly depredations, and taints and vitiates what it cannot consume.

Peevishness, when it has been so far indulged as to out-run the motions of the will and discover itself without premeditation, is a species of depravity, in the highest degree disgusting and offensive, because no caution or regularity, no rectitude of intention, nor softness of address, can ensure a moment's exemption from affront and indignity. While we are courting the favour of a peevish man, while we are making the warmest offers of service, or exerting ourselves in the most diligent civility, an unlucky syllable displeases, an unheaded circumstance ruffles and exasperates; and, in the moment when

we congratulate ourselves upon having gained a friend, we have the mortification of finding all our endeavours frustrated in a moment, and all our assiduity forgotten in the casual tumult of some trifling irritation.

This troublesome impatience is sometimes nothing more than the symptom of some deeper malady. He that is angry without daring to confess his resentment, or sorrowful without the liberty of telling his grief, is too frequently inclined to give vent to the fermentations of his mind at the first passages that are opened, and let his passions boil over upon those whom accidents throw in his way. A painful and tedious course of sickness frequently produces such a quick sensibility, such an alarming apprehension of any increase of uneasiness, as keeps the soul perpetually on the watch to prevent or repel any thing from which inconvenience is felt or feared; such a restless and incessant solicitude, as no care, no tenderness, can appease, and can only be pacified by the cure of the distemper, and the removal of that pain by which it is excited.

Nearly approaching to this weakness is the captiousness of old age: when the strength is crushed, the senses dulled, and the common pleasures of life become insipid by repetition, we are willing to impute the uneasiness of our condition to causes not wholly out of our power, and please ourselves with fancying that we suffer by neglect, or unkindness, or want of skill, or any evil which admits a remedy, rather than by the decays of nature, which cannot be prevented, delayed, or repaired. We therefore revenge our pains upon those on whom we resolve to charge them; and too often drive mankind away at the time we have the greatest need of kindness and assistance.

But though peevishness may sometimes claim our compassion, as the consequences or concomitant of misery, it is very often found where nothing can justify or excuse its admission. It is often one of the attendants on prosperity, employed by insolence in exacting homage, and by tyranny in harrassing subjection. It is frequently the offspring of idleness and pride; of idleness, anxious for trifles; and pride, unwilling to endure the least obstruction of her wishes. Those who have lived in solitude, indeed, naturally contract this unsocial quality; because, having long had only themselves to please, they do not readily depart from their own inclinations; their singularities therefore are only blameable, when they have imprudently or morosely withdrawn themselves from the world; but there are others, who have, without any necessity, nursed up this habit in their minds, by making implicit submissiveness the condition of their favour, and suffering none to approach them but those who watch their eyes, and observe

their nods; who never speak but to applaud, or move but to obey.

He that gives himself up to his own fancy, and converses with none but such as he hires to lull him in the down of absolute authority, to soothe him with obsequiousness, and regale him with flattery, soon grows too slothful for the labour of contest, too tender for the asperity of contradiction, and too delicate for the coarseness of truth. A little opposition offends, a little restraint enrages, and a little difficulty perplexes him; for a man, who has been accustomed to see every thing give way to his humour and his choice, soon forgets his own littleness, and expects to find the world rolling at his beck, and all mankind employed to accommodate and delight him.

On the ancient English Minstrels.

THE minstrels seem to have been the genuine successors of the ancient bards, who united the arts of poetry and music, and sang verses, to the harp, of their own composing. It is well known what respect was shewn to their bards by the Britons: and no less was paid to the northern Scalds by most of the nations of Gothic race. Our Saxon ancestors, as well as their brethren, the ancient Danes, had been accustomed to hold men of this profession in the highest reverence. Their skill was considered as something divine, their persons were deemed sacred, their attendance was solicited by kings, and they were every where loaded with honours and rewards. In short, poets and their art were held among them in that rude admiration, which is ever shewn by an ignorant people to such as excel them in intellectual accomplishments. When the Saxons were converted to Christianity, in proportion as letters prevailed among them this rude admiration began to abate, and poetry was no longer a peculiar profession. The poet and the minstrel became two persons. Poetry was cultivated by men of letters indiscriminately, and many of the most popular rhymes were composed amidst the leisure and retirement of monasteries. But the minstrels continued a distinct order of men, and got their livelihood by singing verses to the harp at the houses of the great. There they were still hospitably and respectfully received, and retained many of the honours shewn to their predecessors, the bards and scalds. And indeed, though some of them only recited the compositions of others, many of them still composed songs themselves, and all of them could probably invent a few stanzas on occasion. I have no doubt but most of the old heroic ballads we have extant

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tant were produced by this order of men. For, although some of the larger metrical romances might come from the pen of monks or others, yet the smaller narratives were probably composed by the minstrels who sang them. From the amazing variations, which occur in different copies of these old pieces, it is evident they made no scruple to alter each others productions, and the reciter added or omitted stanzas, according to his own fancy or convenience.

In the early ages, as is hinted above, this profession was held in great reverence among the Saxon tribes, as well as among their Danish brethren. This appears from two remarkable facts in history, which shew that the same arts of music and song were equally admired among both nations, and that the privileges and honours conferred upon the professors of them were common to both; as it is well known their customs, manners, and even language, were not in those times very dissimilar.

When our great king Alfred was desirous to learn the true situation of the Danish army, which had invaded his realm, he assumed the dress and character of a minstrel, and, taking his harp, and only one attendant, (for in the early times it was not unusual for a minstrel to have a servant to carry his harp,) he went with the utmost security into the Danish camp. And, though he could not but be known to be a Saxon, the character he assumed procured him an hospitable reception; he was admitted to entertain the king at table, and staid among them long enough to contrive that assault which afterwards destroyed them. This was in the year 878.

About sixty years after, a Danish king made use of the same disguise to explore the camp of our king Athelstan. With his harp in his hand, and dressed like a minstrel, Anlaff, king of the Danes, went among the Saxon tents, and, taking his stand near the king's pavilion, began to play, and was immediately admitted. There he entertained Athelstan and his lords with his singing and his music; and was at length dismissed with an honourable reward, though his songs must have discovered him to have been a Dane. Athelstan was saved from the consequences of this stratagem by a soldier, who had observed Anlaff bury the money which had been given him, from some scruple of honour, or motive of superstition. This occasioned a discovery.

From the uniform procedure of both these kings, it is plain that the same mode of entertainment prevailed among both people, and that the minstrel was a privileged character among both. Even so late as Edward II. the minstrels were easily

admitted into the royal presence; as appears from a passage in Stow, which also shews the splendor of their appearance.

"In the year 1316, Edward the second did solemnize his feast of pentecost at Westminster in the great hall; where, sitting royally at the table with his peers about him, there entered a woman adorned like a minstrel, sitting on a great horse trapped, as minstrels then used, who rode round about the tables, shewing pastime; and at length came up to the king's table, and laid before him a letter, and forthwith turning her horse saluted every one, and departed." The subject of this letter was a remonstrance to the king on the favours heaped by him on his minions, to the neglect of his knights and faithful servants.

The messenger was sent in a minstrel's habit, as what would gain an easy admission; and was a woman concealed under that habit, I suppose, to disarm the king's resentment; for I do not find that any of the real minstrels were of the female sex, and therefore conclude this was only an artful contrivance peculiar to that occasion.

In the 4th year of Richard the second, John of Gaunt arrested at Tutbury, in Staffordshire, a court of minstrels, with a full power to receive suit and service from the men of this profession within five neighbouring counties; to enact laws, and determine their controversies; and to apprehend and arrest such of them as should refuse to appear at the said court, annually held on the 16th of August. For this they had a charter, by which they were empowered to appoint a king of the minstrels, with four officers, to preside over them. These were every year elected with great ceremony, the whole form of which is described by Dr. Plott: in whose time however they seem to have become mere musicians.

Even so late as the reign of Henry VIII. the reciters of verses, or moral speeches learnt by heart, intruded, without ceremony, into all companies; not only in taverns, but in the houses of the nobility themselves. This we learn from Erasmus, whose argument led him only to describe a species of these men who did not sing their compositions; but the others, that did, enjoyed without doubt the same privileges.

The reader will find that the minstrels continued down to the reign of Elizabeth; in whose time they had lost much of their dignity, and were sinking into contempt and neglect. Yet still they sustained a character far superior to any thing we can conceive at present of the singers of the old ballads.

When queen Elizabeth was entertained at Killingworth castle, by the earl of Leicester, in 1575, among the many devices

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vices and pageants which were exhibited for her entertainment, one of the personages introduced was that of an ancient minstrel, whose appearance and dress are so minutely described by a writer there present, and give us so distinct an idea of the character, that I shall quote the passage at large.

"A person, very meet seemed he for the purpose, of a xlv years old, apparellled partly as he would himself. His cap off: his head seemly rounded tonster-wise*: fair kembed, that, with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's grease, was finely smoothed, to make it shine like a mallard's wing. His beard smugly shaven: and yet his shirt after the new trink, with ruffs fair starched, sleeked and glistering like a pair of new shoes, marshalled in good order with a setting stick and strut, 'that' every ruff stood up like a wafer. A side [i. e. long] gown of Kendale green, after the freshness of the year now, gathered at the neck with a narrow gorget, fastened afore with a white clasp and a keeper close up to the chin; but easily, for heat, to undo when he list. Seemly begirt in a red caddis girdle: from that a pair of capped Sheffield knives hanging a'two sides. Out of his bosom drawn forth a lappet of his napkin † edged with a blue lace, and marked with a D for Damian, for he was but a batchelor yet.

"His gown had side [i. e. long] sleeves down to mid-leg, slit from the shoulder to the hand, and lined with white cotton. His doublet sleeves of black worked: upon them a pair of points of tawny chamlet laced along the wrist with blue threaden poinets ‡, a wealt towards the hands of fustian-anapes. A pair of red neather stocks. A pair of pumps on his feet, with a cross cut at his toes for corns: not new indeed, yet cleanly blackt with soot, and shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red ribband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest § tyed to a green lace and hanging by: under the gorget of his gown a fair flaggon chain, (pewter || for) silver, as a squire minstrel of Middlesex, that travelled the country this summer season unto fair and worshipful mens houses. From his chain hung a scutcheon, with metal and colour, resplendant upon his breast, of the ancient arms of Islington."

This

* "Tonfure-wise," after the manner of the monks.

† i. e. Handkerchief, or cravat.

‡ Perhaps points.

§ The key, or screw, with which he tuned his harp.

|| The reader will remember that this was not a real minstrel, but only one personating that character: his ornaments therefore were only such as outwardly represented those of a real minstrel.

This minstrel is described as belonging to that village. I suppose such as were retained by noble families wore their arms hanging down by a silver chain as a kind of badge. From the expression of squire minstrel above, we may conclude there were other inferior orders, as yeomen minstrels, or the like.

This minstrel, the author tells us a little below, "After three lowly courtesies, cleared his voice with a hem,—and wiped his lips with the hollow of his hand for 'filing his napkin, tempered a string or two with his wrest, and after a little warbling on his harp for a prelude, came forth with a solemn song, warranted for story out of king Arthur's acts," &c.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century this class of men had lost all credit, and were sunk so low in the public opinion, that in the 39th year of Elizabeth a statute was passed by which "minstrels, wandering abroad," were included among "rogues, vagabonds, and sturdy-beggars," and were adjudged to be punished as such. This act seems to have put an end to the profession, for after this time they are no longer mentioned.

A curious Explanation of many Words not generally understood.

NOTHING can be more foreign to the original meaning of many words, and proper names, than their present appellations, frequently owing to the history of those things being forgotten, or an ignorance of the language in which they were expressed. Who, for example, when the crier of a court bawls out, O yes, O yes, would dream that it was a proclamation commanding the talkers to become hearers, being the French word *oyez, listen*, retained in our courts ever since the pleadings were held in law French. Or would any person suppose that the head-land on the French coast near Calais, called by our seamen *Black Nefs*, could be so titled from its French name of *Blanc-Nez*, or, *The White Headland*.

Henry VIII. having taken the town of Bullogne, in France, the gates of which he brought to Hardes, in Kent, where they are still remaining; the flatterers of this reign highly magnified this action, which, Porto-Bello-like, became a popular subject for signs, and the port or harbour of Bullogne, called Bullogne Mouth, was accordingly set up at a noted inn in Holborn; the name of the inn long out-living the

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sign and fame of the conquest, an ignorant painter, employed by a no less ignorant landlord, to paint a new one, represented it by a bull and a large gaping mouth. The same piece of history gave being to the bull and gate, originally meant for Bullogne gate, and represented by an embattled gate, or entrance into a fortified town. The barber's-pole has been the subject of many conjectures, some conceiving it to have originated from the word poll, or head, with several other conceits, as far fetched and as unmeaning; but the true intention of that party-coloured staff was to shew the master of the shop practised surgery, and could breathe a vein as well as mow a beard, such a staff being to this day, by every village practitioner, put into the hand of a patient undergoing the operation of phlebotomy. The white band which encompasses the staff was meant to represent the fillet, thus elegantly twined about it.

Nor were the chequers (at this time a common sign of a public-house) less expressive, being the representation of a kind of draught-board, called Tables, and shewed that there that game might be played. From their colour, which was red, and the similarity to a lattice, it was corruptly called the red-lettuce, which word is frequently used by ancient writers to signify an ale-house.

The Spectator has explained the sign of the Bell-Savage inn plausibly enough, in supposing it to have been originally the figure of a beautiful female found in the woods, called in French *La belle Sauvage*. But another reason has since been assigned for that appellation, namely, that the inn was once the property of a lady Arabella Savage, and familiarly called Bell Savage's inn, probably represented, as at present, by a bell and a savage, or wild man, which was a rebus for her name, rebuses being much in fashion in the 16th century, of which the bolt and ton is an instance.

The three-blue-balls prefixed to the doors and windows of pawnbrokers shops, by the vulgar humourously enough said to indicate that it is two to one that the things pledged are never redeemed, were, in reality, the arms of a set of merchants from Lombardy, who were the first that publicly lent money on pledges. They dwelt together in a street, from them named Lombard-street, in London, and also gave their name to another at Paris. The appellation of Lombard was formerly all over Europe considered as synonymous to that of usurer.

At the institution of the yeomen of the guard, they used to wait at table on all great solemnities, and were ranged near the buffets; this procured them the name of *buffetiers*, not very unlike, in sound, to the jocular appellation of *beef-eaters*,
now

now given them; though probably it was rather the voluntary misnomer of some wicked wit than an accidental corruption arising from ignorance of the French language.

The opprobrious title of *bum-bailiff*, so constantly bestowed on sheriff's officers, is, according to judge Blackstone, only the corruption of bound-bailiff, every sheriff's-officer being obliged to enter into bonds, and to find security for his good behaviour, previous to his appointment.

A *cordwainer* seems to have no relation to the occupation it is meant to express, which is that of a *shoe-maker*. But *cordoier*, originally spelt *Corduanier*, is the French word for that trade, the best leather used for shoes coming originally from Cordua in Spain. Spanish leather shoes were once famous in England.—ANT. REPERT.

Some Account of the People called Gypsies.

TH E S E swarthy itinerants have spread themselves all over Europe, as is testified by various travellers of all nations, and every where, like the Jews, pretend to keep themselves as a distinct people, not intermixing with any but those of their own fraternity, and talking a gibberish or jargon peculiar to themselves, which is by some falsely dignified with the appellation of a language.

That they have so long subsisted seems a kind of reproach to all police, as they are universally considered in the same light, namely, that of cheats and pilferers,—witness the definition of them in Dufresne, and the curious etchings of them done by that ingenious artist, Callot.

"*Aegyptiaci*," says the above cited author in his glossary, "*vagi homines, harioli ac fatidici, qui hac et illac errantes ex manus inspectione futura præfigere se fingunt, ut de marsupiiis incautorum nummos corrogent.*" The engraver does not represent them in a more favourable light than the lexicographer; for, besides his inimitable delineations of their dissolute manner of living, he has accompanied his plates with verses, which are very far from celebrating their honesty. Divers severe laws have been enacted against them in different countries. They were driven out of France by an ordinance of the states of Orleans, in 1560; and, in a provincial council held at Terragona in the year 1591, there was the following decree against them; "*Curandum etiam est ut publici magistratus eos coerceant qui se Aegyptiacos vel Bohemianos vocant, quos vix constat esse Christianos, nisi ex eorum relatione, cum tamen sint mendaces, fures, et doceptores,*"

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et aliis sceleribus multi eorum affluati." In England a very severe statute was framed against them, the 22d of Henry VIII. where they are described as "outlandish people, calling themselves Egyptians, using no craft nor feat of merchandize; who have come into the realm and gone from shire to shire and place to place in great company, and use great subtle, and crafty means, to deceive the people; bearing them in hand that they by palmestry could tell mens and womens fortunes, and so many times by craft and subtilty have deceived the people of their money, and also have committed many heinous felonies and robberies." Wherefore they are directed to quit the kingdom, and not to return under pain of imprisonment, and forfeiture of their goods and chattels; and, upon their trials for any felony which they may have committed, they shall not be entitled to a jury *de medietate linguæ*; besides which it is enacted, by statutes 1 and 2 Ph. and Mary, c. 4. and Eliz. c. 20. that, if any such persons shall be imported into this kingdom, the importer shall forfeit 40*l.* And if the Egyptians themselves remain one month in this kingdom, or if any person, being fourteen years old, (whether natural-born subject or stranger,) which hath been seen or found in the fellowship of such Egyptians, or who hath disguised him or herself like them, and shall remain in the same one month, at one or several times, it is felony without benefit of clergy. Sir Matthew Hale relates, that, at one assize for the county of Suffolk, no less than thirteen Gypsies were executed, upon these statutes, a few years before the restoration.

Mr. Twiss, in his travels through Portugal and Spain, says, that in the last-named kingdom the Gypsies are tolerated; and frequently keep inns, at some of which he has occasionally lodged, without any injury or loss. His account of them is given in the following words:

"It may not be improper to mention the Gypsies, who are very numerous throughout Spain, especially about, and in, Marcia, Cordova, Cadiz, and Ronda. The race of these vagabonds is found in every part of Europe. The French call them Bohemiens; the Italians, Zingari; the Germans, Ziegenners; the Dutch, Hedenen; (Pagans;) the Portuguese, Siganos; and the Spaniards, Gitanos; in Latin, Cingari. Their language, which is peculiar to themselves, is every where so similar that they undoubtedly are all derived from the same source; they began to appear in Europe in the fifteenth century, and are probably a mixture of Egyptians and Ethiopians. The men are all thieves, and the women libertines; they follow no certain trade, and have no fixed religion: they do not enter into the order of society, wherein they are only tolerated.

tolerated. It is supposed that there are upwards of forty thousand of them in Spain, great numbers of whom are inn-keepers in the villages and small towns, and are every where fortune-tellers. In Spain they are not allowed to possess any lands, nor even to serve as soldiers. They marry among themselves; they stroll in troops about the country, and bury their dead under a tree. Their ignorance prevents their employing themselves in any thing but in providing for the immediate wants of nature, beyond which even their roguishness does not extend, and only endeavouring to save themselves the trouble of labour: they are contented if they can procure food by shewing feats of dexterity, and only pilfer to supply themselves with the trifles they want; so that they never render themselves liable to any severer chastisement than whipping, for having stolen chicken, linen, &c. Most of the men have a smattering of physic and surgery, and are skilled in tricks performed by slight of hand. The foregoing account is partly extracted from *le Voyageur François*, vol. xvi. but the assertion, that they are all so abandoned as that author says, is too general; I have lodged many times in their houses, and never missed the most trifling thing, though I have left my knives, forks, candlesticks, spoons, and linen, at their mercy; and I have more than once known unsuccessful attempts made for a private interview with some of their young females, who virtuously rejected both the courtship and the money."

Various are the accounts of the time and manner of introduction of this people into Europe, for it seems pretty clear that the first of them were Asiatics; some pretend they were brought hither by the crusaders on their return from the holy wars; but to these it is objected that there are no traces of them to be found in history at that time, and that, according to Munster, they did not appear in this quarter of the globe till the year 1417; this date, which is adopted by Spelman, is by Sir William Blackstone supposed an error of the press, and that it ought to have been 1517, as Munster owns that the first of them he ever saw was in the year 1524. That author describes them as exceedingly tawny and sun-burnt, and in pitiful array: though they affected quality, and travelled with a train of hunting-dogs after them, like nobles; he adds, that they had passports from king Sigismund of Bohemia, and other princes; ten years afterwards they came into France, thence passed in England. Probably from the passports here mentioned they might by the vulgar be styled Bohemians.

Pasquier, in his *Researches*, l. 4. c. 19. relates the origin of the Gypsies thus: "On the 17th of April, 1427, there came to Paris twelve penitents, or persons, as they said, ad- judged

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judged to penance, viz. one duke, one count, and ten cavaliers, or persons on horseback; they took on themselves the character of *Christians of the Lower Egypt*, expelled by the Saracens, who, having made applications to the pope, and confessed their sins, received, for penance, that they should travel through the world for seven years, without ever lying in a bed. Their train consisted of 120 persons, men, women, and children, which were all that were left of 1200, who came together out of Egypt. Notwithstanding the absurdity of the story, they had lodgings assigned them in the chapel, and people went in crowds to see them. Their hair was exceedingly black and frizzled; their women were ugly, thievish, and pretenders to telling of fortunes. The bishop soon afterwards obliged them to retire, and excommunicated such as had shewn them their hands in order to have their fortunes told them."

Ralph Volaterranus, making mention of them, affirms, that they first proceeded or strolled from among the Uxi, a people of Persia.

Another, and the most probable, opinion is, that they were some of those miserable Egyptians, who, when their country was conquered by sultan Selim, in the year 1517, rather than submit to the Turkish yoke, chose to disperse themselves in small parties over the world, subsisting by begging, and their supposed skill in chiromancy and magic, to which that nation had always pretence, and to the belief of which the gross ignorance and superstition of the times were extremely favourable. This agrees very well with the time of their arrival in England, viz. about the year 1563, after having been expelled from France and Spain.

The first comers, or their children, were probably soon reinforced by many idle persons of both sexes; swarthy skins, dark eyes, and black hair, being the only qualifications required for admission; and some of these might be heightened by the sun and walnut juice. Their language, or rather gibberish, might soon be learned; and thus their numbers, in all likelihood, quickly increased till they became alarming; when those severe statutes were promulged against them, whose great severity prevented their intended effect; for, when the punishment inflicted by a law greatly exceeds the measure of the offence, such law is rarely put in force, and the delinquents escape with impunity. Had the punishment been only hard labour, whipping, or imprisonment, it would have been much more efficacious.

These strollers, at present, seem likely either to degenerate into common beggars, or, like some of their brethren in Spain,

to be obliged to take a trade or business for a livelihood. The great increase of knowledge, in all ranks of people, having rendered their pretended art of divination of little benefit to them, at least by no means sufficient to procure them subsistence; and, should they attempt entirely to live by pilfering, the great quantities of provision necessary for their support, when in large bodies, could not be taken without alarming the country, and their numbers and assumed peculiarities would prevent their escape.—ANT. REPERT.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

History of the Torpedo, addressed to the Editor.

— *Ad res pulcherrimas ex tenebris ad lucem erutas alieno labore deducimur.* SENECA, *De brevitate vitæ*, cap. XIV.

IT is seldom that the public favour is long directed to any subject void of merit, and, as your miscellany has gradually attained a superior character to other periodical publications, one must conclude it the result of superior intrinsic value in its composition, originality, and information; and, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will maintain that character by the same means by which you acquired it. It is not expected that you should be intimately acquainted with the multifarious subjects which fall under your inspection; but, for your own sake, and that of your readers, you should cautiously admit such pieces, whose merit you cannot determine, till you have consulted persons of some judgement upon them.

I am induced to give you this caution from perusing some pieces of natural history which have appeared in your Ledger, and the last, in particular, on the torpedo; a subject that has been of late so amply described in every magazine and news-paper in Europe, as well as in England, that I am astonished a writer, who signs *A Lover of Natural History*, should be unacquainted with a part of it the most notoriously ascertained.

Permit me, as an admirer of your publication, to unblot one page of it, respecting the description of this curious fish. I shall be as little tedious as possible; but, as I have ample materials before me from the late observations of Dr. Bancroft*, Mr.

* History of Guiana. This ingenious physician was the first writer who mentions the electrical properties of the torpedo, p. 194.

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Mr. Walth †, and Sir John Pringle, I shall compose from them a general history of the torpedo; and, as the worthy president ‡ of the royal society has not published his oration, it may be more acceptable to your readers who love natural history.

The torpedo, which is a species of the ray, was known to the Greeks, who were acquainted with its torporific qualities, from the name § which *Hippocrates* is said to have given it; *Plato*, nearly contemporary with him, compares *Socrates* to this fish in his *MINON*; and his disciple *Aristotle*, in his history of animals, mentions its benumbing qualities, by which it secures its prey; but this celebrated Stagirite, who received his account from fishermen, was totally ignorant of the nature of those wonderful properties which modern experiments have elucidated. His learned scholar *Theophrastus*, as *Athenæus* ||, relates, has observed, in his book on venomous animals, that the torpedo conveyed its benumbing sensation through sticks and spears into the hands of the fishermen that held them. *Pliny*, indeed, makes a similar observation, and *Plutarch* even says, that those, that pour water upon this fish when alive, shall be sensible of some diminution of their feeling.

Galen made use of the torpedo as a topical remedy, supposing it to act by a frigorific principle. The oil of the torpedo was recommended by *Paulus of Ægina* for the gout, as a cooling application; and *Scribonius Largus*, who lived under *Claudius*, applied this fish for the cure of an obstinate head-ach.

The poet *Appian*, in his *Haliœutica*, has given an elegant description of it, which gave rise to the following line of *Claudian* in celebrating the properties of the torpedo;

Sed latus armavit gelido natura veneno.

With the fall of the Roman empire fell learning in general, and natural history in particular; and, from the foregoing writers, little or nothing was recorded of this fish till about the sixteenth century, when science revived with a *Belon*, a *Bondelet*, *Salviani*, *Gesner*, and others; and in the next century the *Academia del cimento* was formed. *Redi*, one of its enlightened members, began to make experiments on this wonder of the deep,

† Philosoph. Transactions, vol. 63, anno 1773. pag. 461. art. XXXIX. and vol. 64, anno 1774, p. 464, art. XLVI.

‡ Sir John Pringle, Baronet.

§ Νάγαν.

|| See also *Diphilus*, of *Laodicea*, in his *Commentary* upon the *Theriaca* of *Nicander*; and *Hero*, of *Alexandria*, in his *Pneumatics*.

deep, assisted by *Borelli*, and *Steno* the Dane. Lastly, *Lorenzini*, his scholar, engaged in the same pursuit, and published a treatise on the subject. *Redi* and *Lorenzini*, however, attributed the numbing quality of the torpedo to the transmission or projection of certain effluvia; which opinion *Claude Perrault* likewise embraced; but *Borelli* attributed this property to a certain brisk undulation of the parts of the fish touched.

Into a similar deception, in the next generation, fell the ornament of his country, the excellent Mr. *Réaumur*, after his experiments made on the coast of Poitou, in the year 1714, which your correspondent, in the Ledger, has quoted, though Mr. *Réaumur* had not said any thing more than *Redi* and *Lorenzini* had previously related.

It might be entertaining to some of your readers, Mr. Editor, to trace the rise of our knowledge respecting this fish, the experiments with the Leyden vial and the conger-eel, (*Gymnotus*, Lin. Dutch, *Sidder-vis*;) and those since made by Mr. *Walsh* on the torpedo, whereby he has fully and clearly ascertained, that the electrical fluid is the efficient cause of the amazing qualities of this curious fish; but I fear I must, from the extent of this essay, content myself with referring your readers to such writers as will sufficiently gratify their curiosity, as M. *Grævesande's* letter to M. *Allamand*, published in the second volume of the Transactions of the society at Haerlem, anno 1754. M. *Vanderlitt's* letter in the second part of the sixth volume of the same work, dated from Rio Essequibo, 1761. *Adanson's* Travels. *Fermin's* * Natural History of Surinam. M. *Richer's* account by M. *Du Hamel*, in his History of the Royal Academy of Sciences, anno 1677. Dr. *Bancroft's* History of Guiana, page 194. M. *De la Condamine's* † Voyage down the river of Amazons; and lately Mr. *Walsh's* particular experiments and discoveries, respecting the torpedo, published in the sixty third and sixty fourth volumes of the Philosophical Transactions, anno 1773, and 1774, and for which he received the prize-medal of the royal society. In the same work Mr. *Hunter* has given an anatomical dissection of this animal.

Sir *John Pringle* speaks of Mr. *Walsh's* discoveries in the following words, with which, if you please, I will conclude this description.

“The very first experiment of Mr. *Walsh* discovered the electrical quality of that fluid in the torpedo (which had so long

* Description générale, historique, &c. &c. de la colonie de Surinam, par Philippe Fermin, à Amsterdam, 1769.

† Relation abrégée d'un Voyage fait dans l'Intérieur de l'Amérique, &c.

long distinguished this fish) by his conveying it through the same conductors with electricity, such as metals, water, and animal fluids; and by intercepting it by the same non-conductors, namely, glass and sealing-wax. Nor in this circumstance only did the similitude between the electric and torpedinous fluids appear: one of the most brilliant of Mr. Walth's discoveries was, that this animal not only could accumulate in one part a large quantity of electric matter, but was furnished with a certain organization disposed in the manner of the Leyden phial. Thus while one surface of the electric part (suppose on the back) was charged with this matter, or, as it is called, was in a positive state, the other surface (that on the belly) was deprived of it, or was in a negative state, so that the equilibrium could be restored, by making a communication between the two surfaces, by water, the fluids of the human body, or metals. A man pressing upon one of these surfaces with one hand could, with the other, by the mediation of his own fluids, make a circuit for the conveyance, and at the same instant receive the shock, *viz.* the same sensation that is impressed by the electric matter passing through our arms and body, from the inside of a charged Leyden phial to its outward coating. We need but attend to the following experiment, which Mr. Walth made at Rochelle in presence of the academy there, to see how admirable this circuit is, and how similar to a common electrical one. A living torpedo was laid on a table, upon a wet napkin; round another table stood five persons insulated; and two brass wires, each thirteen feet long, were suspended from the ceiling by silken strings. One of the wires rested by one end on the wet napkin, the other end was immersed in a basin full of water, placed on a second table, on which stood four other basins, likewise full of water. The first person put a finger of one hand into the water in which the wire was immersed, and a finger of the other hand into the second, and so on successively, till all the five persons communicated with one another by the water in the basins. In the last basin one end of the second wire was dipped, and with the other end Mr. Walth touched the back of the torpedo, when the five persons felt a shock, differing in nothing from that of the Leyden experiment, except in being weaker. Mr. Walth, who was not in the circle of conduction, felt nothing. This was several times successfully repeated, even with eight persons; and, the experiment being related by M. De Seignette, mayor of the city, and one of the secretaries of the academy of sciences of Rochelle, and published by him in the French gazette, the account becomes more authenticated. For, though we place full confidence in the candour and veracity

city of our worthy brother, yet, in the eyes of the public, the evidence must be strengthened by the testimony of those, who, but for the sake of truth and science, were no-wise interested in the matter. We are therefore more obliged to Mr. Walsli for having made these experiments *not in a corner*, but I may say, before the world, and in that very country which gave birth to the celebrated M. De Réaumur, whose reputation, as a philosopher, could not but suffer some diminution, in proportion to the credit gained at this time by the fortunate stranger. And, indeed, the whole behaviour of the learned academicians, first at Rochelle, and afterwards at Paris, (when the experiments became known there,) was such to their guest, as shewed them to be on this, as on other, occasions, the true lovers of science; emulous, not envious, of the reputation of their neighbours."

The president concludes his oration and address to Mr. Walsli in the following elegant manner, with which I shall finish this essay.

"The interpreters of nature, in the adult state of time, make experiments and inductions, distrust their intellects, confide in facts, and in their senses; and, by these arts, drawing aside the veil of nature *, find a mean and groveling animal armed with *lightening*, that awful and celestial fire, revealed by the ancients as the peculiar attribute of the father of their Gods."

APYREXIA.

* Alluding to that passage in Mr. Walsli's paper, "We here approach to that veil of nature which man cannot remove."

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

To Philario, from the Duke of ———; written on his Death-bed.

BEFORE you receive this, my final state will be determined by the Judge of all the earth; in a few days at most, perhaps in a few hours, the inevitable sentence will be past that shall raise me to the heights of happiness, or sink me to the depths of misery; while you read these lines I shall be either groaning under the agonies of absolute despair, or triumphing in fulness of joy.

It is impossible for me to express the present disposition of my soul, the vast uncertainty I am struggling with; no words can paint the force and vivacity of my apprehensions; every doubt wears the face of horror, and would perfectly overwhelm

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whelm me, but for some faint beams of hope which dart across the tremendous gloom; what tongue can utter the anguish of a soul suspended between the extremes of infinite joy and eternal misery.—I am throwing my last stake for eternity, and tremble and shudder for the important event; good God! how have I employed myself, what enchantment has held me, in what delirium has my life been past! what have I been doing, while the sun in its race, and the stars in their courses, have lent their beams perhaps only to light me to perdition! —I never waked till now, I have but just commenced the dignity of a rational being; till this instant I had a wrong apprehension of every thing in nature; I have pursued shadows, and entertained myself with dreams; I have been treasuring up dust, and sporting myself with the wind; I look back on my past life, and, but for some memorials of infamy and guilt, it is all a blank, a perfect vacancy: I might have grazed with the beasts of the field, or sung with the winged inhabitants of the woods to much better purpose than any for which I have lived; and oh! —but for some faint hope, a thousand times more blessed had I been to have slept with the clods of the valley, and never heard the almighty Fiat, nor waked at his command.—I never had a just apprehension of the part I am to act till now; I have often met death insulting on the hostile plain, and with a stupid boast defied his terrors with a courage as brutal as that of the warlike horse. I have rushed into the battle, laughed at the glittering spear, and rejoiced at the sound of the trumpet, nor had a thought of any state beyond the grave, nor the great tribunal to which I must have been summoned—

*Where all my secret guilt had been reveal'd,
Nor the minutest circumstance conceal'd.*

It is this which arms death with all its terrors, else I could mock at fear and smile in the face of the gloomy monarch.—It is not giving up my breath, it is not being for ever insensible, is the thought at which I shrink;—it is the terrible hereafter, the something beyond the grave at which I recoil;—those great realities, which in the hours of mirth and vanity I have treated as phantoms, as the idle dreams of superstitious brains! these start forth, and dare me now in their most terrible demonstrations!—my awakened conscience feels something of that eternal vengeance I have often defied!—To what heights of madness is it possible for human nature to reach?—What extravagance is it to jest with death, to laugh at damnation, to sport with eternal chains, and recreate a jovial fancy with the scenes of infernal misery?

Were there no impiety in this kind of mirth, it would be as ill-bred as to entertain a dying friend with the sight of a harlequin or the rehearsal of a farce.

Every thing in nature seems to reproach this levity in human creatures; the whole creation, but man, is serious; man, who has the highest reason to be so, while he has affairs of infinite consequence depending on his short uncertain duration! A condemned wretch may with as good a grace go dancing to his execution, as the greatest part of mankind go on with such a thoughtless gaiety to their graves!

Oh! my Philario! with what horror do I recall those hours of vanity we have wasted together! Return, ye lost neglected moments, how should I prize you above the eastern treasures! Let me dwell with hermits!—let me rest on the cold earth!—let me converse in cottages!—may I but once more stand a candidate for an immortal crown, and have my probation for celestial happiness!—Y^e vain grandeurs of a court, ye founding titles and perishing riches! what do ye now signify?—What consolation, what relief, can ye now give me?—I have had a splendid passage to the grave, I die in state and languish under a gilded canopy; I am expiring on soft and downy pillows, and am respectfully attended by my servants and physicians!—My dependents sigh!—my sisters weep!—my father bends beneath a load of years and grief!—my lovely wife, pale and silent, conceals her inward anguish!—my friend, the generous Pylades, who was as my own soul, suppresses his sighs, and leaves me to hide his secret grief!—But oh! which of these will answer my summons at the high tribunal?—Which of them will bail me from the arrest of death?—Who will descend into the dark prison of the grave for me?—Here they all leave me, after having paid a few idle ceremonies to the breathless clay, which perhaps may be reposed in state, while my soul, my only conscious part, may stand trembling before my Judge.

My afflicted friend, it is very probable, with great solemnity, will lay the senseless corpse in a stately monument, inscribed with

————— *Here lies the great!*

But, could the pale carcass speak, it would soon reply,

————— *False marble, where?*

Nothing but poor and sordid dust is here.

A. COWLEY.

While some flattering panegyric is pronounced at my interment, I may perhaps be hearing my just condemnation at a superior

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superior tribunal; where an unerring verdict may sentence me to everlasting misery;—but I cast myself on his absolute mercy, through the infinite merits of the Redeemer of lost mankind!

Adieu, my dear Philario, till we meet in the world of Spirits!

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Account of a Voyage from Naples to Baiæ, September 24th, 1769, by the late John Proud; copied from his Manuscript.

FROM the city of Naples, along the Kaya (a most pleasant street by the sea-side) to the grotto of Pozzuoli, is about three miles. This grotto of Pozzuoli is about one mile in length, cut through the solid rock by Cocceius, the Roman, (as it is said,) to avoid a turn round the mountain, and facilitate the passage to Pozzuoli and the adjacent country. It is about 100 feet high at the entrance at both ends; and gradually lowers towards the middle. There are two holes cut through from above, at proper places, to give light, and in the day time one may see the way quite through very well; there is sufficient breadth in it for two coaches to pass each other without danger to foot-passengers; it is paved with the stones of the lava of mount Vesuvius, as are all the principal streets in the city of Naples. This lava is a liquid burning matter, vomited out of the mountain of Vesuvius at the time of its irruptions, and not unlike melted pitch, which, when grown cold, becomes a most durable stone, almost as black as jet; and is fit to cut into slabs for side-board tables, &c. On the left-hand side, as we enter, are several caves, cut, I suppose, for stone to build with; near the middle of it there is an hermit's cell, and also a small chapel cut out of the sides of the rock, and lamps burn by night to give light; but they are not sufficient. There are poor people who attend at the entrance with torches, made on purpose to last through, which are to be purchased for one grain. It is about two miles from this grotto to the Lake of Agnano, which is nearly round, and about four miles in circumference: some people say a town stood there formerly, which was sunk by an earthquake; others reject that story as fabulous; however, the water is strongly impregnated with nitre, as indeed is all the adjoining country: near this lake is a small cave on the right-hand of the road, called Grotto del Cane, wherein

if they hold a dog's nose down within four or five inches of the earth, he will expire in three or four minutes time, (occasioned by a thin blue vapour that arises out of the earth, to the height of about six inches, which vapour will put a candle out, if held close to the earth for a small time;) but, if thrown out into the open air while signs of life appear, he will presently recover, but not be easily persuaded to come to make a second experiment. The like may be performed in the summer-season all around the lake; but requires more time a little distant from Grotto del Cane.

On the left-hand, in the valley, there are several rooms built, one within an other, each warmer than the other, occasioned by the vapour that arises out of the earth. The natives say, that to sweat in these rooms (which one presently does, when in three or four minutes, and that profusely too) is a sovereign remedy for many disorders. There is a little hole over the top of one of these rooms, which serves instead of a chimney; and there is as much smoke comes up it as from a small kitchen chimney, and it is so hot, that one cannot hold one's hand close to it a quarter of a minute. The smoke is so thinn, that it is not to be perceived above two or three feet from the top of the hole.

From hence it is about two miles from the Solfa-Terra of Pozzuoli, which is upon the top of a mountain in a valley, being in process of time burnt down, where they make nitre and sulphur, by laying a parcel of broken tiles over the holes whence the vapours arise. Some of these holes will cover a piece of tile with sulphur in a few minutes. From hence to the ancient city of Petaola, where the apostle Paul landed in his voyage to Rome, now called Pozzuoli, is about two small miles all the way down hill, which stands close by the sea side.

It has formerly been a noble city, as appears by the remains and ruins which are yet to be seen; but the whole face of the country hereabouts is covered with ruins, and for many miles we go over them in boats, which are supposed to have been occasioned by earthquakes.

Near Pozzuoli there are some pillars yet standing, which they say are part of an amphitheatre built by the emperor Nero.

There are also the ruins of a temple, which they tell us was dedicated to the god Serapis, or Priapus. A part of this place has been cleaned out lately, and there are now some remains of four large round pillars standing, of a great height and thickness, as well as of some others that are tumbled down. We go up two or three steps in the middle of it, where there are

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are yet the remains of the altar which they sacrificed the bullocks upon. The whole is, or has been, paved with marble, and there are gutters very curiously made to carry off the blood. There are also several brass-rings in proper places, which appear to have been put there to tie the refractory bullocks to when they slew them. There has also been a number of rooms round about the sides of this temple of different sizes; all which appear to have been floored and inlaid with marble in a very curious manner. This building appears to have been square, and upwards of sixty yards of a side, clear of the rooms, which seem to have been all under the same roof; and several of them, one beyond another, are yet so full of ruins, that one cannot even creep into them.

There are also by the side of the road, before we arrive at Pozzuoli, several pillars, which they say are the remains of a mole that is now intirely sunk, and were designed for fastening the ships cables to.

Near the center of the city there are standing fourteen piers of a bridge, pretty entire, and some of the arches yet remain; (but they are ruinous;) built by the emperor Caligula, and are said to have been intended to be carried right across the bay over to Baiæ (which is near four miles) to the temple of Venus: the outermost pier stands in twenty-one fathoms water.

Here we took a boat, and, going over the ruins of many places in the course of six or seven miles, we at length landed near the Lucrine Lake, anciently famed for its delicious oysters by the old Romans, but now a very inconsiderable pond, not above a mile round, full of weeds, and containing very little water, the greatest part thereof being filled up by Montá Nova, raised in one night by an earthquake.

We passed by the Lucrine Lake, between it and the Montá Nova, through a pleasant valley, about a mile to the lake of Averno, to the east whereof stands the temple of Apollo, built with broad, red, thin, square tiles, in the form of an octagon, as I take it. Leaving this on our right-hand, and turning to our left, we walked about a furlong by the side of the said lake, toward the S. W. We then came to another grotto, called the Grotto of the Sybils, which is about a mile in length: it is rather difficult to descend into it, on account of the ruins at the entrance; but we presently found room enough; and, when we were in, the form of it appeared much like that of Pozzuoli, except that it is not paved, nor is it so wide, and the roof is equally high from one end to the other, that is, so far as we could go, *viz.* about sixty feet high; but at the end of about a mile it is stopt up with ruins. It is also said,

said, that it was only a road through the mountain, to avoid going over the top; and this appears to me the most probable. About half a mile from the entrance of this grotto, on the right-hand side thereof, is a narrow entrance which leads into several small rooms, dug in the solid rock, which they call the Chambers of the Sybils. There is not the least possibility of any light entering them, being, perhaps, one hundred and fifty yards beneath the surface of the mountain; but I take them to have been places to bathe in, as they are, in my opinion, best adapted for that purpose. There was about two feet water in them when we were there.

We returned out of this grotto by the same way we went in, (there being no other,) and marched along by the side of the lake Averno, and through the valley between Montá Nova and the Lucrine Lake, down to the sea-side, in the bottom of the Gulf of Baïæ, near to the place we first landed at, and so along the coast between the sea and Lucrine Lake, upon a low sandy beach, near half a mile; and then arrived at the foot of the mountain close by the sea-side: walking three or four steps into the sea, we took up a handful of sand from the bottom, and bringing it above water, the sand presently became so hot in the hand that we could not hold it, but were obliged to quit it, and wash our hands again to avoid burning.

About one hundred yards from the sea-side, under the mountain, and not much above the surface of the water, are the ruins of a very large cold-bath, which appears to have been once a very fine place by the small remains of stucco-work yet to be seen. About a hundred yards, or perhaps more, up the hill, there are the remains of a building called Nero's baths; in one room there are two pits, about twelve feet long, four feet wide and three feet deep, full of water of a silvery colour: whether it be for any use, or not, I cannot say, but there is something gloomy in the appearance. Close adjoining to the said room, there is a narrow path cut in the rock with a steep decent (formed by nature) of about thirty yards, of a sufficient breadth for one man to pass down, and about eight or nine feet high: at the bottom there is a pit with about a foot water, and it may be eight or nine feet broad. A little of this water dipped into a bucket, and brought up, will boil eggs in as short a space as in a saucepan over a quick fire, and they will eat as well. It is reasonable to imagine that any person going down thither must be quick in his motion, and stripped quite naked, and when he comes up again he will sweat profusely for above half an hour. There are other rooms adjoining to this, made for people to lie down in, where they may be wrapt in blankets and take the sweat properly.

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This, as well as those rooms at the Lake of Agnano, is esteemed a sovereign remedy for many disorders. It is also proper to add, that those who go down into this pit are obliged to stoop very low, in order, as much as they can, to meet the steam that arises out of it, which is very hot; yet none complain for want of breath while they are there. This place is called Nero's baths, the cold one the bath of the moon, and the hot one that of the sun.

From hence we proceeded about two miles, some in the boat and some upon the edge of the mountain close by the sea-side, towards the castle of Baiæ along the west-side of the bay to the southward, until we arrived at the temple of Venus, which is now situate in a valley, not above four or five hundred yards from the sea-side; in our progress to which we passed a number of ruins, that were sunk by an earthquake, some of them upon the sides of the cliff, quite from the top down to the edge of the water, and many are quite sunk under the water, so that we could only pass over them in the boat; and others had from three to six or more fathoms water over them, which we could plainly see as the weather was serene. This cliff reaches from Nero's baths aforesaid almost to the temple of Venus, near two miles, and is in most places two or three hundred yards high, in some much more, and steep almost as a wall. These ruins, we were told, are the remains of several palaces built by Nero, Julius Cæsar, Marcus Aurelius, and Agrippa, and sundry other of the Roman emperors. Certain it is, from the remains yet to be seen, that they have been wonderful buildings, where neither labour, money, or art, has been wanting, to make them large and curious. The temple of Venus now stands in a valley, as I said before; but it appears to me that the earth has sunk with it, and that it was built upon the hill at first, being now quite obscure on the land side: it may be near a hundred feet high; and part of the dome and the back part of the wall are still remaining. This, as well as the temple of Diana, is built with the same sort of bricks as those described in the temple of Apollo. The temple of Venus doth not seem to have had any support for the dome in the middle of it; but near the ground are small arches cast quite round it, which appear to have been twelve in number, and which, I apprehend, may have been the support of the whole. The walls are of a great thickness, and in the north-side is a large nich, where it is probable the statue of the goddess has been placed. Vines and fig-trees now grow in the temple. They say there is a communication under ground with the temples of Venus and Diana, which are about a quarter of a mile asunder.

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The Temple of Diana is, in its present appearance, not much unlike the temple of Apollo; it stands in a swamp; a great part of it is sunk into the earth; it has no roof now, being quite open at the top; and the adjoining arches in the inside of it, that were for the support of it, and also, as I suppose, for rooms for the priests, &c. are become so low, that a man cannot stand upright in them, and there is a foot water in them. I apprehend this temple has also been built upon the hill and sunk by an earthquake.

This temple of Diana stands also near the sea-side about five or six hundred yards distant from it, and the outside wall appears very firm and good still. A little to the southward of this temple there are the remains of a mole, which appears to have been a pretty place.

A very little farther south stands the castle of Baiæ, a very large modern building, upon the edge of the cliff; for the land is very high again close to the sea-side, perhaps two or three hundred yards, or more, and that nearly perpendicular for a little more than a mile in length; and they dig out of this cliff *pozzalana*, or what in England we call *terrace*, which, when mixed with lime, makes a most durable mortar, even harder and firmer than the brick and stone that is in general used to build walls with, and which has been used in the most part of the buildings in these parts, both ancient and modern. It is dug with the same ease as we dig chalk in England, and is of a dark white colour.

After we had passed the castle of Baiæ over an infinite number of ruins that are sunk in the bay, we landed in a pleasant valley and went to view the tomb of Agrippina, the mother of Nero, which is now no more than a low arched vault, that is open to the sea-side, with various turnings and windings in it; and so low, (being by time filled up with earth,) that for the most part one cannot walk upright, and overhead it is as black as a chimney, occasioned by the torches used to light the visitors; but at the same time the stucco work is very fine, consisting of images, flowers, and various fancies, which we saw through all these disadvantages.

A vile ostrea, after this, detained us a while for some cold water, and a seat in the shade, (for bread, cheese, wine, &c. we had taken care to bring with us,) where they had the modesty to ask two sequins for what we had had, but were thankful for three or four carlines. (Two sequins is 20s. a carline *sd.* sterling.) The people also who shewed us the curiosities were continually asking for money, and after all remained unsatisfied.

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From this osterea we marched up into the country, through a pleasant path, pretty near two miles, amidst the vineyards and fields, and country peoples habitations, where I do not remember to have seen horse, ass, bullock, sheep, or goat; and, as we went along, we passed several remains of ancient burying-places, which have been one large room; and at the farther end thereof, in the wall, are many niches, not much unlike the mouth of an oven; but, instead of being turned with an arch, they are made in this manner; some of them are much larger than others: the large ones may be from two or three feet deep in the wall; some of the smaller ones are not above one foot deep, and the mouth is in proportion to the depth. These repositories appear to me to have been a family affair, the large ones for the urns of the men and women, and the smaller ones for the children, suitable to their several ages.



At length we arrived at a place commonly called Nero's prisons; it yet contains many large rooms, some of them above forty feet high, divided by strong walls, and arched over; but there was no appearance of any places to let in the light that I could find, but all totally dark. The walls are all, or most of them, covered with a fine plaister. I saw no vestiges of doors or gates, or any contrivance to separate one room from another; and I am rather inclined to think it might have been a grand reservoir for rain-water; but then it stands upon an eminence, and little could be caught but what fell right down.

From hence it is not a mile to a reservoir, said to be built by the empress Agrippina to contain water for the whole Roman fleet. This is truly a very noble building and has cost a vast sum. I believe it may be seventy feet deep, at the least, and is, I think, square: the roof is supported, if I remember right, by seventy-two large pillars. There are holes at the top to let the rain-water fall down, and there are two staircases in it, in two corners, not opposite to each other, but diagonal; one has a very broad and large entrance, and most part of the steps are yet entire; the other is very small and narrow, scarce room for two people to pass each other, and the steps (which I suppose there have been, or perhaps now are) are covered with rubbish. This narrow way appears to have been the common road down into it to fetch up water, for the use of the fleet, by the slaves. The walls, pillars, and the bottom, are all covered with a fine plaister, so hard, that we could not break any of it. There is a basin in the middle of it, which is three or four feet deeper than the other part of

the bottom. The gutters and channels, that have been made upon the surface of the earth to convey the rain-water into this vast cistern, are not now to be seen, time having utterly destroyed them.

From this reservoir of Agrippina, towards the N. W. it is but a little way to the Elysian fields, so famous in the accounts of the ancient Roman poets, which lie upon the descent of a very pleasant mountain, where there are innumerable burying-places, the ruins of which we still see covered with earth and vines, fig-trees and corn-fields. At the foot of this mountain there is a large level valley, and in the midst thereof is the Stygian lake, where old Charon used to ply the ferry to carry over the departed souls into those delightful abodes, called the Elysian fields: the sum and substance whereof are no more, in plain English, than that, at the farther side of this pleasant valley, there was anciently a port, where the Roman fleet used to ride sometimes; I think it is the place anciently called the Port of Misenum, where Pliny the elder was lying when he commanded the Roman fleet, at the time of the first eruption of mount Vesuvius, which happened about sixty-seven years after our Saviour's time; and, without doubt, the soldiers and sailors died as well there as at other places; and such of them as did die there were conveyed from thence across this lake to be buried; and from hence, it seems, this fiction arose. There is no doubt but many others were buried there also, and that it had been anciently a burying-place, even before the Romans were a people, as appears from this circumstance, viz. that, when occasionally the country people, who now inhabit those parts, have been digging the earth for their own convenience, for wells, or the like, they have fallen in with the tombs of Etrurians, and in them they have found pitchers of a very curious make, that are very light, strong, and beautifully figured, of various sizes; some are so small that they will not contain a quarter of a pint, and some are so large that they will hold three or four quarts; and I am told that sometimes they find much larger. Within these few years it is become a custom with the inhabitants thereabout to open the earth on purpose to search for them. We saw many places open where they were seeking for them. Our English envoy at Naples, the Honourable William Hamilton, has made a large collection of them, and our English nobility, at present, appear fond of purchasing them; and according to Hudibras, who says,

*The true value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring,*

they

they are some of them worth three guineas, or more. I have been told that these vases, as they call them, are found placed in a very pretty manner in the tombs of these ancient Etrurians. I think they are all found empty.

Time not permitting us to descend into the valley where the Stygian lake is, and to view the place where anciently Misenum stood, we made the best of our way to our boat, which we left at the osterea, and returned to Pozzuoli, where we dined at the house of our guide, (who has the character of being the very best fellow in all this place to go with strangers, and a very stupid fellow he is, and sadly ignorant, so that it need not be wondered at if my account should not pass muster amongst the learned,) and from thence proceeded to Naples, dirty and weary, two or three in a one horse chaise. These horses are small, but expeditious; they will go a little way very well after the rate of seven or eight miles an hour; and one is transported from one part of this city to another in them quick and cheap.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

As the following thoughts are founded on sound reason, and tend to promote the knowledge of a subject of great importance to the interests of true rational Christianity, it is therefore hoped the Editor will insert them in his useful and entertaining collection.

Thoughts on disinterested Love, &c.

IT has long been a subject of debate among moralists, whether there is any such thing in human nature as disinterested love, or whether man is capable of any disinterested actions.

I have not yet seen any reasons sufficient to gain my negative to the question; and as I conceive a system of ethics, founded *entirely* on the principle of self-love, is partial, and gives a deformed picture of the human mind, and seems to have some tendencies unfavourable to the pure gospel of Christ, and to human liberty, I can by no means adopt it, till I have sufficient evidence of its truth, and that such consequences do not result from it.

My mind, however, is not so bound by prejudice to any pre-conceived system, as to prevent a discernment of the force of any reasons on the opposite side; and, as I am somewhat en-

gaged in the search of truth, I feel a willingness to acknowledge and embrace her, wherever she appears attended with sufficient evidence to discover her graces.

For this reason, I cannot approve of the thoughts on self-love in number 9, vol. II. pag. 469, of the Monthly Ledger, as the observations, there made, are founded on a scheme which, I think, can never account for many human actions, and which seems to contradict the strongest evidence we have of the state of the mind, namely, our own feelings.

Let it be noted, however, that I mean not to enter into a controversy on the subject, but only, in a friendly manner, to offer a few hints, in order to promote a more free and impartial investigation of truth,

"None but an all-perfect being (says the author of the thoughts above-mentioned) can, philosophically speaking, act disinterestedly. No created being can be absolutely perfect: thence it follows, that no created being can act disinterestedly."

The major proposition is without proof, though it wants more than, I think, will easily be given it.

"Self-love is the spring that sets the machine in motion." If self-love is the *only* spring that sets the machine (as it is called) in motion; if there is no other principle in human nature, that excites to internal or external action, it must of course influence our approbation and disapprobation of every person and thing, and determine all our volitions as well as actions. But it seems plain to me, that (to instance in one thing only) we approve of the generous, humane, and merciful, character, as soon as it is presented to our view, without any attention to ourselves in the least; nay, if such a character appears in a distant age or foreign country, where we cannot have the least expectation of advantage from it; nevertheless it gains our approbation, and we feel our minds instantly drawn to an admiration of it.

"We seek present or future gratification in every action." I cannot think so; and it wants much better proof than has yet been given; especially as it supposes all men to act from mature deliberation; nay, even to have a capacity of discerning the good or ill consequences of actions through a long train of complicated circumstances; but this is palpably contrary to experience and matter of fact.

According to this proposition, we can approve of nothing, as good, but what tends some way or other to our own advantage, that is, to promote our own pleasure: and, if there is no other idea of good in our nature than advantage to ourselves, we should be naturally led to think, that every rational being

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being acts from self-interest : but the first of these conclusions is contrary to our experience, which daily tells us, that a well-disposed mind approves, 's good, what promotes the happiness of others, provided it does not obstruct its own, even though it can in no respect promote it : and the other, when applied to the Deity, is impious and absurd. And, if we allow such dispositions in the Deity, as determine him to consult the happiness of his creatures, where is the impossibility that man should possess some small degree of that disinterested public love, seeing he has promised, in the gospel, to give the *Spirit of truth* to abide with us, whereby we are enabled to put on the new man, which, after the image of God, is created in righteousness and true holiness?

"If Benevolus could find the same degree of happiness without it, he would not be charitable." Were we always persuaded of this, how much it would lessen our idea of a man's kindness. But to see whether this is a true representation of the case, let us suppose one of the Sadducees of old, valiant for the liberty and prosperity of his country in the distracted estate of the Jewish affairs, to have fallen into the hands of the enemy, and to be upon the very point of execution ; in this melancholy situation it is proposed to him to give a certain sum of money, to the amount of one half of his substance, for the ransom of a person, then in their possession, his beloved friend, of great quality among the Jews, and of the utmost consequence to the success of their affairs, and the peace of their country. It is however appointed that the signification of his pleasure shall be the signal for his death : now, this action, which might procure tranquillity and freedom to his country and friends, would be perfectly indifferent with respect to his own happiness ; but not so, as to his choice :—the love of his country and friends would now operate wholly separate from self-interest. A prospect of their good, tranquillity, and peace, would awaken his affection for them, and strongly excite to the action, though, in his opinion, he himself would have no existence, and could neither have pleasure nor profit from endeavouring to promote it. I therefore conclude, that Benevolus would do good to others, even though he could have an equal degree of happiness without doing it.

"There is not an action in the universe, but is both cause and effect to those which precede and follow : each is impelled and impelling ; each tends to accomplish that uniform and fixed design, which the Creator originally had in view, and which nothing created can frustrate."

If

If this be true, then man is only a mere machine indeed; a fine piece of mechanism, and every thing in the world is necessary and fixed: but, even upon this scheme, I do not see how all human actions can be one continued chain of causes and effects, "each impelled and impelling;" for instance, a certain spring is moved, and it produces its correspondent action; let us suppose the motion of the fingers to write; then the present motion pushes on the nerves to another, and that to a third, and so on: (why not *ad infinitum*?) the present being an effect of the last and a cause of the future.—Now, (to leave all other improbabilities and absurdities of this scheme,) it is plain, that, as I do not always write, the last motion does not produce the supposed effect, and so is not the cause of a future action: I therefore conclude, that there are actions in the universe that are not "both causes and effects to those which precede and follow."

How astonishing and insufferable are the consequences of a scheme of necessity? It destroys all distinction between virtue and vice, seeing every action must be *equally* appointed by the Creator, and be *equally* necessary to every creature, as "each tends to accomplish the fixed design he originally had in view, and which nothing created can frustrate."

It is clear, however, that man has within himself an idea of liberty; he has a feeling of things as possible and contingent; as depending wholly on his own choice; otherwise he would never reprove himself for having done wrong: and he has as strong a proof of this as of any thing about him; he is as sure of this (when he judges from his own feelings) as that he sees the sun, or feels the heat. But is it consistent with reason to suppose, that a God of truth would lay his creatures under a *perpetual* necessity of believing a lie? Nay, according to this way of reasoning, I can be sure of nothing. I cannot be certain that there is either sun, or moon, or any other creature in the universe; nor even that I myself have any existence.

Our feelings and conduct are a standing confutation of this doctrine: indeed, the doctrine itself seems to me founded on a partial and defective knowledge of the human mind. Its powers are distinctly known by very few; and, though I am so far from boasting any superior knowledge to other persons, that I would gladly sit at the feet of those who are become proficient in these studies; yet, I cannot help saying, I think it possible to prove, that we have in us a power of free agency, with as clear evidence, as that we have will or understanding.

PHILALETHES.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Public Diversions.

IT may, perhaps, with justice be observed of all the moral writers of the present age, that, in their various publications, they have not presented the world with any thing *really new*; and that, notwithstanding their pompous promises with which our expectation has been raised, they have only been treading the beaten track first made by the ancient luminaries of science and morality, and perhaps tracing the footsteps of some who existed before the flood.

It must indeed be owned, that to *say* or *do* any thing, which has not been done and said a thousand times already, is extremely difficult. Without a new accession of powers, or new objects whereon to exercise those which we already possess, how can we reasonably expect to do more than our fore-fathers? Human nature is the same in every age; and the great oriental moralist tells us *there is nothing new under the sun*. The field of science, although of vast extent, has been traversed by multitudes, who have cropt almost every flower that presents beauty to the eye, or perfumes the breeze with fragrance: these they have transplanted with prudential care into their own gardens, till nature is nearly exhausted of novelty, and fresh adventurers are obliged to return with the scanty gleanings of a once-copious harvest.

This consideration is exceedingly discouraging to a *young writer*, who looks with reverence not only on those who have gone before him, but on many of his cotemporaries, whose abilities he admires at an humble distance. But when he considers, that the *repetition* of *truths*, which, although generally known, are too liable to be forgotten in the hurry of life, may be attended with some use to individuals; he is thereby excited to fill up a vacant hour in an employment, which, if it produces but little *advantage*, cannot prove *injurious* to any individual.

I shall, therefore, with submission to the *candid*, and without regard to the *pertinacious*, part of my readers, (if such there be,) proceed to make a few remarks on that almost universal thirst after public diversions, and rage for the enjoyment of unprofitable pleasure, which is so apparent in almost every rank of people.

This

This depravity of the *intellectual* and *moral* powers seems to have spread through every class, from the *peer* to the *peasant*, and apparently threatens this opulent kingdom with approaching decay, the prelude to dissolution. The most flourishing states and empires that ever existed have thus paved the way to their own destruction. By the general prevalence of idleness and dissipation, by an immoderate indulgence of sensual pleasures, they have been gradually enervated and brought to ruin: by inattention to their own security, they have been conquered, and reduced to a state of vassalage. When the watchman sleeps on his post, an insidious enemy may easily obtain the honours of conquest. It was in the hour of general excess and intoxication that Babylon gave to Alexander the triumphs of victory.

National virtue and happiness, or degeneracy and destruction, generally originate in its head, or rulers; and thence descend, by imperceptible gradations, through every vein and artery of the body politic.

The Roman empire, great and stable as it was, began to exhibit evident marks of decay, when its senators and rulers exchanged their native simplicity of manners for the splendor of luxurious elegance, the feast, the dance, and the song, and set the operative example of licentiousness before the inferior ranks of the people.

While her consuls, tribunes, and dictators, restrained themselves within the boundaries of temperance, sobriety, and inflexible *public* as well as *private* virtue, the empire flourished, and gave laws to the world. True greatness then appeared in its native lustre, unobscured by the trappings of pride, or the effeminate veil of luxury. It was then not confined to *palaces*, but reared its graceful form in the *cottage*, the *village*, and the *field*. *Cincinnatus* at the *plough* was a more praise-worthy exalted character, and example of real usefulness and virtue, than *Cæsar* at the *circus*, the *theatre*, or the *triumph*.

But that care and inflexible attention for the public good, which had raised the empire to the pinnacle of terrestrial greatness, were no sooner relaxed, than the most lamentable effects succeeded. The governors had no sooner broke those wholesome and necessary rules, whereby the safety and happiness of the state was preserved, than the fatal contagion spread, with irresistible violence, through all the subordinate ranks of the people: they endeavoured to extend the breach which *their rulers* had made, and imitated them no longer in virtue, but followed them in every thing conducive to public ruin.

Thus it was with ancient Rome, *once* the glory of nations, *now* the seat of ignorance, superstition, and slavery: and, as the same causes necessarily produce the same effects, there is

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great reason to fear so it will be with *Britain*, unless the hovering destruction be averted by a speedy and effectual remedy. This remedy must begin where the disease first took place; namely, in the *highest ranks* of the people. It is from *thence* the baneful influence has descended till the whole state is contaminated; and from *thence* the happy influence must extend, which, under providence, only can preserve us from impending destruction. Luxury and dissipation are now grown to a pitch among us unknown to former ages. The disease is almost epidemical, a few individuals excepted; a few there are who still retain their senses amidst the general *delirium*, and whose example shines with distinguished lustre; but the number of these is so small, that their influence cannot withstand that torrent of licentiousness which deluges the land like a flood. If we take a view of those who fill the higher ranks of life, and observe with what eagerness they pursue the delusive phantom, called *pleasure*, through all her varying forms; how they give a sanction by their presence to every expensive amusement, that the desire of gaining money without labour has invented, or a vitiated taste imagines pleasing, we shall be convinced that *little time* can be left, for either the important duties of public life, or the exercise of social and domestic virtue; and *little money* for the exercise of charity to those in distress.

The *opera*, *pantheon*, *theatres*, *masquerades*, *fantocini*, *Sadler's-wells*, *Ranelagh*, *Vauxhall*, *Cornely's*, *White's*, the *ball*, the *races*, *cards*, *gaming-tables*, and *watering-places*, principally divide the few hours that can be spared from *sleep*, and constitute a perpetual round of not only unprofitable, but ruining, folly. Hence the straits to which many of our nobility and gentry are reduced for money; hence the cause why their tradesmen are suffered to remain unpaid from year to year; and hence it is that the rents of their estates are raised beyond their reasonable value, to support their unbounded extravagance. But even this is not the worst: these, together with our late ruinous continental connections in Europe, our dear-bought acquisitions in Asia, and the vast sums annually squandered away on sinecures, pensioners, and placemen, have been the means of increasing our *national debt* to its present enormous size, and of which the present excessive weight of *TAXES* can but just pay off the interest even in time of peace;—taxes which, by enhancing almost every necessary of life, have so cramped the hands of our manufacturers, that our enemies are enabled to under-sell us in most foreign markets, and thereby greatly to injure our trade.

When men of the most opulent fortunes, and who might reasonably be expected to have superior abilities to many in lower stations, spend their time and estates in such a giddy round of expensive folly, others are excited by the prevalence of *their* example to imitate them to their own ruin.. By these means that wealth which, under a prudential management, would have afforded every rational and even elegant enjoyment, and the overplus of which they might have appropriated to the noblest and best of purposes, that of feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, is squandered away in a manner worse than unprofitable, and merely to gain a temporary pleasure, which will afford no real lasting satisfaction when the hour of reflection breaks the dream and exposes the fallacy.

By a conduct of this kind, the most dreadful evils have been introduced to all ranks of the people, down to the private tradesman. Every class has caught the contagion; and, intoxicated with the rage for pleasure and dissipation, run the most criminal lengths in pursuing it. We may say of the people in general, in a *civil* sense, as Pope said of them in a *scientific*;—"All quit their spheres, and rush into the skies." No sooner does one rank step forward from its proper station, than the next succeeds them and fills up the vacancy. The mechanic and tradesman, willing to ape their superiors in luxury and pleasure, frequently involve themselves in difficulties that, in the end, ruin both body and estate,

The number of public places of diversion, in and about the metropolis, have long, with justice, been complained of, as a nuisance to the state. They are certainly incompatible with the maxims of sound policy, and highly prejudicial to our youth; who, following the general example of those from whose age and experience better things might have been expected, spend their time and money in those seminaries of vice which at once contaminate their minds and ruin their fortunes.

Many an unguarded youth has doubtless been excited to commit acts of injustice, to supply those wants which the pursuit of expensive diversions has created; and proceeded from one degree of guilt to another, till the loss of *liberty* or *life* put a period to his crimes.

I have hitherto considered these evils only in a *political* light; but, as this essay is extended to a considerable length, I shall make a few remarks on their *immoral* tendency, in another letter for your next number.

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Dissection of an Author's Head: a Dream.

BEING last night employed in reading the facetious works of the late inimitable Fielding, on laying down the book, I fell into a profound meditation on that variety of furniture which must be laid up in the head of an author, to be called forth at pleasure, and employed in the instruction or entertainment of mankind;—this reverie terminated in a gentle slumber, in which, although the senses were suspended, the powers of imagination were still active, and, like “*The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,*” gave “*to airy nothings a local habitation and a name.*”

Methought an intimate friend called, and told me he came to invite me to a new species of entertainment; I thanked him for his civility, and asked him of what kind it was. He replied that a number of ingenious persons were assembling at a certain house to attend the dissection of an author's head; adding, that as he was a *full-fledged* one, and the operation was to be performed *secundum artem*, he would afford great entertainment. The novelty of the experiment excited my curiosity, and I replied I was ready to attend him. We went accordingly, and, entering the room in which were many spectators, we approached the table where the operation was to be performed. In the center of the table stood a head, resting on the bottom of the neck: the face, “if face it might be called,” was remarkably long, thin, and meagre; the mouth and nose very prominent; but the cheek-bones were considerably fallen, and the teeth seemed little the worse for use. The whole visage bore a strong resemblance to that of the “knight of the woeful countenance,” as described by the inimitable Cervantes.

The operator soon approached with a large apparatus of instruments, a bright lamp, and a microscope for examining the minute parts. These being displayed in due order, he prepared for the operation; but, before he entered upon it, he seized the head with an air of exultation, and, turning it round and round, made the following harangue to the company.

“The subject before you, gentlemen, is the head of an author, and, I assure you, one of no mean class; for he has had the honour of writing many volumes on moral, theological, philosophical, political, polemical, geographical, historical, ontological, comprehensible, and incomprehensible, subjects, which

will render his name immortal, by placing it on that column of fame which is invulnerable to the tooth of time, and shall stand secure when the brittle memorials of brass and marble shall crumble into dust."

Then laying the head with the face downward on the table, after several efforts, with a large amputating knife, he, with some difficulty, made an incision from the top of the *sinciput* to the nape of the neck, dividing the skull (which was observed to be *thicker* than human skulls usually are) longitudinally, till each side, falling down, lay flat on the table. The brain, which in other animals is soft, and, by its circumvolutions, has the external appearance of a parcel of *small guts*, appeared to us dry and shrivelled like an old bladder: it was also so small, that instead of filling the cavity nature had formed for its reception, it might have been contained in the shell of a walnut. The internal substance of the *cerebrum* was entirely wasted; and the external had not only the appearance of, but was really turned to, ashes. Hence it appeared that the communication of the nerves to the *medulla spinalis* was broken, and consequently there could have been no connection between the *head* and the *heart*.

On removing the *corpus callosum*, the *lateral ventricles* appeared: in the right was a large quantity of black bilious matter, of a corrosive quality, some of which, being spilt on the operator's clothes, stained them to such a degree that no water would wash it out. On one side was a small vial inscribed "the milk of human-kindness," but *quite empty*.

In the left ventricle (from which a small duct led to the tongue) was a bladder containing a small quantity of liquor, which appeared to be gall mixed with vinegar, and on the neck of the bladder we found a label, on which was written, "*principally spent in criticism and satire.*"

The principal cavity of the *cranium*, which ought to have been occupied by the medullary substance of the brain, was filled with a spongy body, which, at first sight, might have been taken for the brain itself: It was however found to be solid, and, on being handled, broke into a great number of laminæ, or plates, which appeared covered with very small characters. On viewing these in the microscope, we found them to contain a variety of quotations from the ancients; but so mutilated, patched up, and jumbled together, that it was impossible to find out any sense they contained: we supposed this to have been one of our author's *store-rooms* for secreting his plunder, and moulding it afresh to disguise the theft and avoid detection.

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We then examined the fourth ventricle in the *cerebellum*, expecting to find the glandula pinealis, or Descartes's seat of the soul, which is generally about the size of a pea. We looked a long time in vain, but at length perceived a little black speck about the size of a *mite's egg* adhering to one corner: with some difficulty we separated it from the fibres, and placed it under the microscope, when, to our astonishment, it began to heave, and at length dilated itself to the size of a *puff-ball*, and, bursting with a loud crack, it evaporated in smoke. Hence we concluded that its extension was owing to its having been frequently distended and filled with vanity and pride, which had probably shortened the days of our author.

On separating the *meninges* within the *cranium* we found a thin partition, smooth as parchment, on the top of which was written *materials for poetry*. It was divided and intersected by a variety of straight lines, in the open places between which we perceived some confused scratches, so small as not to be legible. But, on applying them to the microscope successively, we found one to contain a set of metaphors and similes; a second, rhymes ready tagged; a third, descriptions; a fourth, epithets without number; a fifth was filled with acrostics, riddles, rebuses, and epigrams; and another contained a novel in embryo, which, like Pythagoras's stamina of a human being in the head of a horse-bean, lay closed up in its membranes till a new-created soul wanted a tenement.—In short, the whole was such a chaos, that we doubted, from these large importations of foreign goods, whether our author in his lifetime had much stock of his own. We were however soon satisfied in this point; for, looking down toward the bottom of the *medulla oblongata* we found a little cell with a valve before it, inscribed *The repository of my own ideas*. This discovery whetted our curiosity, for we longed to see something of our author's own: the operator, therefore, removed this part with great care lest any of its furniture should escape; but, on opening it, we found it almost empty. At the bottom, however, there were a few *crooked* things unlike any thing we had ever seen before; they were remarkably heavy, and would have balanced leaden bodies of the same size: on applying them to the microscope, we found them all labelled. Of eight we examined, the following were the inscriptions. 1st, Man a mere machine. 2d, The world is eternal. 3d, There is no such thing as matter in the universe. 4th, Souls all created in Adam, and transmitted from parents to children *ex traduce*. 5th, Human souls were all pre-existent. 6th, Ridicule the only test of truth. 7th, Pleasure and pain only ideal. 8th, All happens by necessity, and free-agency a fiction.

From

From the nature of this sample our curiosity was abated; especially as we found the author's *own ideas* so little worth; and, holding them close to the light of the lamp, notwithstanding they seemed at first so solid and ponderous, they all vanished in an instant into a thick vapour, which, for some moments, had like to have stifled us.

On examining the avenues to the *ear*, we discovered a curious phenomenon. Concealed by a thin membrane, in a small cell, sat a female figure blowing a trumpet, from the mouth whereof was a winding passage, through which the sounds were communicated to the drum, but in such an oblique manner as to make the hearer think they proceeded from without. Looking accurately at this figure, we saw written on its forehead *vanity*, and on its trump *fame*. Hence we were inclined to believe, that what our author mistook to be public praise was nothing more than the deceptive strains of this lying musician within.

Behind each eye were two large cavities filled with a transparent fluid, in which swam a number of minute balls painted over with ideal scenes of happiness and pleasure. From these cavities we traced two small transparent tubes, which passed between the *optic nerves* and the *ligamentum ciliare* through the *cornea*: along these tubes the little balls continually passed and repassed, while their fictitious imagery was successively painted on the *retina*; and the deceived author thought them realities. Hence he was continually pleasing himself with fallacious prospects, which he apprehended real and within his reach, till awakened from his dream by the anguish of reiterated disappointment.

We were going to make some farther discoveries; but the head gave such an offensive smell, and appeared to be in such a corrupted state, that I was forced to quit the room, and, sneezing, awaked to a more agreeable entertainment, which I shall reserve for a future paper,

And am, &c.

Simon Touchemengently.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

A Prayer, composed by a celebrated French Writer.

NOT unto men, but unto thee, the God of all beings, of all ages, and of all worlds, do I address myself: if feeble creatures, lost in the immensity, and imperceptible to the rest of the universe, may presume to ask of thee any thing; of thee,

thee, who hast given all; of thee, whose decrees are unchangeable as they are eternal; condescend to look in pity on the errors which are inseparable from our nature, and let them not be to us the ground of calamities. Thou hast not given us hearts to hate one another, nor hands to cut one anothers throats: grant that we may mutually assist one another to support the burden of a painful and a transitory life: let not the little differences, between the vestments that cover our feeble bodies, between our defective languages, between our ridiculous customs, between our many imperfect laws, between our many foolish opinions, between our several conditions, so unequal in our eyes and so equal in thine, let not the many little distinctions, that denote the several classes of atoms called men, be signals of hatred and persecution. May those, who light wax-tapers at noon-day to celebrate thee, bear with those who are content with the sun thou hast placed in the firmament: let not those, who, to tell us we must love thee, cover their robe with white linen, hold in detestation those who tell us the same thing in a cloak of black woollen. May it be the same to adore in a jargon formed from an ancient language, or in a jargon more modern. May those whose vesture is dyed with red or with purple, who rule over a small parcel of a small heap of the mud of this earth, and who possess some rounded bits of a certain metal, enjoy without pride what they call grandeur and riches, and may others behold them without envy; for thou knowest that in these vanities there is nothing to be envied, nothing to be proud of. May all men remember that they are brethren: may they abhor the tyranny that is exercised over the mind, as they execrate the violence that takes by force the fruit of labour and peaceful industry. If the scourge of war be necessary, let us not hate, let us not devour, one another in the midst of peace, but let us employ our momentary existence in blessing, equally in a thousand different languages, from Siam to California, thy goodness which has given us this momentary existence!

A Prayer of the Bramins.

I Worship that Being who is exposed to no inquietude, and subject to no change; that Being, who in his nature is indivisible, in his spiritual essence incapable of compounded qualities; that Being, who is the origin and the cause of existence, and who in excellence surpasses all that does exist; that Being, who is the support of the universe, and the source of power!

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Anecdote of Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, Author of the Characteristics.

IN 1695, Lord Ashley being returned a member for Poole, in Dorsetshire, (while the bill for regulating trials in cases of high-treason was depending,) and attempting to utter a premeditated speech in favour of that clause of the bill which allowed the prisoner the benefit of counsel, fell into such disorder, that he was unable to proceed: but having at length recovered his spirits, and, together with them, the command of his faculties, he drew such an argument from his own confusion as proved more advantageous to his cause than all the powers of eloquence could have done: "For (said he) if I, who had no personal concern in the question, was so overpowered with my own apprehensions that I could not find words or voice to express myself, what must be the case with one whose life depended on his own great abilities to defend it." This happy turn did great service in promoting that excellent bill.

E R R A T U M.

Page 316, line 17, for *mark*, read *mask*.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market Mark-Lane.

	May 26.		30.		June 2.		6.		9.		13.		16.	
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, —	38	52	40	54	40	54	40	54	40	54	40	54	40	54
Rye, —	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28
Barley, —	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	25	20	25
Oats, —	12	18	12	18	12	18	12	18	12	18	12	18	12	18
June 20. Wheat, 43s 57 ³ / ₄ ; Rye, 26s 28 ³ / ₄ . Barley 21s 27 ³ / ₄ . Oats, 13s 19s.														

* * Any persons, who take in the Monthly Ledger, may also be regularly supplied, at the same time, with the Reviews, and any other periodical work, by sending their orders to the Editor of the Monthly Ledger, at Number 33, Tooley-street, Southwark.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

Continuation of Spring, or Advance of Summer.

NOW blushing Spring, her ev'ry
charm mature,
(Beauty to please and splendour to allure;)
Like some fair bride, in nubile vestments
dress'd,
Smiles, with a sweet pre-eminence con-
fess'd,
In ev'ry gale delightful fragrance blows;
In ev'ry hedge expands th'uncultur'd rose:
Waving in air, the od'rous quickens*
bloom,
While glows beneath the gold-refulgent
bosom.
The barberry's yellow blooms dependent
blow,
And blushing wildings variegate the row.
Exhaling sweetness, breathes the eglan-
tine,
And woodbines round the flow'ring haw-
thorns twine.
The roosting flow'rs delicious scents dis-
fuse,
When roseate eve demands its fragrant dues.
Now bursts th'expanded prospect on the
sight,
And the eye views, with unprov'd delight,
The steepe verge of heav'n, the vales be-
neath,
Th'embroider'd lawn, or furze-emblos-
som'd heath;
The floating field; the flock-extended
down,
The deep-green dale, and mountain's a-
zure crown;
The blue stream, winding through the
fodderful meads,
Amidst reclining steers and playful flocks,
And, where the foliage of th'intumbent
wood
Nods o'er the steep, and waves within
the flood,
The wild lake charms, which alder boles
embrace,
Whose green heads tremble on its polish'd
face;
And many a flow'r; to fields and groves
deny'd,
Throw their reflective glories on its side.

* *Sorbus aucuparia*, the quicken-tree, or
mountain ash.

† *Nympha alba*, or white water-lily;
one of the largest and most beautiful vegetable
productions of the waters.

Vol. II.

On its smooth bed th'aquatic lilies † blow,
With central gold and leaves that rival
snow:

While o'er th'expansive brilliant fisher
flies,
And throws around his radiance of dyes;
His vivid plumes reflect a deeper hue
Than spring's first green or heav'n's ethe-
rial blue.

From sedge isles the reed-bird breathes his
strain,

A song unwonted; to the vocal plain.
His hollow tone the bittern vibrates round,
And the black moor-hen her maternal
sound;

Her sable race around, delighted, glide,
And, at a signal, dive beneath the tide.
Now her web'd progeny the wild duck
leads

Where mantled waters into fect the
meads;

Should the school-truant steal the reed's
among,

She gives th'alarming signal to her young;
Instant they plunge: still obvious to the
eye,

She flaps her wings, as impotent to fly,
Drops near his feet, or flutters round his
face,

To save the threaten'd ruin of her race.
Their broad green foliage now the woods
display,

Dance in the sun, and intercept his ray;
Save that some wav'ring specks of light
pervade,

Where bloom the sweetest children of the
shade.

Through these umbrageous haunts oft let
me stray,

Coolly secluded from the noontide ray,
Beneath the nodding verdure rest reclina'd,
Woo the coy muse, and harmonize my
mind;

Here bid its wild tumultuous roving cease,
And lull the fluctuate passions into peace;
Life's tinsel toys, with noble scorn, de-
spise,

And raise my soul to touch her promis'd
skies.

Now bloom the orchis tribes, and tin'd
disclose,

As round the beauteous dawn impurpled
gows,

From the first tinge which marks the
blushing skies,

To its deep radiance and its crimson
dyes.

4 H

While

While some, deceptive, strike th' en-
mour'd fight,
(As hov'ring insects settling from their
flight,)
All-beauteous nature, never yet out-done,
Who scorns to draw from fountains not
her own,
Seems now to catch from lab'ring art an
aid,
And throws her bloomy tribes in mimic
shade;
Sweetly capricious, here delights to please
With flow'ry flies and vegetative bees.
No more the tuneful tribes their notes
prolong,
The live-long day, till echo learns the
song,
But their fledg'd nestlings for a flight pre-
pare,
To trust the void, and fan the buoyant air;
Lead them through mazes of the bow'ring
wood,
Instruct their wings, and shew their fu-
ture food;
Till the long shadows stretch the dewy
plain,
Then reassume the soot'ring nest again.
The partridge walks before her num'rous
train,
And feels a mother's pride and mother's
pain:
Should the keen hawk or soaring glee-
ad advance,
She eyes the ruffian in a side-long glance,
Sends the known shriek; her progeny a-
round
Seem chang'd to clods, and growing to
the ground:
At length, she eyes the se'on far remote,
Then breathes of peace the confidential
note:
Round her they come, and pick her
plumes with joy,
And mount her wings, now fearless of
annoy.
What are these instincts which the tribes
attend,
Preserve the timid, bid the strong de-
fend,
By means proportion'd still unto their
end?
Instruct the hare the doubled maze to try;
Or lead the quail along the tracklets sky;
That teach the crawling worm to build
thetomb,
"To rise with transport in a life to
come?"
Thou Pow'r immense, who spoke th' har-
monious whole,
Created and preserv'd the gen'ral soul!

On more than wings of fancy borne away,
Oh! could I rise, and pierce unclouded
day,
The secret laws, that rule our system,
trace,
And th'errless rules that lead th'un-
reas'ning race!
Alas! in vain my pinions stretch for
flight,
Trembling, I drop, nor touch th'etherial
height.
But yet that best ambition wilt thou raise,
To join the sacred anthem in thy praise;
Sonorous as the chaunters of the spray,
Or silent as the mute creations lay:
For, from the concave to the flow'ry plain,
One song of glory celebrates thy reign,
Gurgles thy praise the ever-bubbling
spring,
And larks acclaim thee, borne on quiv-
ring wing.
The splendid orbs of heav'n attest thy
praise;
And suns confess they shine with borrow'd
rays.
The comet, which no human pow'r can
trace,
Flies, in thy name, th'immeasurable space,
Nor less the flow'r and fruit-emblossom'd
tree
Declare their beauty's origin in thee.
The fuming shrubs and fragrant herbs be-
neath,
In silent praise, their grateful incense
breathe.
Th'attuning tribes, in tributary lays,
Accord, in holy chorus, to thy praise.
God of the spring, beneficent and sole,
Thy fiat spake, thy breath inspir'd, the
whole,
Stretch'd heav'n's expanse, and pour'd the
solar day,
And push'd th'obscure planets on their
way.
Thesethy benign and potent smiles sustain,
And, if withdrawn, then chaos comes
again.
Yet from dissolving worlds shall heav'n's
arise,
Empyrean seats, uncircumscrib'd by skies,
Where thy pure breath bids flow'rs im-
mortal blow,
And streams of life, in endless currents,
flow:
Translated man perennial spring surveys,
Remov'd from these vicissitudes of days:
On him, on angels, there thy glories
beam;
Who, in thy praise, indulge th'eternal
theme. W.

C O N T E N T.

YE mortals, who search for content,
And yet the sweet path never find,
Come, learn how your cares to prevent,
Give trouble and spleen to the wind.

They tell me no girl e'er was blest'd
With spirits so even before;
That grief has no place in my breast;
I am happy, and can have no more.

Why, 'tis true; and I'll tell you the cause
That makes me thus joyous appear;
Though my plan may not meet with ap-
'Tis useful, and I am sincere. [pause,

My bliss is not founded on wealth,
For that would my pleasure destroy;
The great are but happy by stealth,
And few are the sweets they enjoy.

It is not from love that I boast
A life that's unclouded with woe;
Ah! that is a dangerous coast,
And ever felicity's foe.

Hygeia, sweet goddess! from thee
Our delights are made firm and secure;
Yet thousands are healthy as me,
Who lament what they all might ensue.

Employment's the charm that will please;
Embrace it, and ever be glad;
For, surely, that mind is at ease
Which never has time to be sad.

MYRTILLA.

THE SEVERN.

ON Severn's banks while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
Envy'd not the happiest swain
That ever trod th' Arcadian plain.
Pure streams! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I oft did lave.
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd, pebbles spread:
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood,
In myriads, cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckled pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel; the mottled par.
Devolving from thy native lake,
A charming maze thy waters make;
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges flow'r'd with cglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous flocks and herds be seen;
And lassies chaunting o'er the pail;
And shepherds piping o'er the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile;
And industry, embrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd
The blessings they enjoy to guard.

RUSTICUS.

Reflections on my Station in Life.

AS I upon my state of life reflected,
And as my thoughts about it were
collected,
They all together did at last amount
To this one honest, plain, and short ac-
count;
I am as far from being rich as poor,
So far from want I dare not wish for
more;
So far from rich, less would not well suf-
fice,
And yet am in a state I can't despise.
As far from elevation as despair,
As far from negligence as anxious care;
And quite as far from being mean as
great,
And therefore center'd in the safest state.
If during life I'm blest with peace and
health,
And all my senses clear, no thoughts of
wealth
Shall raise another wish,—nor lead my
mind,
To ask for what must soon be left be-
hind.

If I with these in future may be blest,
I leave the anxious to pursue the rest.
Should I of sight or hearing be bereft,
If understanding be but fully left,
The loss of those will not, I hope, prevent
A peaceful mind replenish'd with con-
tent, J. F.

Detraction.

WHEN man increas'd, and earth
her sons could boast
In every fruitful soil and sea-girt coast,
Distinction rose; the bravest and the best
Were kings and chiefs, and govern'd o'er
the rest:
Detraction then her baneful influence shed,
And gloomy victims to her altars led;
Fame, murder'd fame, the goddess fought,
and death
Gap'd widely for the poor renown of
breath:

But then the man in private life was
 spar'd,
 He liv'd, nor carping censure interfer'd.
 Now who escapes?—Alike the king and
 slave,
 The gay, the young, the gentle, and the
 brave,
 All feel the sting of censure and disgrace;
 Which neither time nor conduct can ef-
 face.
 In social converse should a pair unite,
 'Tis broke by censure, or destroy'd by
 spite;
 Some jealous brother, or some formal
 friend,
 Would go a whispering scandal tribute
 send;
 Wrapt up in sanctity of mould and frame,
 He'd murder pleasure and demolish fame.
 Did heaven (I ask the sternest of the
 crew)
 Give every rule of government to you?
 Did he, who form'd us, form us for your
 plan,
 And bid the solemn visage speak the
 man?
 Grant I should love a friend, and am sin-
 cere,
 Can pity those whose brows are full of
 care,
 Grant that I speak with complaisance to
 all,
 And no stiff set of thoughts my soul in-
 thrall;
 Suppose I am by no opinion sway'd,
 By views confin'd, and narrow systems
 weigh'd;
 Think all you can, and all you can im-
 part,
 Still, still, my friends, you see not
 through the heart:
 Reason, in spite of form, may there have
 place,
 And he who has not art may yet have
 grace;
 Far be from me to lash all human form,
 Or rob religion of an outward charm;
 But I contend, the inward must create
 The final sentence and decree our fate;
 Cease then to poise the balance of each
 act,
 In parts minute, and learn to read the
 fact.
 If meanness dwell with guile, with cen-
 sure pride,
 If art and cunning are in one allied;
 If he with bigotry unites disdain,
 And shuts in all the form of mutual
 pain,

However high his state, or fix'd his name,
 We may, we must, we cannot but con-
 demn;
 But if a mind, not sway'd by bigot rules,
 Nor led by solemn emptiness of fools,
 Should, hating none, converse and join
 mankind,
 To trivial faults and smaller failings
 blind;
 With freedom true, with openness sincere,
 Disdaining bigotry, and void of fear;
 Careless a formal error to pursue,
 And but with pity looking upon you;
 False to no set, though tied and true to
 one,
 Yet not uning truth to that alone;
 Of thoughts enlarg'd, and freedom from
 the soul,
 And under none but reason's great con-
 trol:
 Say, should a heart so happy and en-
 larg'd,
 With neither meanness nor presumption
 charg'd,
 Fail in a form by vernal errors tost,
 Are you, ye bigots, to pronounce him lost?
 Happy the man, who fearless, uncon-
 fin'd,
 Pities but never censures human kind;
 Who looks above the mean, above the
 crowd,
 Above the vulgar, and above the proud;
 Who sees above the form of act, the
 soul,
 And the grand principle which guides the
 whole;
 Who sees, in censure, pride and faults
 chastis'd;
 Who sees in stiffness errors ill advis'd;
 Who sees, in forms, pretensions, and can
 view,
 My solemn friends,—all art and pride in
 you.

Southwark,
 May 19th.

J. M. * * * * *

*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love: by
 Shakspeare.*

LIVE with me and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasure prove,
 That hills, and valleys, dale, and fields,
 And the craggy mountains yield:
 There will we sit upon the rocks,
 And see the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, by whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.
 I will make thee beds of roses,
 With a thousand fragrant posies;

Cap

Cap of flowers
 Embroider'd o' o'
 And a gown of
 We from our p
 For lin'd slippe
 With buckles o
 A belt of straw
 With coral clas
 If these pleasur
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Philale
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Cups of flowers, and a girle
 Embroider'd o'er with leaves of myrtle,
 And a gown of finest wool,
 We from our pretty lambs can pull:
 For lin'd slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold:
 A belt of straw and ivy buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs,
 If these pleasures may thee move,
 Then live with me, and be my love.

The Nymph's Reply.

If the world and love were young,
 And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
 Then these pleasures might me move,
 To live with thee and be thy love.
 Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
 When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;

And Philomel, becometh dumb,
 And all complain of cares to come.
 The flow'rs fade, and wanton fields
 To wayward winter reck'ning yield:
 A honey-tongue, a heart of gall,
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.
 Thy gown, thy shoes, thy bed of roses,
 Thy caps, thy girdle, and thy posies;
 Some break, some wither, some forgot-

ten,
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.
 Thy belt of straw, and ivy-buds,
 Thy coral clasps, and amber studs;
 All these in me no means can move,
 To come to thee and be thy love.
 But could youth last, and love still
 breed,
 Had joys no date, and age no need,
 Then these delights my mind might
 move
 To live with thee and be thy love.

Just published,

AND SOLD BY

RICHARDSON and URQUHART, and
 T. LETCHWORTH,

P O E M S

ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS:

By E. RACK, of BARDFIELD.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

Philaethes in the next.—*Eusebius*,—*Apis*,—and *C. D.* are
 received, with several anonymous Pieces in Prose and Verse:

Several persons who do not take in the *Monthly Ledger*, being desirous of having
 the Account of *S. Fosterhill*, with the Reflections on the Weighty Sentences which
 he uttered a little before he died; those two pieces have been reprinted, and may be
 had of the editor, price 3d.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From June 12, to June 17, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	6	2	3	3	2	9	2	0	3	1

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	9	—	—	3	4	2	5	3	2
Surry,	6	10	—	—	2	8	2	4	3	10
Hertford,	6	9	—	—	—	—	2	3	3	6
Belford,	6	9	5	1	2	11	2	2	3	2
Cambridge,	6	8	3	11	—	—	1	11	2	7
Huntingdon,	6	9	—	—	3	3	1	11	2	10
Northampton,	6	11	4	9	3	7	2	1	2	10
Rutland,	6	6	—	—	3	7	2	3	2	9
Leicester,	7	0	4	11	3	9	2	1	3	5
Nottingham,	6	6	4	11	3	6	2	2	3	8
Derby,	6	10	—	—	—	—	2	5	3	9
Stafford,	7	0	—	—	3	9	2	0	4	0
Salop,	7	1	5	6	3	5	1	11	4	5
Hereford,	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
Worcester,	6	6	4	8	3	9	2	7	4	0
Warwick,	7	1	—	—	3	10	2	6	5	0
Gloucester,	7	6	—	—	—	—	2	4	4	2
Wiltshire,	6	1	—	—	2	9	2	4	4	3
Berks,	6	6	—	—	2	11	2	5	3	3
Oxford,	7	3	—	—	3	0	2	5	3	9
Bucks,	6	10	—	—	3	9	2	3	3	1

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	7	3	2	3	1	2	2	3	2
Suffolk,	6	4	3	1	2	11	2	1	2	11
Norfolk,	6	3	3	7	2	8	1	11	—	—
Lincoln,	6	4	4	4	3	1	1	10	3	2
York,	6	2	4	9	3	4	2	1	3	6
Durham,	6	0	4	1	—	—	2	1	3	9
Northumberland,	5	5	3	8	2	11	2	2	3	8
Cumberland,	6	1	4	6	3	4	2	2	—	—
Westmoreland,	6	6	4	9	3	4	2	0	—	—
Lancashire,	6	3	—	—	3	5	2	1	3	4
Cheshire,	6	6	—	—	4	3	2	1	—	—
Monmouth,	7	1	—	—	4	2	1	10	—	—
Somerset,	7	1	—	—	3	6	2	4	3	8
Devon,	6	8	—	—	3	5	1	10	—	—
Cornwall,	6	3	—	—	3	8	1	10	—	—
Dorset,	6	7	—	—	2	9	2	3	4	2
Hampshire,	6	4	—	—	2	11	2	3	3	4
Suffex,	6	1	—	—	2	8	2	2	3	4
Kent,	6	6	—	—	3	0	2	3	2	10

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1 W.

2 W.N.

3 N.

4 S.E.

5 N.E.

6 S.

7 S.W.

8 S.W.

9 W.

10 W.

11 N.W.

12 N.W.

13 N.W.

14 W.

15 W.

16 W&N

17 N.W.

18 N.W.

19 W.

20 N.W.

21 S.W.

22 N.W.

23 N.

24 N.

25 N.E.

26 N.E.

27 N.W.

28 W.

29 W.

30 N.W.

31 N.W.

From June 5, to June 10, 1775.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	7	2	5	3	3	7	1	10	4	11
South Wales,	6	4	5	6	3	8	1	7	3	6

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
	4	9	3	7	3	0	2	4	3	2	2 5

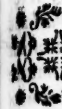
Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For May, 1775.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.
			lo.	hi.	
1 W.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ ₆	58	60	Cloudy.
2 W.N.W.	fresh	30	56 ¹ ₂	62	Fair.
3 N.	little	30 ¹ ₆	55	64	Sultry.
4 S.E.	calm	29 ⁵ ₆	58	65 ¹ ₂	Ditto.
5 N.E.	little	29 ⁶ ₆	56	58	Almost constant rain.
6 S.	little	29 ⁷ ₆	54	60	Fair.
7 S.W.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ ₆	53	59	Ditto.
8 S.W.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ ₆	54	60	Ditto.
9 W.	strong	29 ⁹ ₆	55	62	Ditto.
10 W.	strong	29 ¹⁰ ₆	55	59 ¹ ₂	Ditto.
11 N.W.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ ₆	53	58	Ditto.
12 N.W.	fresh	29 ¹⁰ ₆	52	56	Early rain.
13 N.W.	little	29 ¹⁰ ₆	52 ¹ ₂	56	Cloudy.
14 W.	fresh	30	51 ¹ ₂	58	Fair.
15 W.	little	30	56 ¹ ₂	59	Slight rain in the morning.
16 W&NW.	strong	29 ¹⁰ ₆	53	58	Cloudy.
17 N.W.	fresh	29 ⁷ ₆	55	57 ¹ ₂	Ditto.
18 N.W.	strong	29 ¹ ₆	50	53	Ditto.
19 W.	fresh	30 ⁸ ₆	48	52	Heavy showers.
20 N.W.	strong	29 ¹⁰ ₆	49 ¹ ₂	54	Cloudy.
21 S.W.	little	30 ¹ ₆	50	56	Fair.
22 N.W.	little	30 ¹ ₆	52	58	Ditto.
23 N.	little	29 ⁹ ₆	52 ¹ ₂	59	Ditto.
24 N.	little	29 ⁹ ₆	53	62 ¹ ₂	Sultry.
25 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁷ ₆	52	56 ¹ ₂	Cloudy.
26 N.E.	little	29 ⁸ ₆	52	58	Slight showers.
27 N.W.	fresh	30	53	58 ¹ ₂	Fair.
28 W.	calm	30 ² ₆	54	61	Sultry.
29 W.	calm	30 ³ ₆	56	63	Ditto.
30 N.W.	calm	30 ¹ ₆	56 ¹ ₂	66	Ditto.
31 N.W.	little	30 ¹ ₆	57	66	Ditto.

PRICES

BANK			P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.			Long Red. Bonds, &c.		
Stock.	E. India Stock.	South Se. Stock.	Old S. Sea Annuity.	3 per Cent. Reduced.	3 per Cent. 1751.	4 per Cent. 1758.	Annuity.	disc.
142½	35½	—	87½	87½	80½	90½	26	61½
27	—	—	87½	88	—	—	26½	61½
28	—	—	—	87½	—	—	—	61½
29	—	—	—	87½	—	—	—	61½
30	154½	—	87½	87½	79½	89½	26	60½
31	142½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	26	61½
June 1	142½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	25½	59½
2	142½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	25½	59½
3	142½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	26	59½
4	—	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
5	Monday.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	White.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	White.	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	141½	—	86½	87½	86½	89½	26	60½
10	141½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	26½	59½
11	154	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
12	—	—	86½	87½	86½	89½	—	—
13	153½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
14	154	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
15	154½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
16	154½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
17	154	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
18	—	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
19	—	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
20	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
21	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
22	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
23	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
24	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
25	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
26	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
27	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
28	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
29	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
30	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
31	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
32	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
33	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
34	140½	—	87½	88½	87½	89½	—	—
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THE
MONTHLY LEDGER,
OR
LITERARY REPOSITORY.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.



VERY attempt to illustrate the scriptures of truth must, at least, be deemed commendable; and as many passages in the *New Testament*, as well as the *Old*, appear dark and obscure to most, and especially to young readers, on account of their reference to, or connection with, some ancient custom or usage of which they are ignorant; it is therefore hoped that an attempt to explain these ancient customs, and illustrate those passages in the *New Testament* which refer to them, will not only be entertaining but of general utility. To occasional papers of this kind the following piece is intended as an introduction, which, if the Editor thinks suitable, I shall be glad to see inserted in his entertaining miscellany.

Of the inhabitants of the land of Canaan at the time of our Saviour's appearance in the world.

The original inhabitants of the land of *Canaan* were the posterity of *Cham*, who were branched out into several petty kingdoms when the *Israelites* took possession of the country. By their idolatry and wickedness they brought down the judge-

ments of heaven upon themselves; they were driven from their habitations, the greatest part of them destroyed, and the rest fell under the government of the *Hebrews*.—The many revolutions, that afterwards followed in the kingdoms of *Israel* and *Judah*, had introduced into the country, at the time of our Saviour's coming, a mixture of various nations, so that the inhabitants of *Canaan* or *Palestine* were then a composition of people, both of foreigners and *Jews*. The *Jews* were but a remnant of an often conquered and scattered people; only two entire tribes of twelve remained, and these were tributary to the *Romans*.—The foreigners who resided in this country were principally *Grecians* and *Romans*, the former being the relics of the *Macedonian* empire, and the latter, magistrates, governors, and soldiers, to keep it in obedience, and to receive the tributes. The rest of the inhabitants, though of many different extracts, may be considered under these two following names, viz. *Jews* and *Samaritans*, of whom I shall first take notice of the latter.

The *Samaritans* were principally the descendants of those whom the king of *Affyria* had sent from *Cutha* and several other places, to inhabit the kingdom of *Israel*, when he carried away the ten tribes captive.—These were originally *Pagans*, who still retained their idolatrous worship, after they were settled in the cities of *Samaria*.—For this reason, God sent lions among them*; and the king of *Affyria* being told, that it was because they worshipped not the God of the country, he ordered one of the *priests* who had been carried from thence to be sent back to teach these new inhabitants how to worship the God of *Israel*; but they only took him into the number of their former deities, and worshipped the true God jointly with their other false gods: in this mixed idolatrous worship they continued till the building of the *Samaritan* temple on *Mount Gerizim* by *Sanballat*; for *Manasseh*, son to *Joiada* the high-priest, having married the daughter of *Sanballat*, governor of *Samaria*, and hereby given a bad example for the breach of the law, (which strictly forbid such marriages,) *Nehemiah* † came in with the utmost stretch of his power to remedy this evil, which was now become almost universal.—He therefore obliged all who had taken such strange wives immediately to part with them, or to quit the country; upon which *Manasseh* choosing rather to quit his country than his wife, fled to *Samaria*, with many others who were in like circumstances with himself, and there settled under the government and protection of *Sanballat*. *Sanballat* having found means to build a temple in *Mount Gerizim*, like unto that at *Jerusalem*,

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* 2 Kings xvii. 25.

† Nehemiah xiii. 23.—31.

made *Manasseh* high-priest of it, and thenceforth *Samaria* became a common asylum for the refractory *Jews*; so that if any of them were found guilty of violating the law, as in eating forbidden meats, the breach of the sabbath, or the like, and were called to an account for it, they fled to the *Samaritans* and there found reception; so that by this means the greatest part of the people were made up of apostate *Jews* and their descendants.—And the mixing of so many *Jews* among them soon made a change in their religion; for, after a temple was built among them, in which the daily-service was constantly performed as at *Jerusalem*, and the book of the law of *Moses* was brought to *Samaria*, and there publicly read to them, they soon left off the worship of their false gods, and wholly conformed themselves to the worship of the true God, according to the law of *Moses*, and were even more exact in it than the *Jews* themselves. However, the *Jews*, looking upon them as apostates, hated them above all the nations of the earth, so as to avoid all manner of communication with them.—This hatred first began from the opposition which the *Samaritans* made against the *Jews* on their return from the *Babylonish* captivity, both in their rebuilding the temple, and repairing the walls of *Jerusalem*, and it was considerably increased by this apostacy of *Manasseh* and his associates in it; and the continual reception, which every one found who fled from *Jerusalem* for violating the law, farther adding to the rancour which the *Jews* had entertained against them, it rose at length to that height that the *Jews* published a curse and anathema against them, the most bitter that ever was denounced against any people: they forbid all manner of communication with them, declared all the fruits of their land, with every thing which belonged to them, which the *Jews* should either eat or drink, to be as swine's flesh, and forbid all of their nation ever to taste thereof, and also excluded all of that people from being ever received as proselytes to their religion; and, in the last place, proceeded so far as even to exclude them for ever from having any portion in the resurrection of the dead unto eternal life, as if this also had been in their power. The *Samaritans* agreed with the *Jews* in many things, and in various particulars they likewise differed from them. They were circumcised, offered sacrifices, performed the ceremonies of the law, and expected the *Messiah*, who was to deliver them from all their calamities, and to teach them all things; but they received no other *scriptures* than the five books of *Moses*, rejecting all the other books which are in the *Jewish* canon; and these five books are still preserved among them, written in the old *Hebrew* or *Phœnician* character. They likewise re-

jected all traditions, and adhered only to the written word itself: they asserted, in opposition to the *Jews*, that not *Jerusalem*, but *Mount Gerizim*, was the place of public worship, which God had appointed, and where their fathers had offered sacrifices unto him.

The temple on *Mount Gerizim* was built about three hundred and thirty-two years before the nativity of *Christ*; and, about two hundred years after, the *Jews* growing powerful by the valour of the *Maccabees*, it was demolished by *John Hyrcanus*, who subdued the *Samaritans*, and confined them within the small province of *Samaria*. Yet this did not extinguish their mutual hatred and prejudices, for they still kept *Mount Gerizim* for the place of public worship, till the final destruction of both nations by *Titus* the *Roman* emperor.

The *Jews* were most properly such as inhabited the country of *Judea*; but, because in our Saviour's time all were called *Jews* who observed the law of *Moses* and all the prophets, I shall take notice of them in their full extent under these three denominations, 1st, *Hellenists*; 2d, *Proselytes*; and 3d, *Jews*, in a proper sense, who are often called by the name of *Hebrews*.

The *Hellenists*, or *Grecizing Jews*, were such as were really *Jews* by descent and profession; but, living dispersed in almost all parts of the *Roman* empire, they made use of the *Greek* tongue, the most general language of that age, in their public offices of religion, and also the *Septuagint's* translation of the *Old Testament*; for which reason they were called *Hellenists*, in opposition to the *Jews*, who in their worship made use of the *Hebrew* tongue only. They are also called *Jews* of the *Western* dispersion, occasioned principally by the oppressions of the *Egyptians* and *Cyro-Macedonians*, and were very numerous in *Egypt*, *Libya*, and *Cyrene*. These were as superstitious in their sabbath, as tenacious of their circumcision, and of other rites and ceremonies of their law, as the *Jews* of *Palestine*; yet, notwithstanding their strictness, they were not thoroughly esteemed by the *Hebrew Jews*, but reckoned as *Jews* of an inferior rank, on account of the *Heathen* language which they used, and the *Heathen* countries which they inhabited. This distinction we find was made betwixt these and the other *Jews*, in *Acts* vi. 1. for the word which we translate *Grecians* is in the original, Ἑλληνιστῶν, that is, *Hellenists*, or *Grecizing Jews*; see *Acts* ix. 29, and xi. 20. where this same word is used in the original.

2d. The *Proselytes* were such as were *Gentiles* by birth and religion, but, conforming themselves to the *Jewish* customs, were initiated into their religion either in whole or in part; and

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and because some of these *Profelytes* embraced the *Jewish* religion only in part, and others wholly submitted to it, hence there arose a distinction between *Profelytes* of the Gate and *Profelytes* of the Covenant. The *Profelytes* of the Gate were such *Gentiles* as the *Jews* admitted to the worship of the God of *Israel*, and to the hopes of a future life, but were not circumcised nor conformed to the *Mosaical* rites, being only obliged to observe those precepts which the *Jewish doctors* call the seven precepts of the sons of *Noah*, viz. To renounce idolatry; to worship the true God; to observe the sabbath; to abstain from murder; to refrain from fornication and all impious mixtures; to shun theft and robbery; and to abstain from eating of blood. They supposed that nature required all men to observe these precepts, and those who conformed not to them had no habitation among the *Jews*; but those who did, and went no farther in the *Jewish* religion, were called *Profelytes* of the Gate, because they were permitted to dwell within the gates, and in the same cities with them, according to that expression in the fourth commandment, where mention is made of *strangers within thy gates*. These *Profelytes* of the Gate were not only allowed to live quietly in their cities, but resort likewise to their temple and synagogues, there to offer up their prayers. They were allowed, however, to enter no farther than the outer-court of the temple, called the court of the *Gentiles*; and in the synagogues they had a separate place set apart for them. Of this sort was *Naaman*, the *Syrian* *, and it seems that *Ruth*, who was a *Moabitish* woman, was a *Profelyte* †. In the *New Testament*, I apprehend that the *Roman* centurion of *Capernaum*, who built the *Jews* a synagogue ‡, was one of these; as also the *Roman* centurion, *Cornelius* §; and the eunuch ¶; and also *Lydia*, of *Thyatira*, who worshipped God ¶. These were commonly called *devout men*, and *religious Profelytes*. Now, as these *Profelytes* of the Gate were not tied to the observance of the ceremonial law, they were the better prepared for the reception and propagation of the gospel; and it was by means of these chiefly that *Christianity* spread so quickly and universally throughout the world.

The other sort of *Profelytes*, called *Profelytes* of the Covenant, took upon them the observance of the whole *Jewish* law, particularly that of circumcision, which was the mark of the covenant: this, and a conformity to the moral and ceremonial law, entitled every stranger to enjoy the same privileges as the true-born *Israelites* themselves; and they differed in nothing from the natural stock of the *Jews*, but in their race and parentage.

* 2 Kings v. 17.

† Ruth i. 16.

‡ Luke vii. 5.

§ Acts x. 2.

¶ Acts viii. 27.

¶ Acts xvi. 14.

rentage. They worshipped in the same court of the temple with the *Hebrews*, where others were prohibited entrance, and were partakers with them in all privileges, both divine and human.

The *Jews*, in a more proper sense, were so called from *Judab*, the most powerful tribe; and had likewise the name of *Hebrews* from *Heber*, the son of *Selah*, one of the ancestors of *Abraham*. These principally lived in that part of *Palestine* called *Judæa*; were governed by the law of *Moses*, and embraced the whole canon of the *Old Testament* from the book of *Genesis* to the prophecy of *Malachi*.—These were the persons with whom our Saviour was pleased chiefly to converse, at a time when they were fallen into universal disgrace; and to be a *Jew* was a name of such contempt, that even all other nations abhorred and avoided all friendship and correspondence with them. They were abandoned by God to the cruelty of every tyrant and conqueror, till they became a proverb and a hissing over the face of the whole earth.

PHILALETHES.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Public Diversions.

IN my last letter I made some remarks on the general pursuit of public diversions, and endeavoured to point out the destructive consequence thereof in a *political* light. I shall now subjoin a few remarks on their *immoral* tendency.

Every species of lawful pleasure, when immoderately pursued, becomes *unlawful* and *hurtful* to the pursuer. There is a *fixed point* at which we ought to terminate enjoyment, by retreating from the influence of its immediate cause, if we would preserve uninjured the faculties and organs of sense through which that enjoyment is communicated. When pleasure is pursued beyond *this point*, it creates a kind of languor, and, by relaxing the perceptive faculties and moral powers, not only destroys our *finest feelings*, but renders us unfit for the exertion of that persevering fortitude which can best secure us against the insinuating attacks of vice.

A constant round of diversions, even *innocent* in themselves, enervates the mind, and renders it more susceptible of hurtful impressions, than when it is guarded by the *safe* though apparently *rigid* rules of sober reason and inflexible virtue.

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We find, by *Plutarch*, that the ancient Lacedemonians were so sensible of this, that they maintained a very strict guard over their youth in this respect.

Under the wise government of *Lycurgus*, their famous law-giver, they banished almost every species of luxury, intemperance, and unprofitable amusement. He even proceeded so far as to prohibit the use of gold and silver, lest it should encourage pride among them, or become the means of injuring the morals of the state, by enabling them to live a useless, idle, life, or by procuring them *amusements* prejudicial to their virtue. It was an established maxim among this sagacious people, that frugality and temperance preserved the faculties of the mind *free* and uninterrupted, and rendered the *body* most fit for an even regular course of useful action.

A conduct somewhat similar, although less *austere*, was, for a long series of ages, maintained among the ancient wise Romans; who, however they might err in *speculative theology* and *practical religion*, were then the most shining examples of temperance, piety, and almost every moral virtue, to the nations around them. This was also, in a good measure, the case with our happy island in ancient times, when governed by an *Alfred*, an *Edward*, or *Henry the IV.* These were the guardians, the fathers, as well as the sovereigns of their people: they pointed out the path of virtue and happiness by their own great example. Happy would it be if our boasted improvements in *scientific knowledge* were accompanied with such simplicity of manners, and that they were more practised among the higher classes of the people. Till the *great* are reformed, and act more consistently with the invariable standard of reason and sound policy, we have little cause to expect that general reformation will take place, which can alone render us respectable in the eyes of other nations, and restore us to happiness. But, in the present circumstances of things, such times of security and happiness are not to be much expected. We seem to be lulled into a state of insensibility; sleeping, as it were, on the flowery brink of a precipice, while ruin, irretrievable ruin, awaits our speedy descent. The present scene of luxury, pomp, and idle dissipation, (a scene which in former ages was never equalled in this land,) is evidently the alarming prelude to approaching destruction. If the history of past times, the natural course of human events, or the concurring testimony of sound reasoning on established principles, have any influence on the mind, it must give its full assent to the predicted decline of an empire so immersed in luxury, that it already totters on its base. Almost every *city* and *considerable town*, as well as the *metropolis*, is now furnished with

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scenes of diversion unknown to our wiser ancestors. These seminaries of vice and folly not only empty the pockets of our inconsiderate tradesmen and fashionable youth, but, at the same time, corrupt their morals and render them an easy prey to every vicious passion.

When we behold so many snares laid to entrap the feet of the unwary, and baits so gilded with fallacious colouring as to deceive numbers who are not destitute of good intentions, and whom vice in her *naked deformity* could never allure to her arms, we cannot wonder at the general depravity of manners that disgraces a Christian land.

Nor can we wonder, that so many are led by imperceptible gradations into vices, which, in the hour of sober reflection, they would tremble at the thought of committing. I would not, however, be cynically severe on the failings of my fellow creatures: charity forbids me to pronounce all those *vicious* whom the desire of pleasure, or the prevalence of fashion, draws to places of public diversion. But it certainly must be deemed a mark of inconsideration and folly, thus to *court* danger, by attending places where no real lasting advantage can be gained, and where there is so great a probability of receiving hurtful impressions.

When a *young gentleman* has been three or four hours a spectator of the most picturesque scenes of wantonness, the modest dances, and antique gesticulations, of a *comic opera*, or *obscene comedy*, he naturally feels his passions dilated to their highest pitch, and he is much more liable to fall a sacrifice in *Cytherea's temple*, than if he had spent his evening in the innocent pleasures of domestic life, or the rational and manly entertainment of social converse or study.

When a *young lady*, by being present at the above-mentioned scenes, has all her passions awakened;—when ideas are excited in her mind improper for her delicacy to admit, or contemplate, she is then in the utmost danger of falling an unhappy victim to the base designs of some *vile betrayer*, and of losing those inestimable jewels of innocence and honour which can never be restored.

When parents comply with the united solicitation of such amusements, and of their children to attend to them, thereby becoming, at least, the concurring means of all the injuries that ensue, how poignant must be the anguish that racks their breasts on such a reflection; and how earnestly would they wish the extirpation of those fatal snares, in which what was dearest to them has been unhappily caught!

And when the rulers of a state receive frequent and intolerable conviction, that these, and many other lamentable effects,

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fects result from causes so dangerous, how can *they*, as guardians of the people, continue to *encourage*, or even *permit* their continuance and visible increase?

Would they but for a moment hush the tumultuous voice of passion, and attend to the cool remonstrance of sober reason, it would inform them, that, however suitable such vain amusements may be to the frothy superficial intellects of *France* and *Italy*, they are far beneath the grave dignity of *British* wisdom, and incompatible with that steady and inflexible virtue which formerly did, and in some degree still does, distinguish the inhabitants of this island.

As *vice* is the proper object of hatred to every rational being, so every avenue that secretly admits it ought to be entirely stopped up, or guarded with the utmost caution: and, as *vice* is never so dangerous as when it wears the mask of *harmless pleasure*, whatever tends to introduce it under a pleasing form ought most cautiously to be avoided.

Men are not *naturally* wicked all at once: it is by slow gradations they become habitually so. The appearance of *vice* in her naked form alarms the mind: it is only when the native deformity is veiled by the alluring mask of innocent *pleasure*, that mankind, and especially the *youth*, embrace her with avidity. Pull off this mask, and she will be abhorred by thousands, who, deceived by her fallacious covering, become her votaries.

From what I have advanced, let none call me a *dull sphenetic old fellow*, who has outlived his passions, or is insensible to pleasure; for the charge will be untrue, and therefore unjust. I am in the prime of life, and glow of health, and love pleasure in its place, and under prudential restrictions, as well as any of my readers: but at the same time I wish, both for myself and countrymen, that in our pursuit after pleasure, we may not give the rein to our passions, but be guided within the wise and safe restrictions of *reason*, which will not allow of any thing which I have condemned.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Conversation.

"SOCIETY subsists among men by a mutual communication of their thoughts to each other. Words, looks, gestures, and different tones of voice, are the means of that communication.

munication. I speak, and, in an instant, my ideas and sentiments are communicated to the person who hears me; my whole soul, in a manner, passes into his. This communication of my thoughts is again the occasion of others in him, which he communicates to me in his turn. Hence arises one of the most lively of our pleasures; by these means too we enlarge our knowledge, and this reciprocal commerce is the principal source of our intellectual wealth.

The first rule, with regard to conversation, is, to observe all the laws of politeness in it. This rule is of all others the most indispensable. It is not in every one's power to have fine parts, say witty things, or tell a story agreeably; but every man may be polite if he pleases, at least to a certain degree.

Politeness has infinitely more power to make a person beloved, and his company sought after, than the most extraordinary parts or attainments he can be master of. These scarcely ever fail of exciting envy, and envy has always some ill-will in it. If you would be esteemed, make yourselves beloved; we always esteem the person we love more than he deserves, and the person, we do not love, as little as ever we can; nay, we do all we can to despise him, and commonly succeed in it.

Great talents for conversation require to be accompanied with great politeness; he who eclipses others owes them great civilities, and whatever a mistaken vanity may tell us, it is better to please in conversation, than to shine in it.

Do not force nature; no one ever did it with success. If you have not a talent for humour, or raillery, or story telling, never attempt them. Confine yourself also within the bounds of what you know, and never talk upon things you are ignorant of, unless it be with a view to inform yourself. A person cannot fail in the observance of this rule without making himself ridiculous; and yet how often do we see it transgressed! Some, who on war or politics could talk very well, will be perpetually haranguing on works of genius and the *Belles Lettres*: others, who are capable of reasoning, and would make a figure in grave discourse, will yet constantly aim at humour and pleasantry, though with the worst grace imaginable. Hence it is, that we see a man of merit sometimes appear like a coxcomb, and hear a man of genius talk like a fool.

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself it requires more wit as well as more good-humour to improve, than to contradict, the notions of another; but, if you are at

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any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarcely ever fail of making an impression on the hearers.

Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor shew either by your actions and words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory; nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace; you were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the *Socratical* way of reasoning, where, while you scarcely affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous than to be angry with another because he is not of your opinion. The interest, education, and means, by which men attain their knowledge, are so very different, that it is impossible they should all think alike; and another has, at least, as much reason to be angry with you, as you with him. Sometimes, to keep yourself cool, it may be of service to ask yourself fairly, what might have been your opinion had you all the biases of education and interest your adversary may possibly have?

But, if you contend for the honour of victory alone, you may lay down this as an infallible maxim, that you cannot make a more false step, or give your antagonist a greater advantage over you, than by falling into a passion. When an argument is over, how many weighty reasons does a man recollect, which his heat and violence made him utterly forget!

It is yet more absurd to be angry with a man because he does not apprehend the force of your reasons, or gives weak ones of his own. If you argue for reputation, this makes your victory the easier; (although reputation merely is a poor motive for argument;) he is certainly the object of your pity rather than anger; and, if he cannot comprehend what you do, you ought to thank nature for her favours, who has given you so much the clearer understanding.

You may please to add this consideration, that, among your equals, no one values your anger, which only preys upon its master; and perhaps you may find it not very consistent, either with prudence or your ease, to punish yourself whenever you meet with a fool or a knave. If you propose to yourself the true end of argument, which is information, it may be a sea-

sonable check to your passion; for, if you search purely after truth, it will be almost indifferent to you where you find it, I cannot in this place omit an observation which I have often made, namely, that nothing procures a man more esteem and less envy, from the whole company, than if he chooses the part of a moderator, without engaging directly on either side in a dispute. This gives him the character of impartial, furnishes him with an opportunity of sifting things to the bottom, of shewing his judgement, and sometimes of making handsome compliments to each contending parties. I shall close this subject with giving you one caution,—when you have gained the victory, do not push it too far;—it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.”

The above judicious remarks I have copied from *Dodley's Preceptor*, a work which I wish were in the hands of every youth who has attained to the age of twenty, and whose disposition is turned to study. It is a valuable fund of entertainment and instruction in things necessary to be known by the scholar and the gentleman; and will save such the trouble of turning over numerous volumes. It contains the rudiments of all the arts and sciences, and is well adapted to form and govern the judgement in future studies.

To the above observations let me add, that if disputes, on any philosophical, moral, or religious subjects, were carried on in the manner this sensible author recommends, they could not fail of promoting the elucidation of truth, and preventing that animosity which frequently succeeds controversy. But the reverse too frequently happens. In subjects most commonly controverted, mathematical demonstration is not to be attained. But some weak disputants will never give up a favourite point while there is the least shadow of reason to support it, although the contrary is proved as clearly as subjects of that nature are capable of proof. And it generally happens that the least knowing are the most positive and impatient of contradiction.

It is the peculiar property of ignorance to be dogmatical and conceited. The modesty of real wisdom will sometimes cause it to retreat before an insufficient foe; but it is the pride of fools to stand the contest till every prop they stand upon is beaten down and demolished.

A wise man will frequently change his opinion, as experience and fresh evidence beam new radiance on his understanding; but the ignorant and foolish, thinking their knowledge superior to that of other men, shut the door against all

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farther instruction; and their opinions, like the laws of the Medes and Persians, are too frequently unchangeable.

E. R.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

IT is with pleasure that I find occasion to congratulate my young countrywomen on the general approbation they have discovered for the excellent letters of Mrs. Chapone to her niece. Very few, among the most sensible of that amiable sex, within the circle of my acquaintance, but are already in possession of that valuable work; a work well calculated to improve both their minds and manners, and free from a single sentiment or expression which the severest virtue could blame. I freely own I consider this general approbation of so deserving a work as a happy omen that the minds of the most amiable part of our species are in a state of improvement.

But, as some of my fair readers may not yet have had the opportunity of enriching their cabinets with this literary treasure, I will, for the sake of such, select a few paragraphs from the first letter, which treats on the first principles of religion.

I am your's, &c.

APIS.

—"HITHERTO you have thought as a child, and understood as a child; but it is time to put away childish things."—You are now in your fifteenth year, and must soon act for yourself; therefore it is high time to store your mind with those principles, which must direct your conduct, and fix your character. If you desire to live in peace and honour, in favour with God and man, and to die in the glorious hope of rising from the grave to a life of endless happiness:—if these things appear worthy your ambition, you must set out in earnest in the pursuit of them. Virtue and happiness are not attained by chance, nor by a cold and languid approbation; they must be sought with ardour, attended to with diligence, and every assistance must be eagerly embraced that may enable you to attain them. Consider that good and evil are now before you, that, if you do not heartily choose and love the one, you must undoubtedly be the wretched victim of the other. Your trial is now begun, you must either become one of the glorious *children of God*, who are to rejoice in his love for ever, or a *child of destruction*.—Surely you will be impressed by so awful a situation! you will earnestly pray to be directed unto that road of life, which

which leads to excellence and happiness; and you will be thankful to every kind hand that is held out to set you forward in your journey.

The first step must be to awaken your mind to a sense of the importance of the task before you, which is no less than to bring your frail nature to that degree of Christian perfection, which is to qualify it for immortality, and without which it is necessarily incapable of happiness: for it is a truth never to be forgotten, that God has annexed happiness to virtue, and misery to vice, by the unchangeable nature of things; and that a wicked being (while he continues such) is in a natural incapacity of enjoying happiness, even with the concurrence of all those outward circumstances, which in a virtuous mind would produce it.

As there are degrees of virtue and vice, so there are of reward and punishment, both here and hereafter: but let not my dearest niece aim only at escaping the dreadful doom of the wicked;—let your desires take a nobler flight, and aspire after those transcendent honours, and that brighter crown of glory, which await those who have excelled in virtue; and let the animating thought that every secret effort to gain his favour is noticed by your all-seeing Judge, who will, with infinite goodness, proportion your reward to your labours, excite every faculty of your soul to please and serve him. To this end you must *inform your understanding* what you ought to believe and to do:—you must correct and purify your *heart*; cherish and improve all its good affections; and continually mortify and subdue those that are evil.—You must *form and govern your temper and manners* according to the laws of benevolence and justice; and qualify yourself, by all means in your power, for an *useful and agreeable* member of society. All this you see is no light business, nor can it be performed without a sincere and earnest application of the mind as to its great and constant object. When once you consider life, and the duties of life, in this manner, you will listen eagerly to the voice of instruction and admonition, and seize every opportunity of improvement; every useful hint will be laid up in your heart, and your chief delight will be in those persons and those books from which you can obtain true wisdom.

The only sure foundation of human virtue is religion, and the foundation and first principle of religion is the belief of the one only God, and a just sense of his attributes. This you will think you have learnt long since, and possess in common with almost every creature in this enlightened age and nation; but, believe me, it is less common than you ima-

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gine to believe in the true God;—that is, to form such a notion of the Deity as is agreeable to truth, and consistent with those infinite perfections which all profess to ascribe to him. To form worthy notions of the supreme Being, as far as we are capable, is essential to true religion and morality; for, as it is our duty to imitate those qualities of the divinity which are imitable by us, so it is necessary we should know what they are, and think it fatal to mistake them.

Can those who think of God with servile dread and terror, as of a gloomy tyrant armed with almighty power to torment and destroy them, be said to believe in the true God?—in that God who the scriptures say is love?—the kindest and best of beings, who made all creatures in bountiful goodness, that he might communicate to them some portion of his own unalterable happiness!—who condescends to stile himself our father, and who pitieth us, as a father pitieth his own children! Can those, who expect to please God by cruelty to themselves or to their fellow-creatures,—by horrid punishments of their own bodies for the sin of their souls,—or by more horrid persecution of others for difference of opinion,—be called true believers? Have they not set up another god in their own minds, who rather resembles the worst of beings than the best? Nor do those act on surer principles who think to gain the favour of God by senseless enthusiasm and frantic raptures, more like the wild excesses of the most depraved human love, than that reasonable adoration, that holy reverential love, which is due to the pure and holy Father of the universe. Those likewise, who murmur against his providence, and repine under the restraint of his commands, cannot firmly believe him to be infinitely wise and good. If we are not disposed to trust him for future events, to banish fruitless anxiety, and to believe that all things work together for good to those that love him, surely we do not really believe in the God of mercy and truth.

How lamentable it is, that so few hearts should feel the pleasures of real piety!—that prayer and thanksgiving should be performed, as they too often are, not with joy, and love, and gratitude; but with cold indifference, melancholy, dejection, and secret horror!—It is true, we are all such frail and sinful creatures, that we justly fear to have offended our gracious Father; but let us remember the condition of his forgiveness; If you have sinned—"Sin no more."—He is ready to receive you whenever you sincerely turn to him.—And he is ready to assist you whenever you sincerely turn to him. Let your devotion then be the language of filial love and gratitude: confide, to this kindest of fathers, every want, every wish of
your

your heart, but submit them all to his will, and freely offer him the disposal of yourself and of all your affairs. Thank him for his benefits, and even for his punishments,—convinced that these also are benefits, and mercifully designed for your good. Implore his direction in all difficulties; his assistance in all trials, his comfort and support in sickness or affliction, and his restraining grace in the time of prosperity and joy.

Do not persist in desiring what his providence denies you; but be assured it is not good for you. Refuse not any thing that he allots you, but embrace it as the best and properest for you. Can you do less for your heavenly Father than what your duty to an earthly one requires?—Love him in the same manner you love your earthly parents, but in a much higher degree—in the highest your nature is capable of. Forget not to dedicate yourself to his service every day; to implore his forgiveness of your faults, and his protection from evil, every night; and this not merely in formal words, unaccompanied by any act of the mind, but “in spirit and in truth;” in grateful love, and humble adoration. Nor let the stated periods of worship be your only communication with him; accustom yourself to think often of him in all your waking hours:—to contemplate his wisdom and power in the works of his hands;—to acknowledge his goodness in every object of use or of pleasure;—to delight in giving him praise in your inmost heart, in the midst of every innocent gratification, in the liveliest hour of social enjoyment. You cannot conceive, if you have not experienced, how much such silent acts of gratitude and love will enhance every pleasure; nor what sweet serenity and cheerfulness such reflections will diffuse over your mind!

On the other hand, when you are suffering pain or sorrow, when you are confined to an unpleasant situation, or engaged in a painful duty, how will it support and animate you to refer yourself to your almighty Father!—to be assured that he knows your state and your intentions; that no effort of virtue is lost in his sight, nor the least of your actions, or sufferings, disregarded or forgotten!—that his hand is ever over you, to ward off every real evil which is not the effect of your own ill conduct, and to relieve every suffering that is not useful to your future well-being.

You see, my dear, that true devotion is not a melancholy sentiment that depresses the spirits, and excludes the ideas of pleasure which youth is so fond of: on the contrary, there is nothing so friendly to joy, so productive of true pleasure, so

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peculiarly fitted to the warmth and innocence of a youthful heart. Do not therefore think it too soon to turn your mind to God; but offer him the first fruits of your understanding and affections; and be assured that, the more you increase in love to him, and delight in his laws, the more you will increase in happiness, in excellence, and honour; the more amiable you will be to your fellow-creatures, contented and peaceful in yourself, qualified to enjoy the blessings of this life, as well as to inherit the glorious promise of immortality.

The great laws of morality are indeed written in our hearts, and may be discovered by reason; but our reason is of slow growth; very unequally dispensed to different persons; liable to error; and confined within very narrow limits in all. If, therefore, God has vouchsafed to grant a particular revelation of his will;—if he has been so unspeakably gracious as to send his Son into the world to reclaim mankind from error and wickedness,—to die for our sins,—to teach us the way to eternal life;—surely it becomes us to receive his precepts with the deepest reverence, to love and prize them above all things, and to make them the rule of our conduct."

*For the MONTHLY LEDGER.**Miscellaneous Thoughts on Pleasure.*

*Pleasure never comes sincere to man;
But lent by heaven upon hard usury;
And, while Jove holds us out the bowl of joy,
E'er it can reach our lips 'tis dashed with gall
By some left-handed god.*——

DRYDEN.

IT is a hard matter to gather flowers in the garden of pleasure without hazarding the bite of the serpent which lies hidden thereunder; for pleasures, like the bee, have honey in the mouth but a sting in the tail. The sweetest of all flowers hath its thorns, and who can determine whether the scent be more delectable or the pricks more irksome.

Pleasure, like Dalilah, shews and speaks fair; but, in the end, it bereaves us of our strength, our sight, and ourselves, like gnats that fly about our ears a while but are sure to sting. Pleasure, at the best, is but a tilted-vessel, which, though it pleases for a cup or two, the lees are at hand, and, at a little disturbance, turns into distaste. It is like a potion which, being only tasted, is good, but mortal if ingurgitated. We

should deal with our delights as ladies do with their squirrels, never play with them but when we have nothing to do, or for want of better company. All that is honest and profitable should please, but, amongst the most, the passion of pleasure transporteth the consideration both of honour and profit.—Pleasure, when it is arrived at the highest, is not far distant from distaste:—the more that flowers breathe forth their excellent odour so much the sooner they fade.

Jupiter commanded Pleasure to retire to heaven; for she was so well followed and served by men that she did no more care to leave the earth: to return the more purely she disrobed herself.—Grief, who at all times of her abode on earth had been banished, found those cloaths and disguised herself, since she had always deceived the world, which, under the shew of joy, encounters sorrow, the greatest joys being but mere vexations covered with little pleasures. Pleasures smother those that embrace them; sorrow and delight hold so fast together that they are inseparable. Pleasure, like the box, bears no fruit, but produceth a specious flower which killeth the bees that suck it; for it surprizes the eye by a vain illusion whilst it conveys the poison to the heart.—Pleasures are born in the senses, and, like abortives, are commonly consumed at their birth; they mostly end with life, and it is a great hazard, if, during life itself, they serve not their host for an execution: Recreation is a second creation when weariness hath almost annihilated our spirits; it is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business; yet our recreations should be as a file to smooth and cleanse the spirits, and adapt them to their proper functions; and we may trespass on them, if using such as are forbid by the lawyer, as against the statutes; by the physician, as against health; but especially by the divine, as against conscience.

Delight is the period of all the motions of our soul, and, as love is the beginning thereof, pleasure is the end.—True delight is never more pleasing than when in extremes;—the greater it is, the more it doth ravish us, and, being agreeable to our nature, it never makes us more happy than when it most abundantly communicates itself. The pleasures of this world have in them a double vanity, they are transitory, they are unsatisfactory. As they cannot give me true content, whilst I possess them, because they are not satisfactory, so let them not create in me any discontent when I must leave them, because they are but transitory.

C. D.

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

On Female Character.

— Keep within the rear of your affection,
 Out of the shot and danger of desire;
 The charest maid is prodigal enough;
 If she unmask her beauty to the moon,
 Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes.

AS the Ledger breathes a spirit of benevolence and chastity, which has hitherto distinguished it from other periodical publications, I doubt not but the following lines will find a place in a repository so friendly to humanity; virtue, and the interests of the fair sex.

There is a principle implanted in human nature which excites a propensity in each sex towards the other at a very early period of life, and supports an attachment to the latest moments of it: it is the grateful gift of heaven to every soil and to all degrees of people, to the beggar equally with the prince on the throne; the tyrant cannot destroy it, nor can edicts quench the flame: but, in all civilized societies, it has been found requisite to restrain it from exceeding the limits of policy and good government: in civilized societies, I say, because the complicated interests of society demand restrictions which are unknown and unnecessary where property is in common with the people; and likewise, on account of the increase of this propensity, in countries where civilization, luxury, and refinement, have enervated the minds of the people; for, in nations of rude virtue and simple manners, it fails in its vigour, as might be proved from the most authentic histories.

Hence, as mankind increased and approached nearer a state of refinement, the institution of marriage was more necessary to the security and happiness of the community, and it had very early the countenance of the wisest lawgivers; which security in society, of the property of every individual, is liable to produce a desire to accumulate more than is necessary to the support of the possessor, and must at once procure power and ambition, which terminate in luxury.

Whenever a people acquire this state of refinement, with its concomitants, natural propensities and affections oftentimes yield to policy and schemes of aggrandisement.—Love, which should be spontaneous and free as the air we breathe, is bartered for gold and silver; and those laudable passions,

which are unrestrained in ruder countries, are turned out of their spontaneous direction, and conveyed into channels of cold prudence, ambition, and power.

Thus the health and vigour of nations undergo revolutions as certain and progressive almost as the planets. In the present period, where men and women have a price affixed upon their affections by the avarice of parents, or the luxury of the times, it is not to be wondered at, by those who consider the propensities of mankind, if human nature, thus unnaturally restrained, should exceed the restrictions of policy and of human laws.

But a person of humanity, who contemplates objects with a sense of his own frailty, will ever be indulgent to the deviations of his fellow-creatures, and, recollecting the various means by which an unsuspecting mind may be seduced, and its peace and innocence annihilated, he will pity while he condemns :

*Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd ;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring he himself is frail,*

BROOKE'S *Female Seducers*.

As I have been long conversant with the unfortunate part of the sex, I am enabled to relate the most affecting histories of the origin of these misfortunes ; but, as this would render more public the poisonous arts of deceit which have been too successfully practised, I shall not make your Magazine the vehicle of seduction ; but acknowledge that many an innocent creature has verified the poet's affecting description :

— — — *Long she flourish'd,
Grew sweet to sense, and lovely to the eye ;
Till, at the last, a cruel spoiler came,
Cropt this fair rose, and rifled all its sweetness,
Then cast it, like a loathsome weed, away.* CHAMONT.

The means, however, I know are not a few, and the unguarded moments, amongst even the innocent part of the female sex, not unfrequent ; which are truths that every woman should profit by, and every parent should regard, in order to obviate the influence of avarice on their conduct, in bartering the affections and passions of their offspring for mercenary advantages, which were designed for happiness, for joy, and comfort.

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*But marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship.*

As the unsuspicious fair, in that moment wherein innocence is not upon the guard, may be led into that distressed situation from which too few return, more from the contempt they meet with from their acquaintance, than from a vicious disposition, how important is it to cultivate a spirit of compassion, that endeavours to reclaim and protect a friend thus suddenly plunged into distress, instead of that usual disregard which drives the unhappy victim, from the example of virtuous company, to a course of conduct which at first she was incapable of pursuing!

*Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine;
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost:
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To heav'n not daring to complain,
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n;
The nymph sinks prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.*

BROOKE'S Female Seducers.

In this recent agony of distress, sometimes, indeed, the hand of pity, of friendship, and of humanity, has been extended, and seldom in vain.—There is no state demands more movingly the tear of compassion, nor is there any more worthy to touch the bosom of either sex with sympathy, and animate it to afford protection.

May I, fair readers, induce you thus to think and act towards your unfortunate sisters, before vice becomes habitual, and the amiable characters of sensibility and affection are converted into a polluted channel. Some, who once seemed devoted to destruction, I now have the happiness to be acquainted with, who have lived to bless and animate the attachments of their husbands, and the pious resolutions of the fruit of their affections: what a source of happiness must you acquire, should your charitable endeavours be crowned with success, and allow you to join the inimitable author of the Fool of Quality in this divine invitation!

Lovely

*Lovely penitent, arise,
Come and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister angels say,
Thou hast swept thy stains away.*

BROOKE'S *Female Seducers.*

You have an example of benevolence in the decision of our Saviour, which the more you contemplate, the more your sympathy will be excited towards the unfortunate of your sex, and the more readily your forgiveness and assistance will be extended to them, in that state of distress, when the mind is not irreclaimable; which example inspired the moral bard in his Measure for Measure.

————— *How would you be,
If he, who is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are!* —————

Hitherto I have pleaded for pity toward those who have really deviated from the paths of chastity, when rigid virtue may have some pretext for admitting neglect and contempt of the unfortunate; but humanity must be shocked at the facility with which many persons of each sex receive insinuations against the reputation of innocent females, of a certain gaiety and even elegance of behaviour, and, instead of investigating the truth by indulgent candour, or suspending their credulity, or reflections, from a consideration of what they would wish others to do were they in the same predicament, they are too liable to breathe the whisper of calumny into public report, which, added to a cold indifference of treatment, is the most likely method of driving the injured innocent to realize, what detraction alone had fabricated.

These reflections are not the result of mere speculation; but are deduced from examples in real life, where I have taken some pains to tear away the obloquy which has been thrown over some young women of my acquaintance, and to restore the diamond of female innocence to its genuine lustre and value; but, as this essay is already extended to a considerable length, I shall postpone the agreeable task of defending the tender sex till another opportunity, and conclude this in the words of an eminent divine, addressed to young women. "Nothing can be more certain, than that your sex is, on every account, intitled to the shelter of ours; your softness, weakness, timidity, and tender reliance on man; your helpless condition in yourselves, and his superior strength for labour, ability for defence, and fortitude in trial; your tacit acknowledgement of these, and frequent application for his aid,

aid, in so many winning ways, concur to form a plea, which nothing can disallow or withstand but brutality."

APYREXIA.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

The Qualifications, necessary for a Clergyman, specified; and the unhappy Consequences resulting from the Want of them, in Men who fill that Station, pointed out, in a Letter to a Friend.

Dear Sir,

I WAS, by the last post, favoured with yours of the third ult. The task you have laid on me, in requesting my thoughts on the necessary qualifications of a clergyman, I shall endeavour to perform in the best manner I am able. I hope, in doing it not to give offence to any who are worthy to fill that respectable station. I may probably step a little out of the beaten track, but intend not to offer any thing but what reason and the New Testament will justify: supported by these authorities, I shall look with a perfect indifference on the resentment of those, whose conduct comes justly within the line of censure. I shall hold up no individual to the eye of public observation; but condemn impropriety of behaviour in whomsoever it is found; therefore none will take offence but those who merit censure, and the resentment of such it is beneath me to regard.

A clergyman fills a high and sacred office; when he fills it properly he becomes a truly venerable and respectable character; when he fills it improperly, by suffering his conduct to give the lie to his profession, he becomes truly despicable.

With regard to *abilities*, he ought not to be deficient; neither is it necessary he should be of the *first class*, in point of understanding. His *learning* ought to be such as will enable him to set the doctrines of Christianity in a clear and strong light, and furnish him with proper arguments to defend it against the attacks of its enemies. This will be sufficient without being deeply skilled in *school divinity*, metaphysics, the polite arts, or having an universal acquaintance with ancient and modern literature.

But the most essential qualifications of a bishop, minister, or pastor, (and without which all other accomplishments will be insufficient to answer the primary end of his appointment,) are those laid down by the apostle Paul in his Epistle to Titus, chap. i. ver. 7, 8, 9. "A bishop (saith he) must be blameless,

less, as the steward of God ; not self-willed ; not soon angry ; not given to wine ; no striker ; not given to filthy lucre ; but a lover of hospitality ; a lover of good men ; sober, just, holy, temperate ; holding fast the faithful word as he hath been taught, that he may be able, by sound doctrine, both to exhort and to convince gainsayers." And in chap. iii. ver. 2. he directs that "they should speak evil of no man ; be no brawlers, but gentle ; shewing all meekness to all men."

These are the qualifications which the Holy Ghost has directed *all* should possess who undertake to minister to the people ; for, under the term *bishop*, are included all pastors, or ministers, in the Christian church ; therefore these qualifications are *equally* incumbent on the *inferior*, as on the dignified, clergy.

The necessity of them is declared by the highest authority, and they are described in terms so explicit, that to mistake them is impossible. They are equally obligatory in all ages ; and the power of sophistry, or artful expolition, cannot paraphrase them away. They constitute a plain criterion, by which all those, who assume the sacred function of ministers, ought to measure their own conduct, for by this the *sensible* part of their hearers will always judge them.

What then shall we think of men*, assuming this sacred character, whose *general* conduct is a *sad reverse* of the above-mentioned amiable and Christian qualifications : men, who are proud, covetous, intemperate, revengeful, strikers of others, and regardless of almost every *moral* as well as religious obligation ? Such ministers are in truth the ministers of *Satan* rather than of *Christ*. Instead of leading others in the paths of rectitude and purity, these *leaders of the people are causing them to err*. They are utterly unworthy the *station* they fill, and the *maintenance* they receive from an injured and deluded people. The cause of virtue and religion sustains unspeakable *hurt* from the bad effects of their example ; and immorality triumphs in the encouragement it receives from *their conduct*. Till the church is purged of these sons of pollution, who are indeed vile *spots in our feasts of charity*, the reproach they have brought upon her can never be wiped away ; while these remain to administer at her altars, the *enemies* of our holy religion, when the excellence of its precepts is urged
against

* The writer means not to cast any reflection on the clergy in general ; he is sensible there are many worthy and truly amiable characters among them ; these must lament, with him, that any should give occasion for this censure, but, at the same time, know some deserve it.

against them, will point with insulting triumph, and cry out, *These are thy gods, O Israel!*

If it be the duty of ministers to discourage *vice*, and promote the practice of *virtue*, in the pulpit, it is still more obligatory on them to be especially careful of their own conduct and example out of it: if they fail in the latter, the former will be unavailing. With what face can an immoral man presume to instruct others in the duties of religion and moral virtue? Or what good effects can he reasonably expect will attend his instructions? To suppose that the *divine blessing* can attend such un sanctified labours, is inconsistent with reason. They tend rather to confirm men in their sins, and to beget a total disregard to religion itself. People will naturally look upon the Christian system as a solemn farce, when they see the very teachers of it act in direct opposition to the precepts it enjoins; and give up all decency of character in the gratification of their passions.

There is not a more *ridiculous* and *contemptible* character than that of a *drunken, proud, quarrelling, priest*. That *ignorance*, which in some measure palliates the crimes of the *vulgar*, will not extenuate his guilt, or *screen* him from that *contempt* and *detestation* which is justly due to his iniquity. Such men act against stronger convictions than others, and have no cloak for their sin; it is written in indelible characters upon them, and justly intitles them to the severest censure. The state of such is truly deplorable: they stand on the brink of a precipice, in the most imminent danger. The accumulated weight of their own transgressions, and the *sins* of others made worse by their example, will fall exceedingly heavy upon them in that day, when *inquisition for blood* shall be made by the righteous Judge of quick and dead.

On the contrary, great are the advantages that would accrue from clergymen sustaining their characters with decency and propriety. They stand in a conspicuous point of view, and their conduct is scrutinized more than that of other men. They ought not to content themselves with being merely unblameable in their lives and conversation, but should aspire after a more noble character, of becoming way-marks to others in every department of the Christian's duty. The care of souls is an important charge; and of those who undertake it much will be required; the peace and harmony of society, and the promotion of virtue and religion, greatly depend on the proper execution of their respective duties. If to *precept* they add the more powerful stimulus of *good example*, the effects on their hearers will soon appear.

The friendly instructions of a pious, kind, benevolent, and religious, pastor, will have great place with his audience; he will reach their *hearts*, and gain their love and esteem; they will sit under his teaching with pleasure, and reap advantage and edification from the truths he delivers. *Morality*, and a regard to religion, will increase in proportion to the exemplary care he takes to promote it, first in himself, and then in others. He will see the fruit of his labours while here, and consider them as the earnest of a future blessed reward.

Instead of tithing the *mint, anise, and cummin*, he will be careful to make the gospel as little chargeable as possible; by setting before his flock an example of temperance and Christian moderation. Having been concerned faithfully to discharge the trust committed to him, he will approach his end in peace, and rejoice in the anticipation of that state, wherein *those who have turned many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever!*

I am your cordial friend,

PHILENOR.

Of the Nature of the Passions, and of the power of the soul they reside in: From an ingenious Work lately published.

“THE greatness of God is so far exalted beyond the reach of our intellects, that men have not been able to know it without debasing it; and his unity is so simple, that, in like manner, they have not been able to conceive it without dividing it. The ancient philosophers gave God different names in order to express his different perfections; and, by calling him sometimes *Destiny*, sometimes *Nature*, and sometimes *Providence*, they introduced into the world a plurality of gods, and made the people idolaters. The soul being the image of God, the same philosophers divided her likewise, and, not being able to comprehend the simplicity of her essence, believed she was corporeal. They imagined that she had parts as the body, and, though more subtle, not less real. They multiplied the cause with its effects, and, taking her different faculties for different natures, gave, contrary to the laws of reason, several forms to one and the same compound. But truth, which came down upon the earth with faith, taught us that the soul is one in her essence, and that different names are only imposed on her for expressing the variety of her operations. For, when she imparts life to the body, and, by the natural heat which proceeds from the heart as its center, preserves and cherishes all its parts, she is called *Form*; when she sees colours by the eyes, or discerns sounds by the ears, she is called

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called *Sensation*; when she rises higher, and, by reasoning, infers one truth from another, she is called *Understanding*; when she lays up her thoughts to use them on future occasions, or draws out of her treasures the riches she has deposited in them; she is called *Memory*; when, in fine, she loves whatever is agreeable to her, or hates whatever she has an aversion against, she is called *Will*: but all these faculties, that differ in their several departments, agree in their substance; they are all together but one soul, and are only as so many rivulets flowing from the same source.

Prophane philosophy, at length acknowledging this truth, made use of several comparisons for expressing it. One time it represented the soul in her body as an intelligence in the heavens, whose virtue diffuses itself throughout all its globes; another time it exhibited her as a pilot steering her ship; and again as a sovereign governing his state.

But Christian philosophy has succeeded much better, when, by proceeding to the principle of the soul, it makes us acquainted with the effects she produces in the body, as analogous to those God produces in the world. For though that infinite spirit does not in the least depend on the universe which he created, and though without prejudicing his greatness he can destroy his work, yet his immensity, by his thoughts and by his will, permeates all its parts; by his thoughts, as he knows every thing that passes in the world; by his will, as he operates in all things: thus, leaving no space which he does not fill, fitting himself to all creatures in their operations, and, without dividing his unity or weakening his virtue, enlightening with the sun, burning with the fire, cooling with the water, and producing fruits with the trees, he is as great on the earth as in the heavens; though his effects are different, his power is always equal; and the stars, that sparkle over our heads, do not cost him more than the flowers we tread under our feet. In like manner the soul pervades the body, and penetrates all its parts; she is as noble in the hand as in the heart; and, though, adapting herself to the disposition of organs, she speaks by the mouth, sees by the eyes, and hears by the ears, yet is she a pure spirit in her essence, and, in her different functions, her unity is neither divided nor her power weakened. It is true, that, not finding the same dispositions in every part of the body, she does not in like manner produce the same effects; so that in this respect the illustrious captive falls infinitely short of God; for as God is infinite, and as he could make all things out of nothing, he can also out of every creature educe all things, and without any regard to their inclinations render them subservient to his

will.—But the soul, whose power is limited, cannot act independently of organs; and, though spiritual in her nature, she is corporeal in her operations.

This is what obliged philosophers to consider her in three states; which are so different one from another, that if, in the first, she approaches to the dignity of angels, in the second her condition is not better than that of beasts, and in the last she is not much removed from the nature of plants; being herein no otherwise than in feeding her body, digesting aliments, converting them into blood and juices, and distributing them through the veins, arteries, and other ducts of the body; and, to perform this strange metamorphosis, the same identical matter thickens into flesh, stiffens into tendons and nerves, and hardens into cartilages and bones. She augments the parts of her body by nourishing them, and, by dint of assiduous application, brings it to its proper size: again, solicited by providence, she thinks of contributing to maintain the world by a return of what she has received, and so produces her like for the preservation of her species. In this state she does not act more nobly than the plants, which are nurtured by the influences of heaven, which spring up by the heat of the sun, and which propagate their species by their roots, buds, or seeds. In the second state she becomes sensible, and begins to have inclinations and knowledge; she sees objects through the medium of the senses, which apprise the imagination of them; and the imagination consigns them over to the memory, which undertakes both to keep them carefully and to represent them faithfully: her inclinations give birth to her desires, and from her knowledge proceeds her love or hatred; she attaches herself to what is agreeable, is averse from whatever displeases her, and, according to the different qualities of the good or ill that presents itself, she excites different motions which are called passions. In this degree she possesses nothing more elevated than beasts, which discover objects by the senses, receive the representations of them into their imagination, and retain them in their memory.

In the third state, she abstracts herself from the body, and, recollected within herself, meditates on the sublimest truths; she treats with angels, and, ascending gradually to the Divinity, conceives an idea of his adorable perfections, and admires his greatness: she reasons upon the subjects that occur, examining their qualities to understand their essences; she compares the present with the past, and forms conjectures on both for futurity.

The faculty that performs all these wonders is called *mind*; the imagination and the senses acknowledge her for their mistress;

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tres; but she is not so free as not to depend on a sovereign, and obey the law of one that is blind, to whom she serves as a guide. This, which is called *will*, and which has no other object but good to follow, and evil to eschew, is so absolute, that heaven itself respects her liberty, for it never uses violence when it acts in conjunction with her, obtaining her consent by a display of cogent motives: and those efficacious graces, that produce always their effect, may undertake to convert, but never to force, her. Her orders are always complied with in her dominions; her subjects, though fierce, are never rebellious to her, and, when she commands absolutely, she is always obeyed.

It is true that there are motions formed in the second state of the soul which exercise her power; for though they hold of her, they notwithstanding pretend to some sort of liberty; they are rather her fellow-citizens than slaves, and she is rather their judge than sovereign. As these passions arise from the senses, they always embrace their party. The imagination never represents them to the mind without speaking in their favour, and with so good an advocate they find means to corrupt their judge and gain all their causes. The mind hears them, examines their reasons, considers their inclinations, pronounces very often to their advantage, that she may not chagrine them, betrays the will, deceives that blind queen, and makes unfaithful reports to obtain from her unjust commands.

When the will has declared herself, the passions become crimes, their sedition is formed into parties, and man, who as yet was but disorderly, becomes intirely criminal. For, as the motions of that inferior part of the soul are not free, they do not commence to be vicious but when they commence to be voluntary. Whilst objects excite them, the senses solicit them, and even the imagination protects them; they have no other malice but what they borrow from corrupt nature.

But, so soon as the intellect, clouded by their darkness, or gained over by their solicitations, . perverts the will, and obliges that sovereign to interest herself for her slaves, she makes them culpable by her assent, changes their commotions into rebellion, and thus the insurrection of the beast constitutes the crime of the man. It is certain, however, that, when the mind acquits herself of her duty, and remains faithful, as an upright minister to the will, she represses their seditions, brings those mutineers into obedience, and so dextrously manages their humours that she quite tames their ferocity, and converts them into rare and excellent virtues; in this state they

they range under the banners of reason and vigorously defend the party they resolved to fight for.

Passion, therefore, is nothing else but a motion of the sensitive appetite caused by the imagination of a *good* or *evil*, apparent or real, which changes the body contrary to the laws of nature:—this motion is caused by the imagination; which, being filled with the representations it has received from the senses, solicits the passion, and discovers to it the beauties or deformities of the objects which may move it:—whenever, therefore, the imagination is strongly agitated, it hurries along with it all the passions, raising storms as the wind does the waves; and the soul would be peaceful in her inferior part if she were not moved by that power; but its authority is so great that it acts at pleasure. It is not even necessary that the good and evil, represented by the imagination, should be real, for the appetite confides in its fidelity, and believes its counsels without examination. Having no light but what it borrows from that source, it follows blindly all the objects proposed to it; and, provided they are clothed with the appearance of good or evil, it rejects or embraces them with impetuosity. In fine, passion is against the laws of nature, because it attacks the heart, which cannot be wounded without all the parts of the body shewing emotion, being so many mirrors wherein may be viewed all the motions of that which animates them.

Now it is these passions that we undertake to reduce under the dominion of reason, and to change into virtue. Some have contented themselves in describing them without bringing them under any regulation, and exerted their eloquence to no other purpose than discovering to us our miseries. They believed perhaps that it was sufficient to know an evil in order to its cure, so that the desire of health would oblige us to seek a remedy; but they should remember that there are pleasing distempers, which, many patients dread being cured of: others have entered the lists against passions as monsters; they have furnished us with arms for destroying them, without considering that, to put this design into execution, one must get rid of himself. Others were sensible that the passions, constituting a part of our soul, could not be destroyed but by death; whence, blaming tacitly him who gave them to us, they offered reasons for allaying them, without seeking the means to bring them into order.

They thought also, that they were only necessary to virtue for exercising her courage; that they were only useful to man for proving him; and that he could reap no other advantage from them than by suffering them with patience, or resolutely resisting

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resisting them. But I endeavour to defend their cause, and yet to defend that of God, intending to shew, in the sequel of this work, that the same providence, who has brought forth our salvation out of what we had lost, is willing we should bring forth our quiet out of the disorder of the passions; and that by his favour we should endeavour to tame those monsters, and compel to march under the standard of virtue those combatants that most frequently list under that of vice.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

To Philaethes, on his Thoughts on disinterested Love, in the last Number of the Monthly Ledger.

SIR,

YOUR remarks on this subject discover you to be a man of candour: as such I respect you, although I cannot adopt your sentiments. I mean not, any more than yourself, to promote a tedious controversy, but wish to throw a few hints before you on the subject. Consider them impartially, and then be governed by your own judgement.

You quote from my former essay, "None but an all-perfect being," &c. &c. and then add, "The major proposition is without proof, &c." I answer, it is *self-evident*; and the contrary would be to invest created beings with the distinguishing prerogative of Deity. To act *disinterestedly* pre-supposes perfection in the actor. You next say, "If there is no other principle (than self-love) which excites to internal and external action, it must of course influence our approbation and disapprobation of every person and thing, and determine all our volitions as well as actions." And does it not? Attend closely to the operations of your mind, and then answer. — You then add, "It seems plain to me that we approve of the generous, humane, and merciful, character, &c. wherever we find it." — Certainly; and the reason is, because generosity, humanity, &c. are so interwoven with our happiness, and essential to it, that we cannot do otherwise. You "cannot think that we seek present or future gratification in every action," because "it *supposes* all men to act from mature deliberation," &c. This supposition is a mistake; and you must, on a review, see it to be so. Many actions proceed from a view to *present* satisfaction only: these require no deliberation or "discernment of good or ill consequences." Those actions, in which we seek future gratification only, are the

the result of deliberation and discernment. This is not "palpably contrary to," but perfectly consistent with, "*experience and matter of fact*."—You say, "according to my proposition, we can approve of nothing as good but what tends some way or other to our own pleasure;" pray, sir, what do you approve, which is not, in some respect or other, connected with your own good? Whatever tends to the good of the whole commands your esteem. Why so? Because you are a part of that whole, and must, if not immediately, yet remotely, be benefited by it.—You talk of this notion being impious and absurd with regard to the Deity; but pray, sir, what idea could you entertain of the Deity were he to give men power to act without a *motive*. Would not this be to resolve all into *chance*, and, in effect, to deny his existence?

You next quote from me, "If Benevolus could find the same degree of happiness without it, he would not be charitable;" and adds, "were we always persuaded of this, how much it would lessen our idea of a man's kindness." You should rather have said "of a man's *merit* in being kind;" for the kindness or benefit to the receiver is the same whatever his motive. Your simile of the Sadducee is not to the point.

After supposing that (upon my scheme) man is a fine piece of mechanism, and everything in the world necessary and fixed, you seriously conclude, "that there are *some* actions in the universe that are not both *causes* and *effects* to those which *precede* and *follow*." Is not this, in effect, saying, there is a chasm in that universal chain which connects all the universe together in harmony and order?

You say "it is clear that man has within himself an idea of liberty:" I grant it fully: but wherein does this liberty consist? Not surely, as you suppose, in doing what he has *no will* to do. Man can do (so far as his powers reach) whatever he *wills* to do. Is not the *will* ever determined by the strongest *motive* that presents itself to the mind?

You seem not to have entered deeply enough into the operations of your own mind. That is the best metaphysical school. You will, by studying therein, learn more than in a thousand books.

I am, &c.

SENEX.

For

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

TRUE religion is not more honourable than superstition is disgraceful to the human understanding, which the Deity has rendered capable of discovering and contemplating truth. It may perhaps be thought unnecessary, in this age of licentiousness both in principle and practice, to declaim against superstition : but, although it be not the reigning vice of this age and country, yet it has still too much place in the breasts of individuals to permit either their worshipping God in a rational manner, or enjoying that portion of happiness in this life which he has graciously allotted to man.

Superstition has ever risen to the greatest heights in those countries, and at those times, when true religion has had the least influence. Totally inconsistent with reason and truth, it always flies at their approach, and hides its head in the gloom of ignorance.

It hath been generally acknowledged by the most eminent writers, both ancient and modern, and evinced by the example of all ages, that religion is the only sure foundation on which communities can be erected ; the only solid and permanent bond of union by which the several parts can be kept together. On the contrary, superstition, the child of ignorance, and fruitful parent of mistrust, fears, and false alarms, has never failed to alienate, to scatter, and divide states; where it usurps dominion. In kingdoms, it has not only made good the political maxim, *divide and govern*, but it has divided and destroyed.

How great and noble were the *ancient* inhabitants of Rome ! how mean and contemptible are the *present* ! Could any thing human be more exalted than their former state ? can any thing be more abject than their present ? If it be asked what has produced this change, the answer is obvious : — it is superstition.

Civil policy first gathered together the outcasts of the earth, to form the first race of that illustrious people : superstition first divided, then enslaved them, and reduced them to their present state of meanness. Nothing but superstition could have broke in upon, and destroyed, that excellent order and economy which raised them to the pinnacle of human greatness, and rendered them the admiration of the world.

It has been said, by some eminent men, that reason is that which sets mankind at a distance from, and exalts them above, the brute creation ; but I think it may with greater justice be affirmed, that it is religion which does us this noble service.

To reason, in a limited degree, (or something so like reason, that the distinction is too nice for our present faculties,) the brutes have a limited pretence : to religion they have none, nor do any of their actions imply any sense or consciousness of Deity. But, while we glory in this superiority, we ought to tremble at the approach of that false fire which only counterfeits its pure flame ; for, in the same proportion as religion exalts us above the brute creation, superstition debases us below their nature, and renders us more fierce and cruel than they. Religion has given us but one object for our worship, and but few for veneration ; superstition has multiplied gods, and confounded reverence with adoration ; and, while it has destroyed duty by multiplying objects of worship, that divine homage, which is due only to the supreme Lord of the universe, has been sacrilegiously offered to gods created by ignorance and fear.

Human invention first created, then multiplied, these objects of worship ; and, although polytheism is now exploded in the western world, yet a multitude of superstitious rites, modes, and ceremonies, in the worship of one *triple* God has produced effects not less injurious to true religion and the peace of society than those of open idolatry in the east. Superstition has lessened the number of her deities, but she still keeps her votaries employed in a round of unavailing ceremony. The plain unchangeable laws of the Deity have been rendered mysterious by superstitious attempts to explain them : they have also been formed and fashioned to vulgar prejudices ; and that beneficent Being, whom men ought to have worshipped with a filial obedience springing from the warmest emotions of love and gratitude, has been represented as a capricious and cruel tyrant, delighting in the tears, penance, and sufferings, of his creatures.

In this age of superior light and knowledge, it might indeed be reasonably expected that every attempt to strip religion of that veil of absurdity wherewith superstition has clothed it, and to restore it to its genuine purity, dignity, and lustre, would gain universal concurrence and esteem : but the fate of a late petition, calculated in some measure to promote this noble end, convinces us that *the powers that are* have some ends to serve in which superstition may be a necessary assistant. She is the magnet whereby power attracts gold ; and, while she holds the minds of the people in chains, their services may be easily purchased, on terms which freedom, with her eyes open, would despise, and reason laugh at.

But, however consistent this mode of acting may be with the policy and interests of temporal power and clerical ambition, wisdom will direct every state to be cautious, while superstition is employed as a *servant*, that she do not become a

mistress,

mistress, and again usurp an uncontrollable dominion. Should this be the case, the consequences would prove fatal, not only to religion, but to freedom; and the miseries of past times would be realized in the future.

PERICLES.

The Studies of Astronomy and Philosophy recommended.

THE sciences of astronomy and philosophy are studies, next to that of ourselves, the most worthy of cultivation, on account of the grand scenes they display, and the lofty ideas they transmit, of the power, the wisdom, and the goodness, of the great Creator.

These sciences have, in all ages and countries flourishing in arts and politeness, engaged the attention of the curious, employed the pens of the most eloquent orators, and embellished the writings of the poets of the most elevated genius.

As to the first of these sciences, the astronomer has, for the subject of his speculations, the whole universe of material beings: he considers the nature of matter in general, and enquires by what laws the several parts of it act upon each other; but his thoughts are more particularly employed in investigating the nature of those great bodies that compose the visible system of the universe, which in common speech are comprehended under the appellation of the sun, moon, and stars. Those, who are unacquainted with this sublime science, have no greater ideas of the stars than as a multitude of bright spangles dropt over the ætherial blue; they conceive no otherwise of these fine appearances, than of their being so many golden studs, with which the empyrean arch is decorated: but studious minds, that carry a more accurate and strict enquiry among these celestial lights, bring back advice of the most astonishing import, concerning their beautiful order and the laws which govern them; which loudly proclaim the infinite wisdom of the divine Architect, in thus disposing of the matter with which the universe is composed.

There is, indeed, no part of the creation but what displays the wisdom, goodness, and power, of the great First Cause, to an attentive mind; but the heavens, in a most emphatical manner, "declare the glory of God," and are nobly eloquent of the Deity, as well as the most magnificent heralds of their Maker's praise; so that, in this divine book of creation, the most unlettered may find enough to excite their admiration and praise.

By a little knowledge in this pleasing and wonderful science we are enabled to contemplate that magnificent oeconomy which poised the stars with such inexpressible nicety, and meted out the heavens with a span; where all is prodigiously vast, surprisingly various, yet more than mathematically true. By astronomy we also learn to consider those golden luminaries in the heavens, which appear but as twinkling flames, to be in fact prodigious bodies, and as many suns to so many systems, each accompanied with its particular planetary equipage: therefore what a multiplicity of mighty spheres and worlds, unknown to us, must be perpetually running their various rounds in the immense regions of space! yet none mistake their way, nor wander from the paths assigned them; and, though they travel through trackless and unbounded space, yet none fly from their orbs into extravagant excursions; none press in upon their center with too near an approach; but all their revolutions proceed with eternal harmony, keeping such time, and observing such laws, as are most exquisitely adapted to the perfection of the whole.

How astonishingly capacious must be the expanse which yields room for those mighty globes and those widely-diffused operations! "To what mighty lengths did the almighty Architect stretch his line, when he measured out the stupendous platform!" Inconceivable extent! it swallows up our thoughts. Where are the pillars that support this grand majestic concave of the sky? How is that immeasurable arch upheld, unshaken and unimpaired, while so many generations of busy mortals have sunk and disappeared, as bubbles upon the stream? The stars, which are such prodigious bulks, how are they fastened in their lofty situations? By what miracle in mechanics are so many thousand ponderous orbs preserved from collision or striking against each other? Are they hung in golden or adamantine chains? Rest they their enormous load on rocks of marble, or on columns of brass? It is the almighty fiat that has breathed upon it, and has thus animated nature with those wonderful principles or laws of projection and attraction, by which this mighty fabric is supported; the latter, the all-combining cement; the former, the ever-operating spring. It is by the mighty power of attraction that the vast worlds of matter hang, *self-balanced*, on their own centers, and (though orbs of prodigious bulk) yet require nothing but this amazing property for their support and continuance.

Thus, by means of the projectile impulse on one hand, and the attractive energy on the other, (being both most nicely proportioned, and under the immediate operation of the Deity,) the various globes run their radiant races, without the least inter-

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ruption or deviation, so as to produce the alternate changes of day and night, the pleasing vicissitudes of the seasons, the flux and reflux of the tides, (so useful to navigators,) and a thousand others.

Let us then adore, with a reverential awe, that great and glorious Being, whose word gave birth to universal nature, and endued it with these surprising properties; that incomprehensible Being, who is perfect in knowledge, mighty in power; whose name, whose nature, and operations, are great and marvellous; who summons into being, with equal ease, a single atom, or ten thousand worlds.

*He sees with equal eye, as Lord of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.*

Are our thoughts raised to admiration at this small sketch of nature? how, then, must we be lost in amazement at the consideration of the Creator himself, who is so far exalted above these his glorious works, that he looks far down on these dazzling spheres, and "sees the summit of creation as in a vale!" so great, that this prodigious extent of space is but as a point in his presence, and all this confluence of worlds, compared with his own glory, as the lightest atom that fluctuates in air, and sports in the meridian ray!

*Hail, sov'reign Goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find.
How various all! how variously endu'd!
How great their number! and each part how good!
How perfect, then, must the great Parent shine,
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!*

Mon. Misc.

BLACKLOCK.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS a friend to every branch of science, but to natural-history in particular, I view, with pleasure, every essay that may tend to illustrate those agreeable subjects, and consequently was not a little pleased with the account of the torpedo, copied from Réaumur by your correspondent, who signs himself *A Lover of Natural-History*. As this piece was offered to the public in the most fair and candid manner, I was surprised to see it so severely attacked by another correspondent, under

under the signature of *Apixia*; who, with an astonishing degree of vanity, assumes the office of dictator, recommending to you cautiously to determine on the merits of the pieces offered to you, till some persons of judgement have been consulted on them. Now, sir, I cannot but think, that, if you had followed this advice before you published his performance, he would never have been suffered to have blotted five pages of your useful Miscellany.

I must confess, I am rather at a loss to understand what he would have inferred from his publication, except, with Mr. Walsh, he would insinuate, that the stroke of the torpedo and electricity are one and the same thing. If this is his meaning, I could wish he had brought some experiments more convincing than any that have been hitherto made.

Who this quoter of quotations is, I presume not to say; nor is it necessary to my present purpose, as I mean only to shew the fallacy of his reasoning. "The Greeks, we are informed, were acquainted with its torporific qualities, from the name given it by Hippocrates; and Plato compared Socrates to it. Aristotle (he says) mentions its benumbing properties; and the learned Theophrastus relates, that it conveys its benumbing quality through sticks and spears;" — a property I have never been able to discover in electricity. The next quotation is from Plutarch; but little to his purpose. The medical properties of this fish are next introduced; and we are informed, "that Galen used it as a topical remedy; Paulus recommended the oil of it for the gout; and Scribonius Largus applied it for an obstinate head-ache;" and, if I might be allowed to prescribe, I should certainly offer it as a remedy for the *cacophes scribendi* of our author, to be applied to the right arm as often as the fit seizes him, and have no doubt of its effecting a radical cure. The "poets, Appian and Claudian, gave an elegant description of this fish; and then, with the Roman empire, the knowledge of it fell, till it was revived by Belon, Bondelet, Salviani, Gesner, Redi, Borelli, Steno, and Lorenzini."

"Redi and Lorenzini attributed the numbing quality of the torpedo to the transmission of certain effluvia; which opinion was embraced by Claude Perrault. Borelli imputed it to a certain brisk undulation of the parts of the fish touched." But neither of these bear a resemblance to electricity.

Réaumur (he says) fell into a similar deception in the next generation; and yet I am inclined to think that the care and accuracy of that hitherto unrivalled naturalist was at least equal to that of Mr. Walsh's. Your correspondent, having already quoted twenty-one quotations from different authors, proceeds

to the point in question : " The experiments made with the Leyden phial, the conger-eel, and those since made by Mr. Walth on the Torpedo, whereby he has *fully and clearly* ascertained that the *electrical fluid is the efficient cause of the amazing qualities of this curious fish :*" To prove which assertion, we are again referred to Gravesande, Vanderlott, Adanson, Firmin, Richers, Bancroft, Condamine, and Walth ; all which must necessarily have been read, to have satisfied ourselves of this important truth, had he not kindly given us an extract from the speech of Sir John Pringle, on the delivery of the gold medal ; and of which I shall now take notice. This gentleman says, " that one of the most brilliant of Mr. Walth's discoveries was, that this animal not only could accumulate, in one part, a *large quantity* of electric matter, but was furnished with a certain organization disposed in the manner of the Leyden phial. Thus, while one surface of the electric part (suppose on the back) was charged with this matter, or, as it is called, was in a positive state, the other surface (that on the belly) was deprived of it, or was in a negative state ; so that the equilibrium could be restored by making a communication between the surfaces, by *water*, the fluids of the human body, or metals."

Is it not astonishing that a gentleman versed in electricity should be guilty of so egregious a blunder as to suppose a positive and negative side in an animal, every part of which is a *conductor*, and at the same time to talk of a retention of the fluid when the whole body is immersed in water, which he himself has proved to be a conductor ? Can there be an electrician so ignorant as not to know that the Leyden phial cannot be charged under water ? Where, therefore, is the similarity ?

The principal characteristics of electricity and the Leyden phial are, light, sound, attraction, and repulsion. Neither of these properties are yet discovered in the torpedo ; and the only resemblance it appears to me to have is, that both will give a blow ; and so will a cow's tail if you approach too near it ; and yet, notwithstanding these contradictions, the worthy president, or Mr. Walth for him, has discovered that this groveling animal is armed with lightning, yet at the same time confesses he could never discover any light in it.

I shall now take notice of the reasons your correspondent gives for publishing his compilation ; viz. " As the worthy president of the Royal-Society has not published his oration, it may be more acceptable to your readers who love natural-history." What ! its being sold at two bookfellers at London and Edinburgh is no publication ? What then shall we call it ?

it? The Reviewers in the Edinburgh Magazine plainly thought it so when they criticized it; and with their words I shall conclude this paper.

"As a composition, this discourse is tame and placid; yet it every where plainly discovers that it is the product of great labour and study. It is more remarkable for the reading it displays, than for thought and sentiment: it is more pedantic than learned. It would be a cruelty, however, to criticize it too minutely: the painful effort which gave it birth was sufficiently humiliating to the author."

PHILO-VERITAS.

A Fragment.

"**T**WILL amount to nothing," said Honorius.

"No matter (replied Eugenius;) you will soon get through it; it is but a single day."

This conversation passed, an't please your honours, on the calends of April; but, in what year of our Lord, the very learned Allemandus, and the most learned Batavius, who have discussed this intricate point, are not agreed: I shall therefore decide nothing. In the mean time the reader may take the first that comes to hand, the present year 1775, for instance, in want of a better.

"My thoughts and opinions for one whole day! (cried Honorius,) what a nonsensical history!"

"In the name of nonsense, then, (said Eugenius,) let us have it."

"In the name of nonsense you shall."

"What's o'clock? Is it time to rise? 'Tis past six. Does it rain? Is it fair? Is the wind easterly? Is it warm? Is it cold? Shall I ride? Shall I walk? Shall I put on my surtout? I will.

"How fresh, how enlivening, how inspiriting, the air! How thick, how foggy, this head! Let it alone, said I, soliloquizing; perhaps the fog may disperse.

"Surely, thought I, man is but an emmet, — finding that, in my walk, I had accidentally stuck my cane in an emmet's nest, and thrown their whole empire into confusion; — surely man is but an emmet; very important in his own eyes; very insignificant in those of superior beings. — What a bustle do they make about this attack on their little world, and what conjectures about the cause of it! They think, poor souls! that, because their little pursuits are interrupted, the whole frame of nature is falling. "At least, (say they,) 'tis an earthquake."

earthquake." "It is nothing (said I) but a cane." "Thou art getting (whispered conscience) out of thy path." "I will recover it (said I) presently:" (I wish, good folks, you would all obey its dictates as readily) and on I plodded, discarding (that is as far as Messrs. the metaphysicians will give me leave) all ideas, whether of sensation or reflection, and neglecting all simple modes either of duration or space, except only the mode of advancing one leg before the other, which, by dint of continual application, I had discovered to be a convenient mode for the mensuration of both.

Now if any one, taking advantage from the foregoing passage, should impute to Honorius an heretical opinion, that emmets really possess rational souls, I here absolutely protest against the consequence. Not but that, in spite of their diminutive size, I am humbly of opinion, it is possible they may contain souls as wide as some of your reverences.

"Every suffering, began I to moralize, has its conclusion, and perhaps its advantage. Tea and hot rolls will shortly recompense the fatigue of my walk.

"An essay against predestination!" cried I, sipping my tea, and taking up the Monthly Miscellany for April—

"Tis an excellent roll—

"—And how does the author get rid of that ugly chapter of St. Paul?—Why, he e'en cuts it quite out—Oho! a short way with Dissenters indeed! your very humble servant, Mr.—

"Stop, (cries Sir Critic) here is a manifest blunder! you have fixed this conversation to the first day of April, and you take up a pamphlet which was not published till the fifteenth. It is an anachronism." "Only consider, sir," would I reply with all the gentleness and urbanity imaginable,—laying at the same time my fore-finger on his breast, to elicit, if possible, one spark of compassion;—"only consider, I beseech you, if authors did not now and then throw down a charitable bone, what would your family, and your relations the commentators, do for a subsistence?" I must postpone my defence to some future period of this delectable history—time presses—business is urgent—I have two dishes of tea yet to drink; and a chapter of the Roman History to finish.

This Tarquin the Proud, what a monster of iniquity! but his wife Tullia, driving her chariot on her father's dead body! "It cannot be!" said Humanity, throwing down the book with indignation. "It is true," said Mr. Hooke.—"All the charities of nature disprove it *a priori*," replied Humanity. "Dionysius Halicarnassensis, Livy, and all the historians prove

it *à posteriori*," rejoined Mr. Hooke. "I am sorry for it," said I, interposing and breaking off the dispute.

"—— Mr. Elegit, sir, calls to request your attendance at the ensuing trial between A. and B. to give evidence on the part of his client, the plaintiff."

"Pish! (said I) why has he chosen to plague me in the business?"

(The pun wiped away in some degree the effects of the pish. It was not a pish of ill-nature. It was a pish of sensibility. The idea of an examination, and cross examination, struck upon the weak nerves of Honorius, who was a valetudinarian, and brought a sympathetic suffusion over his cheek. He was indeed "tremblingly alive all o'er," and his sensibility approximated sometimes to irritability; which your worships know is within a letter or two of irascibility. This is a weakness; but I write a history, not an apology.)

"But public justice, sir,"—

"I comprehend, Mr. Elegit, the force of your argument. But what is the state of the case?"

"The declaration, sir, sets forth,—that the defendant B. late of C. in the parish of D. and county of E. did, on the second of September, in the year of our Lord, 1774, with force and arms, fish in the free fishery of the plaintiff A. at D. in the county aforesaid; and thereout and therefrom did take and carry away certain fish, to wit, one jack, four barbels, and fifteen gudgeons, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided, whereby the said plaintiff A. says, declares, and will prove, that he is injured, and hath sustained damage and loss, to the amount of two shillings and sixpence, and thereupon he brings his suit."

"Gentle powers of love and concord! (exclaimed I) could ye not shed one drop of your healing balm on these wounded spirits? Do they consider that every plea, replication, and rejoinder, brings them a step forwarder on their journey through life? Why should they waste the little oil remaining in their lamps in lighting up these flames of contention!—Was there no kind friend, no generous neighbour, to negotiate a treaty of peace between them?"

"That's not my business—"

"True, Mr. Elegit—I remember (resumed I) to have had some discourse with a stranger about that time and place.—He told me part of his story—It was a melancholy one—I am not capable, said he, of enjoying any but calm and placid amusements. He intended, poor man, no injury.

"It may be so," returned Elegit.

"I will speak (added I) to the plaintiff——"

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

WHEN the angel of the Lord announced the nativity of our Saviour to the sons of industry who were watching their flocks by night, while the glory of the Lord shone round about them, thus spoke the celestial messenger: "Fear not; for, behold! I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be unto all people; for unto you is born, this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord." From the context, we have every reason to imagine, their fears at such an extraordinary appearance were succeeded by the most rapturous degree of that joy which the annunciation of such good tidings is peculiarly calculated to inspire; for it informs us, after they had hastened to Bethlehem, and had seen the wonderful thing which the Lord had made known to them, they testified its full possession of the heart by the most natural expressions of glorifying and praising God. Such will always be the genuine effusions of every heart, that, oppressed with the burden a Saviour alone can remove, receives the report of an Immanuel, almighty to redeem, and all-sufficient to support and direct.

I have frequently reflected, not without the most unfeigned sorrow, how large a number of people, in this age, can hear these good tidings repeated without feeling, at least, a degree of the same joy. Why do they not eagerly press to receive those inestimable benefits and privileges, which the gospel promises to all those who truly believe on its adorable Author? Why are they so languid and inattentive in the contention for that prize, to whose value no words can do justice? What can be the reason? The answer seems to be as easy as the query is important. Blind to their true interest, insensible to their highest happiness, they will not suffer their hearts to feel the want of a Saviour: they intrench themselves so strongly in the *visible* and *present*, that the operation of things *future* and *unseen* can have no influence or effect. A stupid ignorance of the most adorable felicity is the natural consequence of suffering our minds to rest delighted in the enjoyment of earth's highest happiness. — I mistake the term: earth has it not to give. When voluptuousness captivates the powers of the soul, is it possible *they* can want to be saved from a conformity to the sinful customs of the world, when the pinnacle of their ambition is to triumph in being the leaders of the mode, — the earliest and latest votaries at the shrine of fashion? Can *they* want to be saved from the troubles and deceitfulness of riches, who are incapable of tasting any kind of pleasure, save that

which springs from the view of accumulated wealth? Can *they* long to be saved from the delusions of sensual pleasures, whose only enjoyment consists in the most unrestrained gratification of every vagrant appetite? Ah! no: happiness ever was, and ever will be, perfectly incompatible with such pursuits. It is more the glory of Jesus Christ to save mankind from the power, than the punishment, of sin: this was his excellent business while he personally appeared on earth, and continues still to be the same now he is ascended into heaven. To have shielded the offender from punishment, without giving power to overcome the strength of the enemy, would in fact be giving a licence to the sinner, or, at least, only removing the effect, and leaving the cause in its full force, to operate again in the same manner.

It is extremely probable that many, when experience has extorted from them a confession of the vanity of every pursuit they have been engaged in, which had earthly things for its object, and only time for its duration; or when the powers of enjoyment became so debilitated, as to be no longer capable of being the channels of receiving their criminal pleasures; when conscience resumes her empire in the soul, (which, in the heat and extravagance of youth, she was compelled to abdicate,) and contrasts the native deformity and misery of guilt to the unborrowed loveliness and happiness of religion;—then, if they do not take refuge in the sad thought of an annihilation of the soul after its separation from the body, at least they wish a Saviour would accept the last foul dregs of a life, the most valuable part of which has been devoted to the purposes of iniquity. May they who apply even at the eleventh hour find acceptance! but it is very much to be apprehended many too late find such wishes are formed from the suggestions of despair, to finally terminate in the extremest anguish of disappointment.

But how different is the situation, my charity leads me to think, of numbers, who, in the early part of life, dedicate their powers and faculties to promote the glory of the most amiable of all beings! who know the happiness of living under the influence of a benevolent disposition, breathing peace and good-will towards all mankind; or, in other words, who, under the guidance of the Spirit of God, live a truly religious life. It is *they*, because they have known the want of a Saviour, can rejoice with exceeding great joy, when he is pleased to reveal himself to their understandings under the character of an Advocate and Redeemer: it is *they* who can apply to themselves those great and precious promises, which are scattered in an amazing profusion throughout the sacred oracles,

of having every needful good in this world given them, and, in that which is to come, the meridian fulness of beatitude past conception : it is *they* who are enabled to perceive the amiable-ness, excellence, and suitableness, of the Lord Jesus Christ, in the characters of the best, the wisest, and greatest of all beings : and it is *they* who know him to be a captain, to defend them ; a king, to govern them ; a physician, to heal their souls ; an advocate, to plead for them before God ; a father, to provide for them ; a brother, to relieve them ; a head, to guide them ; a treasure, to enrich them ; a fountain, to cleanse them ; a sanctuary, to cover them ; a counsellor, to advise them ; a prophet, to instruct them ; and a priest, to atone for them,

In a few words, through their short passage of terrestrial existence he animates them to perseverance, by enabling them to become more than conquerors over every obstacle that appears to impede their progress ; at the awful period of its close he causes them to anticipate the bliss of angels ; but, beyond it, they alone can conceive what great things the Lord hath laid up for them, who kept themselves unspotted from the world, and made a Saviour the object of their love and imitation.

If these glorious truths were often seriously applied to and permitted to have their due influence on the mind ; and the virtues, which are the natural produce of such considerations, were cherished by the enlivening warmth of divine co-operation ; what would be the consequence ? Who cannot tell it ? Would the precarious attainments of ambition engage our affections, when an adoption into the family of the sons of God, an inheritance in the kingdom of heaven, and the possession of a crown of immortal brightness, whose glories are as eternal as the soul that possesses it, are the rewards of a meek and lowly spirit ? Would the delusive indulgences of sense be suffered to enfeeble the body, blind the understanding, vitiate the will, and corrupt the affections, when a bathing in those streams of inconceivable pleasures, that issue from the throne of infinite blessedness, is the unalienable privilege of the chaste and temperate ? Would gold have power to be superior to every affection of nature, and every principle of religion, when all the riches in the treasury of unbounded munificence are entailed on the liberal, the generous to the indigent and helpless ? Did they but properly reflect on the great and inestimable privileges of these, who, from an unfeigned faith in our Lord and Saviour, live conformable to the example he has left us to follow, surely they could no longer bear to fall within the class of those who are aliens to the commonwealth
of

of the Israel of God, and strangers to the covenants of the most glorious promises; but would, by an unfeigned faith, and a purity of life, which the Christian code makes essentially necessary to happiness, press forward to obtain that prize which the highest authority assures us, by the mouth of the great apostle to the Gentiles, eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

E. L.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

AS, in a former Number of your Ledger, you have given place to an account of curious arts, inventions, and improvements, you are requested to insert the following particulars of a curious watch, made by *T. W.* watch-maker to the king; which was purchased by his majesty for three hundred guineas, in the year 1769.

W. B.

AMONGST other things, equally curious, this watch has a hand which is a year in making its revolution, and points to the month and day of the month throughout the year; and a seconds-hand which acts in the same manner as a regulator does, by means of a pendulum, and is adapted to move, or not, at pleasure, without preventing the other parts of the work from going: it has also a plate, on which, by means of a brilliant, is represented the sun, which regularly performs its diurnal revolution, and a moveable horizon, that shews the variation of the days, according to the different seasons of the year, with great exactness; and, though it has so many motions, the watch is only of a common size, and keeps time to a great degree of nicety. This performance, by good judges, is esteemed as curious and complete a piece of mechanism as was ever executed.

The same artist has a watch, of his own making, one-fifth less than the surface of a quarter-guinea; the dial-plate in proportion. All the teeth of the wheels are so small as not to be distinguished by the naked eye. The chain is about one inch in length, and contains about 140 links. The watch shews the hour and minutes, and has all the other parts of a common watch.

The said artist has lately invented a machine for weighing gold, so nicely constructed as to ascertain to the 10,000th part of a grain.

Account

Account of that singular Character, the Chevalier DESCAZEAU ; known by the title of the French Poet ; who lately died in the Fleet.

THIS crazy retainer to the muses was the natural son of a French financier, who, for family-reasons, sent him over to England, and allowed him a small pension to live on : but either this pension was not regularly paid, or it was too scanty a pittance to furnish a support, as he ran in debt, and was, as before observed, lodged in a prison. Whether this confinement affected his intellects, or that it proceeded from some unknown cause, his mind however became disordered, and he was generally judged to be mad. His poetical productions increased the grounds of this belief, as they were tinctured with a wild turn of fancy that rendered them generally incoherent and unintelligible. He usually wrote some lines upon the prevailing topic of the day, and as usually read them to every one he met. He was a very peaceable man, unless he judged himself affronted ; and he was always nettled if any one held his productions in any degree of contempt.

During his confinement in the Fleet he was one day, in particular, greatly offended by a fellow-prisoner, who had torn down his engraved picture, which he had fixed up in the coffee-room. Upon this occasion, though the offender was a stout athletic man, he flew at his antagonist with the rage of a tyger, and compelled him to ask pardon and re-place his portrait. During his confinement he let his beard grow to an uncommon length ; but, soon after his being released, he cropt it, to decorate the bust of Homer, which he had in his apartment.

When discharged from his confinement, he made his appearance at many coffee-houses, where he entertained the company with his poetical productions ; which generally created a laugh, and often procured him a dinner. These casual contributions were not, however, sufficient to support him with decency ; and at one time his breeches, in particular, were in a very tattered plight ; which being observed by some gentlemen at Slaughter's coffee-house, they made a subscription to purchase a new pair ; but his pride, or caprice, or whatever it might be called, converted the money to another use ; he purchased a feather for his hat, which he appeared in the next day, with his old ragged breeches.

Descazeau was so very tenacious of his poetical abilities, that he would utter the rudest and most impertinent expressions to any

any one that would not pay him the adulation to which he thought he had a just claim. One evening, in particular, being at Slaughter's coffee-house, and a gentleman not approving of an incoherent rhapsody he was repeating, he gave such bad language, that the gentleman was induced to lay his stick across his shoulders; upon which, the chevalier, who always carried a mourning-sword in his hand, drew it, and wounded the gentleman in the arm. The consequence of this affair had like to have been very serious, as Descazeau's unarmed antagonist, being so justly provoked, would probably have demolished the poet, if the company had not interfered and turned the back into the street.

He latterly made a gay appearance, some nobleman having noticed him, and given him a cast-off embroidered coat, which he constantly wore. In this dress, with a mourning-sword, and a tin case, which contained his works, and which resembled a truncheon, he every day visited the coffee-houses, and now raised more regular contributions, as some printer had generously printed his productions, and he sold the copies at a tolerable good price.

Although he had for several years gained his liberty by an act of insolvency, he never could be prevailed on to quit the pulchus of the Fleet, in which he continued to the last.

The PRICE of WHEAT per Quarter, at the Corn-Market Mark-Lane.

	June 30.		July 4.		7.		11.		14.		18.		21.	
	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.	s.
Wheat, —	42	56	40	54	40	54	40	52	40	52	40	52	40	52
Rye, —	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28	26	28
Barley, —	20	27	22	27	22	27	20	27	20	27	20	27	22	27
Oats, —	13	19	13	19	13	19	13	19	13	19	13	19	13	19
July 25. Wheat,	38		15.		Rye,		26		28s.		Barley		21	
Oats,	13		19s.											

*** The Supplement to this Volume will be delivered with Number I. of Vol. III. on the 1st of next Month.

Erratum. In page 581, line 27, for *Appian*, read *Oppian*.

POETRY.

P O E T R Y.

The Farmer and Chrysalis: A Fable.

WHEN the bright tints of rosy red
 The morning light disclose,
 The farmer rose from off his bed
 And wak'd his short repose.

Through the farm-yard his steps pursue
 With key in hand clate;
 Then near the paling he withdrew
 And op'd the garden-gate.

Up the green walk he took his way;
 And, as he pelt along,
 Tun'd to himself some rustic lay,
 Or sang some chearful song.

Well pleas'd, arose before his view
 His summer arbour's pride,
 Where plac'd, all white with rosy dew,
 A chrysalis he spy'd.

Wrapt in a web he pendent hung
 Expos'd to every gale;
 The fable grants the insect tongue
 To tell his mournful tale.

He brush'd his hand with mortal pride,
 The webs fine threads he broke;
 And sure the insect must have dy'd
 Had he not him bespoken.

Ah! wretch! he cry'd, withhold thy hand!
 I ask a short reprieve!
 Take not that life which thy command
 Can to no being give.

I fought a covert in this shade,
 Beneath this leafy veil;
 Where no obtrusive eyes pervade,
 Or envious hands assail.

I thought beneath these shades, (I say,)
 In this my embryo state,
 That I, secure might silent stay,
 Beyond the grasp of fate.

But ah! alas! too late I find,
 The peace, I once enjoy'd,
 Will, by a wretch's harden'd mind,
 For ever be destroy'd.

On these last words the farmer seiz'd
 The little insect fly,
 And in his cruel hands would, pleas'd,
 Have had the insect die.

VOL. II.

The chrysalis, by pain oppress'd,
 By sorrow undismay'd,
 Address'd his unrelenting breast,
 And farther hearing pray'd.

If mind is, as the fates taught
 A never dying flame,
 Which shifts through matter varying
 Fraught,
 In ev'ry form the same;

Beware lest, in the worm you crush,
 A brother's soul you find;
 And tremble lest thy luckless brush
 Dislodge a kindred mind.

Tell me of what the fates taught,
 The farmer him reply'd;
 Of forms, of matter various fraught —
 Thy boon shall be deny'd.

Yet, though no philosophic plan,
 From the poor fly address'd,
 Could soothe the unrelenting man
 Or melt his harden'd breast;

Heav'n, e'er attentive to the pray'r
 With due submission paid,
 Wafts the poor insect on the air
 To a more favouring shade;

Where he securely yet might lie
 Beyond the grasp of fate,
 Until the usual time grew nigh
 To quit his embryo state.

What solace could the farmer have
 To ease his tortur'd breast,
 When heav'n did condescend to save
 The life he late distress'd!

M O R A L.

The well-taught philosophic mind
 To all compassion gives,
 Casts round the world an equal eye
 And feels for all that lives.

PHILETUS.

Retirement: A Poem.

COME, sweetener of life's cares, re-
 tirement, come,
 And bless a muse, who loves thee, with
 thy charms;

A muse, who seeks thy friendship to improve,
Who oft invites thee to her op'ning arms.

For, blest'd with thee, within thy cool retreats,
Unknown to pride, to envy, and to care,
The peaceful soul a second Eden finds,
And all its beauties our attention share.

Far from the scenes where strife and folly dwell,
To where thou beckon'st, let me now retire,
And view, in nature's variegated face,
The grand perfections of th'eternal Sire!

How bright the dew-drops on the spangled grass,
When morn with crimson streaks the orient skies!
How sweet the wild notes from the vocal grove,
While on the ear the distant music dies!

The hawthorn's tufts of vegetative snow,
The golden pansies glitt'ring o'er the green,
The azure violet, sweet-exhaling flow'r,
And blushing roses, decorate the scene.

All nature, now reanimated, shines,
And hourly pours new beauties on the eye;
Salutes the ear from all hertuneful tribes,
With the full chorus of her minstrelsy.

These are the pleasures gay-rob'd summer yields,
While Flora, sporting through th'ambrosial bow'rs,
Sheds beauty, gladness, o'er the new-cloth'd fields,
And paints with vivid hues the smiling flowers.

While joy the groves, and fragrance fills the sky,
And balmy incense from the vales ascends,
Let me, delighted, range the clystian scene,
While through its wond'rous maze my view extends.

Hark! from yon hazel copse, the thrush attunes
Her matin song, and carols forth her lays;

The wood-lark modulates her melting strains,
In notes harmonious to her Maker's praise!

The bees, industrious, rove from flow'r to flow'r,
And from noxious plants ambrosial dews;
The flocks and herds all hail the genial ray,
And blest the Pow'r that all their joy renews.

The mossy grot, whence gush the chrysal rills,
That down their root-bound channels babbling stray,
With cool refreshment cheer the infirm swains,
When, fierce descending, darts the noon-tide ray.

The pine-crown'd hill, the brook with willows fring'd,
The deep'ning wood that frowns against the skies,
Th'enamel'd vale, with Flora's offspring gay,
All pour their mingled beauty on my eyes.

If ought can chase the gloom of life away,
If ought can light up sunshine in the breast,
Or wake the slumb'ring soul to harmony,
Thy charms, thy charms, O nature! make us blest!

'Tis not in mad ambition, soaring pride,
Or folly's tinsel trappings, that the mind
Can taste the spring of pure unmix'd delight,
Or, free from wishes, true contentment find:

For these have oft been prov'd, but prov'd in vain;
Worse than illusive are their boasted charms;
Though crown'd with rose-buds, these conceal a thorn,
Which wounds us when we grasp them in our arms.

But nature's beauties are for ever new,
And virtue's pleasures never will decay;
The first gives transport to th'admiring view,
The last will flourish in eternal day!

Let

Let statesmen vain their anxious hours
employ

To gain those transient bubbles, wealth
and fame;

Empty they are, and impotent of pow'r,
To yield the trophies of a deathless
name.

For naught, that time and all its scenes
afford,

Can give to mortals permanent re-
nown;

'Tis wisdom, virtue, goodness, only raise
Th' immortal column — give th'im-
mortal crown!

Whate'er from earth originates must
die,

Nor can beyond its native sphere arise;

But all those graces, that from heav'n de-
scend,
To heav'n return, and triumph in the
scies.

'Tis here that virtue's column stands se-
cure,

Crown'd with a chaplet of immortal
bloom;

And here her sons eternal pleasures taste,
And gain those honours that survive the
tomb.

To this bright region be our views con-
fin'd,

Be all our strife its glories to obtain;

Here, emulation, fire the languid mind,
For none shall strive thine ardour to
restrain.

This lesson, sweet retirement, thou hast
taught,

While in thy silent shades I rov'd, to
find

The sacred solace of reflection's spring,
Whose streams serene invigorate the
mind.

Nor can the soul a purer feast enjoy
Than thus to read in nature's page di-
vine;

And contemplate the wonders of that
Pow'r,

Whose wisdom, goodness, truth, united,
shine!

Wrote with a sun-beam on creation's
book,

These attributes divine all-glorious
stand!

In radiant characters! behold, O man!
Thy holy admiration these demand!

EUSEBIUS.

*By a Friend, on being questioned for uncon-
mon Pensiveness.*

AH! cease, my friend, nor more at-
tempt to shew

That from myself my sad misfortunes
flow;

Thy stern reproach each secret pang re-
veals,

And my hand dictates what my bosom
feels.

Let my full heart in sighs its woes convey,

My eyes their tributary drops still pay;

Yet let this silent sense of inward pain
Within thy breast soft sympathy maintain;

Let friendship govern, and let nature bind,
Nor heap fresh tortures on a tortur'd
mind.

If here a weary solitude I bear,
And count destruction but to know de-
spair;

If here alone reflection's power I prove,
I'll quit the gay scene to tread the lone-
some grove.

No common care has wrought my soul
to grief,

No lenient balm can give that soul re-
lief,

No medicine's aid can bid my feelings
cease,

No soft persuasives lull my breast to
peace;

Firm in afflictions must this heart remain,
Drink deep the poison'd draught and hug
the galling chain.

And think, if thus each vary'd sense stand
still;

And wisdom leave the captivated will;

If here religion yield its sacred sway,
And reason linger in its best essay;

That heav'nly beam, which guides th'im-
mortal soul,

Adorns, corrects, and dignifies, the
whole;

If here its all-enlight'ning ray is lost,
And the soft mind in passion's tempest
rest;

Can thy weak reasoning in effects be
more,

And calm a mind no reason can restore?

Forbid it sense; the rash attempt then
leave,

But pity still, for still thy friend must
grieve;

And

And dull philosophy may teach in vain
 The harsh decrees which nature can't
 maintain.
 Let the sad strain thy gentle bosom move,
 My crime is weakness, and my fault is
 love;
 Love, which in guiltless triumph rules my
 soul,
 Attracts each yielding sense and sways the
 whole:
 In guiltless triumph; for I still shall prove
 The child of virtue, though the slave of
 love.
 Love, which the guilty soul can never
 try,
 Which all thy father's thousands cannot
 buy;
 What'er I view in lov'd Lyfander's
 eyes,
 What'er the graces which in him I
 prize,
 No charm so potent is, no grace so strong,
 To fully innocence, or virtue wrong;
 Virtue, whose sacred light he did be-
 stow,
 The great first Cause of ev'ry good be-
 low;
 Yet led by virtue, long the youth I've
 lov'd,
 In one sad hour by beauty's force un-
 mov'd,
 I heard, and, wond'ring, what I heard
 approv'd!
 O name, for ever lov'd, for ever dear!
 Why reason absent! ah! why Lyfander
 here!
 My blushing cheeks my secret griefs re-
 veal;
 'Tis his to conquer, as 'tis mine to feel!
 In nature's beauties skill'd, immortal
 Pope
 Gave to his pen, as to his fancy, scope.
 Painted to life sad Eloisa's woes,
 And bid his muse her wretched tale dis-
 close;
 Bids beauty view her fate with weeping
 eyes,
 And echo back her penitential sighs;
 Feel in each line the pangs her bosom
 knew,
 Condemn her guilt, yet pity as they view;
 Oh! could'st thou now again thy aid
 restore,
 Again the heart's most secret spring ex-
 plore;
 Where could'st thou, charming bard, more
 just than here,
 Gain the soft sigh or unavailing tear?
 For me, thou might'st renew the melting
 tale,
 For me, bid pity in each breast prevail,

While thus Lyfander steals on ev'ry
 hour,
 And all my captive bosom owns his
 pow'r,
 Through the dull round of each succeeding
 day,
 On him my wand'ring thoughts succeed-
 ing stray;
 In mighty dreams his imag'd form I
 view,
 And e'en in sleep the fleeting shade pursue;
 Yet be each mischief multiply'd on me,
 Woes yet unknown, if he may yet be
 free.
 Sigh not, Lyfander, for thy grief display'd
 Invents new torments for thy wretched
 maid.
 Think'st thou, vain youth, our marriage
 would disgrace
 The ancient arms of thy illustrious race?
 Thy pride forgets my family is known,
 If not so rich, as genteel as thy own;
 Had virtuous blood in those dear chan-
 nels run,
 O! could fate change it — but thou art
 a son!
 No pow'r on earth our friendship ought
 to move,
 Nor strive to lessen, or divide, our love.
 Ill-fated youth! on either path undone,
 The constant lover or the dutious son;
 He fears, too justly fears, in each sad
 hour,
 The sad exertion of parental power;
 While love and grief contend within his
 breast,
 And nature bids stern duty be confest.
 O! struggling merit, how thy griefs
 combine
 To tear thy youthful breast, to torture
 mine;
 O fatal prospect! here methinks I see
 A father's frowns, a father's harsh de-
 cree!
 That aged face in smiles he ever saw,
 And views it still with reverential awe;
 Yet here ambition conquers nature's
 voice;
 The blooming offspring of his virtuous
 choice,
 Unmov'd, he spurns from his protecting
 arms,
 At once to nature deaf and all her soft
 alarms;
 Oh! can I think on this my much-lov'd
 friend,
 Those secret pangs which cannot see their
 end,
 And yet restrain my momentary sigh,
 And check the soft'ning drop that fills
 my eye!

Ah!

Ah! no; be silent then; but tears be-
 flow
 For sad sensations that thou can'st not
 know;
 For more, much more, than here my
 pen reveals,
 My tortur'd heart too exquisitely feels.

JULIET.

AN ELEGY.

HAIL, dark retreat! in whose secreted
 gloom
 A wretch despairing may securely rove,
 Lament unseen his melancholy doom,
 And drag the chain of never-hoping
 love.

Daughter of long accumulated woes,
 That taught this hapless bosom to com-
 plain,
 And, lost to peace, to comfort, and re-
 pose,
 To pine with anguish and to mourn
 with pain!

Dejected Grief! thou ever-weeping maid,
 The sad companion of my earliest years,
 Beneath the breathless silence of the
 shade,
 Indulge the painful luxury of tears.

In vain we strive our sufferings to con-
 ceal,
 When worn with sorrows, or with
 cares oppress:
 Th'unbidden pang insensibly will steal,
 And paint the struggling tortures of
 the breast.

The drop will fall unconscious on the
 cheek,
 The tongue will falter, and the bo-
 som sigh;
 The strong affliction silently will speak
 In all the plaintive language of the
 eye.

Reason may then admonish us in vain,
 And distant gleams of happiness im-
 part,
 But can she think to argue down a pain,
 Or heal a wound that rankles at the
 heart?

When this torn breast a pause from grief
 shall know,
 All-gracious heav'n, in tenderness de-
 clare!

Shall hope succeed the bitterness of woe,
 Or life be lengthen'd only to despair?

Must death stretch out the everlasting
 shade,
 And love at length give expectation
 o'er?

Or shall these eyes yet see the only maid
 This aching bosom ever could adore?

Has time the white-robed moment in
 his pow'r
 To let me gaze, enraptur'd, on her
 charms?

Has he mark'd out the consecrated ground
 That waits me back to Leonora's arms?

If kindred minds by sympathy can prove,
 Or whisp'ring spirits in our dreams re-
 veal

The mutual pang of disappointed love,
 Congenial bosoms are decreed to feel:

Despair from mourning Leonora's eye,
 No aching drop of tenderness has stole;
 Nor heav'd the smaller sorrow of a sigh,
 That did not plant a dagger in my soul.

In some thick shade, imagin'd to my eyes,
 The weeping virgin a retirement finds,
 Relates her anguish to the midnight skies,
 And murmurs only to the whistling
 winds.

She sinks beneath the fury of the storm;
 And fancy, only of her terrors made,
 Raises the ghastly image of a form
 That adds a deeper horror to the shade.

The beck'ning spectre stalks before the
 fair,
 Which fear had pictur'd to her sight
 alone,

And seems to breathe, dissolving into air,
 The new-created horror of a groan.

To me, to me, the shrieking virgin cries,
 And hopes a refuge from herself to find;
 But oh! in vain! the phantom, as she
 flies,
 Again appears, existing in her mind.

But where am I? ah! where indeed I de-
 clare,
 Ye pitying powers, to whom my woes
 are known:

By oceans parted, tortur'd with despair,
 And doom'd to anguish, endless as her
 own!

H. R.

AVERAGE

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,
From July 10, to July 15, 1775.

By the Standard WINCHESTER Bushel of
Eight Gallons.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
London,	16	1	3	3	3	0	2	1	3	4

COUNTIES INLAND.

Middlesex,	6	4	—	—	3	4	2	5	3	6
Surry,	6	6	—	—	—	—	2	4	3	0
Hertford,	6	7	—	—	—	—	2	3	3	10
Bedford,	6	8	—	—	3	7	2	2	3	3
Cambridge,	6	6	—	—	—	—	2	0	2	7
Huntingdon,	6	7	—	—	3	2	1	11	3	1
Northampton,	6	8	4	11	3	4	1	11	3	0
Rutland,	5	9	3	6	3	6	—	—	3	7
Leicester,	5	9	4	11	3	8	2	1	3	5
Nottingham,	6	3	4	10	3	6	2	2	3	10
Derby,	6	10	—	—	—	—	2	4	3	9
Stafford,	6	6	4	8	—	—	2	1	4	0
Salop,	6	5	4	10	3	1	1	11	4	3
Hereford,	6	4	—	—	—	—	1	11	—	—
Worcester,	6	5	4	6	3	7	2	7	4	0
Warwick,	7	0	—	—	—	—	2	6	5	1
Gloucester,	6	1	—	—	2	8	2	1	3	3
Wiltshire,	5	9	—	—	2	8	2	5	4	2
Berks,	6	8	—	—	2	10	2	5	3	2
Oxford,	7	2	—	—	3	4	2	5	3	10
Bucks,	6	7	—	—	3	10	2	3	3	1

COUNTIES upon the COAST.

Essex,	6	4	3	1	3	1	2	3	3	4
Suffolk,	6	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	3	0
Norfolk,	6	4	3	4	2	9	1	11	—	—
Lincoln,	6	4	4	2	3	0	1	10	3	3
York,	6	0	4	6	2	2	2	2	3	8
Durham,	5	8	4	2	—	—	2	4	3	11
Northumberland,	5	6	3	9	3	0	2	2	3	9
Cumberland,	5	4	4	0	3	2	2	0	3	9
Westmoreland,	6	0	4	4	2	3	2	7	—	—
Lancashire,	6	4	—	—	3	6	2	2	3	6
Cheshire,	6	6	5	0	3	11	2	2	—	—
Monmouth,	6	9	—	—	3	7	2	1	—	—
Somerset,	6	6	3	6	3	3	2	4	3	7
Devon,	6	5	—	—	3	2	1	10	—	—
Cornwall,	5	9	—	—	3	5	2	0	—	—
Dorset,	6	3	—	—	2	10	2	4	4	3
Hampshire,	6	2	—	—	2	10	2	4	3	4
Suffex,	6	1	—	—	2	8	2	1	3	1
Kent,	6	3	—	—	3	0	2	4	3	2

From July 3, to July 8, 1775.

W A L E S.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
North Wales,	6	4	4	4	3	0	1	7	3	8
South Wales,	7	3	5	10	3	7	2	0	3	4

Part of S C O T L A N D.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats		Beans		Big.
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	
	5	4	3	7	2	11	2	2	3	0	2 8

Published by Authority of Parliament. WILL. COOKE.

A METEOROLOGICAL DIARY of the WEATHER,
For June, 1775.

	Wind.	Bar.	Therm.		Weather.
			lo.	hi.	
1 N.E.	fresh	30 ² / ₁₀	58	62	Warm.
2 W.	strong	30 ² / ₁₀	58	63	Ditto.
3 S.E.	strong	30 ² / ₁₀	58	70	Sultry.
4 S.E.	fresh	30 ¹ / ₁₀	65	76	Ditto.
5 E.	fresh	30 ¹ / ₁₀	68 ¹ / ₂	76 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
6 S.E.	little	30	69	77	Ditto.
7 E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	69	77 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
8 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	60	66	Ditto.
9 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	60	67	Ditto.
10 N.E.	little	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	65	70	Slight shower.
11 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	62	66 ¹ / ₂	Much rain.
12 N.E.	little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	62	73	Sultry, intervals rain.
13 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	62 ¹ / ₂	75	Sultry.
14 E.N.E.	little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	64	76	Ditto.
15 S.E.	little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	64	76 ¹ / ₂	Ditto.
16 S.W.	little	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	64 ¹ / ₂	77	Ditto.
17 W.	fresh	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	63	73	Ditto.
18 W.	little	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	64	75	Ditto.
19 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	62	67	Cloudy.
20 W.	little	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	62	70	Ditto.
21 S.W.	little	30	61	70	Ditto.
22 S.	strong	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	62	71	Ditto.
23 W.	strong	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	61	68	Afternoon rain.
24 W.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	60	63	Frequent showers.
25 W.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	60	65	Fair.
26 W.N.W.	strong	29 ⁸ / ₁₀	61	63	Cloudy.
27 W.S.W.	fresh	29 ⁹ / ₁₀	60	62	Ditto.
28 N.E.	fresh	29 ⁶ / ₁₀	59 ¹ / ₂	62	Heavy rain.
29 S.	fresh	29 ⁷ / ₁₀	59	61	Frequent shower.
30 S.W.		29 ⁶ / ₁₀	58	59	Heavy rain.

PRICES

P R I C E S O F S T O C K S.

BANK:		E. India	South Sea	Old S. Sea	S. Sea New	3 per Cent Reduced.	3 per Cent Confols.	3 per Cent An. 1726.	3 per Cent An. 1751.	3 1/2 per Cent An. 1758.	Long Annuity.	Ind. Bonds	Na. Elix. diff.
Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.	Stock.
June 26	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
27	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
28	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
29	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
30	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
July 1	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
2	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
3	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
4	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
5	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
6	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
7	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
8	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
9	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
10	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
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12	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
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16	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
17	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
18	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
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22	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
23	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
24	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1
25	141 1/2	155 1/2	141 1/2	86 1/2	87 1/2	88 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	79 1/2	58 1/2	1

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For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere. POPE.



T has been a query, among casuists, whether the man who possesses most of this world's goods and honours be happier than he who is destitute of every thing but the bare necessities of life. The impossibility of determining this point with certainty will be evident, if we reflect, that no man can be in both these situations at one and the same time; and that present evils, of whatever kind, make stronger impressions than those which are past. Hence a person who sinks from affluence to poverty, from eminence to obscurity, laments his fate, looks back on the golden hours of prosperity, forgets the evils of that day, the anxiety that attends wealth, the thorns of ambition, and the gnawing worm of envy. The courtier envies the happiness which he supposes the peasant to enjoy in rural life: the peasant is struck with admiration at the false glare of pomp and riches, and sees not the clouds that overspread the hemisphere of greatness. Herein is verified the truth of that apophthegm, "Each man is seeking the things

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of another." But, although we cannot arrive at certainty in our enquiries on this subject, yet some use may arise from investigating it. The internal perceptions of mankind, and their predominant passions, are better discovered by carefully attending to their *actions* than their *words*. The refined notions of the speculatist please himself and us in the closet, but are seldom realized in life. A "warm passion," as the poet says, "o'erleaps a cold decree." We condemn what we too often practise; approve rules of action to which we seldom conform; and are as opposite to ourselves as we are one to another.

The *microcosm* has innumerable jarring interests, as well as the *macrocosm*. Custom, like the insidious usurper of a conquered kingdom, first intrudes itself as a guest; then solicits our acceptance of its help; then rules as a despotic governor. A desire to increase wealth, power, or honour, is the grand spring of action in most men; the *primum mobile* that sets the system in motion. Every advance they make towards the object of their wishes increases their assiduity. The nearer they approach to any distant good, be it real or imaginary, the stronger is its attraction: and, as a man, placed between two objects, cannot approach the one without receding from the other, so, in proportion as the mind fixes its desires on one thing, and delights in it, the opposite will be disregarded with aversion. The man who delights in wealth dreads nothing so much as poverty: of all the evils beneath the sun, none wears so terrific an aspect in the eye of Grius: he makes *real pain* a *pleasure*, to obtain the beloved object of his wishes. The man, whose desires terminate in power, fears nothing so much as becoming subject to the controul of others. Alexander was, all his life, a slave to the very fear of losing what he had conquered. The man who treads the craggy path to honour, and makes it his *summum bonum*, is constantly on the rack, lest another should snatch the laurel from his brows; — lest superior merit should push him from the pinnacle whereon he thinks he stands; — and suffers more, in striving to preserve his imagined superiority, than he enjoys in possessing it.

It is a truth, verified by the experience of all ages, that the possession of wealth, power, and worldly honours, instead of satiating, generally increases the desire after them: this is evident to all but the parties themselves; yet they seem ignorant of it. The rich miser will join you in exclaiming against covetousness, and declare he only wants to acquire a sufficiency: but what is a sufficiency? — a term not to be defined. If we advert to his practice for an answer, it will be, *a little more than he has got*. Attend him another year; his fortune is then per-

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haps nearly doubled : the answer is still the same, *a little more than he has got* : and so on, to the period of a life worn out and rendered wearisome by accumulating that which age may worship, but cannot enjoy. Happiness is the object of his pursuit. He sees, or thinks he sees, her seated on a bag of 10000 pounds. With much labour and diligence he gets possession of the bag : but, behold, she is now stationed at a farther distance, on a bag of 20000. He stills follows her, with unremitting ardour : he gets possession of that. The nymph still eludes his grasp, flies before him, and keeps her distance. But, as age increases, the way to her is more and more obstructed by a croud of phantoms, called *Fears*, which continually hover about the path of the pursuer. These weaken his activity, although not his ardour ; till, having crept on, with tottering steps, toward that prize which he resolves shall terminate his endeavours, suddenly the grave opens before him ; death, disdaining a bribe, gives him a push ; he sinks and falls, and is seen no more.

The case is pretty much the same in the pursuit of power and honours : they are in themselves ideal, and lie in a little space. The vast aggregate of them, which a subdued world heaped on Alexander, was insufficient to satisfy the craving of his vast ambition. This extensive region of earth and sea was too scanty : he lamented the smallness of their dimensions, and wept because there were no other worlds, within his reach, to conquer. Shall we ask, are such men happy ? The question is needless. Had they been happy, they would have been contented. In proportion as men desire to be otherwise circumstanced than they are, they are unhappy ; for what is happiness, but that state of content wherein desire and hope are swallowed up in possession and certainty ? Desire and hope are, indeed, inseparable from us in this state of being, because it was not intended to be a state of complete happiness ; but they are passions which ought always to be regulated and bounded by reason, and directed to proper objects by wisdom. Men feel themselves uneasy and in want of something : they call it happiness, and imagine it resides in whatever they are, from the peculiar frame and disposition of their minds, most attached to : hence they are prompted, by desire and hope, to seek many things, which either fail in affording them that happiness which they expect, or bring with them an increase of care and disquietude.

If the opulent man enjoys many blessings and much happiness, of which the poor man can scarcely have any idea, he is subject to cares and anxiety, which never disturb the poor man's slumbers, or imbitter that potion of happiness which his humble

ble station affords him. Even the couch of royalty is frequently a couch of thorns, and the pageantry of state the gilded mask of inward sorrow. In all exaltation there is danger. The arrows of mischief, shot from the bow of envy, are aimed at those who fill the most conspicuous stations. The proudly-towering oak often feels the force of the withered bolt, while humbler shrubs escape the fury of the storm. Poverty (unless in the extreme) is not so dreadful as the pencil of fear has drawn it. Clodio may be happier in his clay-built cot, with his wife and prattling children about him, over his little fire, with his brown loaf and turnips, than Glorioso in all the pomp of state, the parade of power, and the luxury of twenty covers on his table. If Clodio has little wealth, he is divested of that care and anxiety which ever attend it. If deprived of the delicacies which luxury furnishes, his relish is not vitiated by them, and he is free from the direful effects produced by intemperance. He feels health and vigour, to which the pampered epicure is a stranger; and enjoys that internal complacency of mind which those cannot feel who are the slaves of their passions.

Unmixed happiness is not congenial with this state of being. Were it to be attained here, we should reap no advantage in being removed to another. It pleased infinite wisdom so to constitute us and the world we inhabit, that we are no more capable of complete enjoyment here, than this world is capable of affording it. To such as are convinced of this truth, how vain is the search! How inadequate to this end are the acquisitions of those who have grasped the largest portion of earthly treasure! They have proved its choicest gifts, and found them vanity. Every acquisition brings its peculiar cares, and care is often the parent of sorrow. While we are in pursuit of any distant good, the pleasure arising from hopes of possession is ever alloyed by the fear of disappointment. No sooner do we possess, than anxiety takes place lest the object possessed should be taken from us. Thus, between hope and fear, our real enjoyments are much diminished; and, like petulant children, we still sigh for happiness not to be found.

This has been the complaint of moralists for many centuries; yet such is our infatuation, that we suffer not the disappointment of thousands that have gone before us to regulate our practice. With the experience of former generations to guide us, we run headlong into those errors which they have unavailably deplored. The distant enticing aspect of riches and honours, elevation of rank and station, leads us captive in spite of that reason which proclaims their fallacy. Such is the influence of external objects on the senses, that they lead
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the judgement captive ; and so weak are the powers of resolution, so disregarded is the voice of that internal monitor that speaks truth to the ear of judgement, that, with our eyes open, we voluntarily increase our sorrows by a mistaken endeavour to avoid them. This will remain to be the case so long as men continue to form such erroneous notions of happiness ; to place it in rank, wealth, and honours, and to seek it where it is not to be found. Such a portion of it, as will render this state of existence comfortable upon the whole, is within the reach of all men, if they would, as our incomparable poet expresses it,

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave.

All states can reach it, and all heads conceive.

Obvious her goods ; in no extreme they dwell :

There needs but thinking right, and meaning well. POPE.

EUSEBIUS.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

WHEN we are children we are fond of play-things, and enamoured of every toy. When advanced a step higher, to the bloom of life, we bind our temples with garlands, and let no flower of the spring escape us. Intent on gratifying appetite, we dance away the golden moments, without thought or reflection.

In the whole progress of tender years, till wisdom is become our favourite study, till virtue is become habitual to the soul and all our ways are established, we stand in need of the directions of wise, religious, instructors, and of being restricted by prudent discipline. It can scarcely be expected that young persons, left to the guidance of their own immature counsels, should enrich their minds with the treasures of divine knowledge, or form them to an exalted, arduous, and heavenly virtue. The unexperienced traveller, without a faithful guide to direct him, will be apt to step into by-paths, unconscious of his error till convinced of it by his fall.

When pleasure, in all her charms, shall solicit the blooming youth to her embraces, the giddy and unthinking will greedily be caught in the snare. The discrete and pious tutor will labour to bring his pupil to reflect seriously on the design of his beneficent Creator, in making him a reasonable and religious being ; that he may be disposed, in every occurrence, during the whole course of life, to behave in character, to avoid the delusive joys of vice, and attain to the dignity and perfection of
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a real Christian ; a candidate for immortality, and an heir of eternal felicity.

In what a hopeful state are those who have early learnt to think and reflect, and judge truly of the nature of things, their effects, and consequences ; who silently attend to the voice of reason, and can digest the salutary maxims of religion ; who, not too gay and lively for consideration, take care that passion may not carry them away, from duty, to things unlawful or unbecoming ; conscious that they are accountable, for their whole conduct, to an omniscient Judge, and perhaps as near the grave as decrepit age !

I hope I have not too high an opinion of that disposition of mind which I recommend to the consideration of youth, when I regard it as the best antidote against the allurements of vice and the contagion of bad example : it is a preservative against the power of appetite and the dominion of habit ; a principle, or foundation, on which every virtue may be erected ; and a necessary preparative for the reception of divine instruction. When once it is firmly fixed and established, it will extend itself through every part of life, and make the whole conduct regular, consistent, and beautiful.

If the thoughts of our youth (many of whom are endued by heaven with excellent abilities) were turned to contemplate the adorable attributes of Deity ; the dignity of human nature ; the relation we stand in to the One Supreme, our fellow-creatures, and the universe ; the beauty, excellence, and reasonableness of virtue ; the deformity and turpitude of vice ; the security and happiness of being under the protection of divine omnipotence ; and the lamentable consequence of being driven from his presence ; reflections on such divine and awful subjects would improve the mind into acts of goodness, and strengthen it against the assaults of temptation. To exhort our youth to be sober can never be unseasonable ; for sobriety is the parent of virtue, and virtue of permanent happiness. Such advice, therefore, is peculiarly adapted to their situation and circumstances in life, as they are in great danger of being captivated by lying vanities, enamoured of sensual pleasures, and conformed to the manners and customs of a corrupt and degenerate world.

If they can be prevailed on to take heed to their steps while passing over that " sea of glass, mingled with fire ;" to fly youthful lusts ; and not to allow themselves to commit any thing contrary to the rules of reason, and which they have just cause to condemn in the moments of seriousness and wisdom ; — if they can be induced to act, on all occasions, as becometh thinking and accountable beings, whose stay here is uncertain, and

and whose future bliss, or woe, depends on the employment of the present hour; — it may be reasonably hoped they will persist in the path, wherein they have been taught to walk, to the end, and reap the blessings, annexed to virtue, in the life that is to come.

Young persons are apt to promise themselves a long enjoyment of worldly satisfactions; to look upon death as something at a great distance from them; not considering that the grave opens for every age and condition; for the tender infant, the blooming youth, the man in full maturity and vigour, as well as those who bow under the pressure of years and infirmities. “In the midst of life we are in death;” in the greatest affluence, in the highest tide of joy, in the most florid state of health, uncertain of having life continued a moment. The power of the king of terrors is irresistible: all nature sickens and fades in his presence: greatness and strength fall before him! The policy of the statesman, the skill of the physician, cannot elude or prevent the inevitable stroke. Innumerable multitudes have gone before us, and we must soon join the vast assembly in the land of spirits! Kings must resign their crowns, and all the princes of the earth their glory!

How soon, alas! may the most vigorous, amiable, and beautiful, amongst us, become the companions of worms in the silent regions of the dead! This reflection, however disagreeable to the false politeness of our fashionable youth, may be rendered profitable, if by it they are excited to seek after more durable accomplishments, and lay up that treasure which can never decay. However unwilling young people are to be reminded of the uncertainty of life and its perishing enjoyments; however unwilling to believe that all their strength and vivacity cannot preserve them one moment from the stroke of death; he who thus recalls their attention to a subject so interesting is their real friend. There is but too much occasion to repeat these admonitions, and to exhort them frequently to make a prudent and rational use of the present moment, and of those faculties with which heaven has endued them for this end. Could they be persuaded frequently to reflect on their latter end, and that their state in eternity will be determined according to their behaviour in this life, such considerations would cool the heat of passion, and make them desirous of preparing for that event which terminates probation and fixes them in everlasting certainty.

The beneficent Creator has made us capable of distinguishing between virtue and vice, and left it to our option whether we will walk in the path that leads to life, or perish in our impiety: we are, therefore, inexcusable if we act in contradiction

dition to that light which the Fountain of light, wisdom, and goodness, has set up in the soul. Reason is the grand directing principle in the mind of man : her dictates are sacred, and proceed from the Fountain of immutable truth. "She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her, and happy is every one that retaineth her." Appetite must be reduced under her dominion, and regulated by her sacred laws.

If we set out in the right line at first, we shall find the benefit of such a direction in the succeeding stages and circumstances of life. By serious reflection our rational powers will be strengthened : good habits will take such deep root in our minds, that we cannot recede from them without extreme difficulty and violence. Therefore let not the golden opportunity be neglected. Let all possible care be taken to sow the seeds of virtue in the tender minds of youth. A constant and uniform goodness is the product of religious education.

But, although I thus exhort the youth to seriousness and sobriety, I would carefully distinguish between a sober mind and a gloomy countenance ; between innocent mirth and the affectation of unseasonable gravity. Religion is not austere, nor does it forbid pleasantry. A cheerful countenance and a joyful heart are not only consistent with it, but arise naturally out of a clear conscience and a mind that has just reason to be satisfied with its own disposition and actions. Social entertainments and social bliss are suitable to human beings, make us useful to our fellow-creatures, and a comfort one to another. Innocence and piety are the duties of every age and condition ; but those rigid austerities which give religion a forbidding aspect, and with which superstitious souls torment themselves, are not required of any by the good and gracious Creator.

Pure and undefiled religion forbids all levity of behaviour, all profane, vicious, and dissolute mirth ; but gives her votaries, in the room of them, a perpetual serenity of mind, and joys which no man taketh away. It consists not in enthusiastic abstractions, superstitious penance, and a sour retreat from the converse and society of human beings ; but in making a right use of our reason, and in a constant and uniform practice of divine and moral virtues. It doth not extirpate, but regulate, our passions, and direct our affections to their proper objects.

The pleasures of virtue, like the vestal flame, are pure and permanent : they warm and gladden the heart : raise us above sublunary and perishing delights ; and transfer our thoughts to possessions invisible and eternal.

MENTOR.

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An extraordinary Instance of Affection.

THERE is nothing more talked of in the world, and less easily found, than friendship: every one pretends to it, and not one in a million really possesses this noble passion, which is the most generous that can actuate and adorn the soul of man; being as necessary a cement, in private and domestic life, as public faith to public society and the greater commerce of the world.

For want of authentic and real examples of this noble quality in the mind of man, so conducive to his happiness and pleasure as well as profit, the ancient poets have had recourse to fiction, and told us stories of their fabulous Pylades and Orestes; but the following is a real instance of the most generous friendship human nature is capable of, authenticated by an author of unexceptionable credit, who was both an eye and ear witness to part of the story; which is more remarkable, by happening between two brothers, whom the constant observation of all ages has remarked to be less often friends to one another, notwithstanding the ties of blood, than other persons.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Portuguese carracks, according to annual custom, sailed from Lisbon to Goa, a very great colony, under the dominion of the Portuguese, in the East-Indies. The reader must be acquainted, that these carracks, as to their capacity, are the largest vessels that press the ocean. On-board one of these were twelve hundred persons, mariners, merchants, and passengers; and, amongst these, forty priests and friars, who were going on their several missions established in China and the Indies. The beginning of their voyage was prosperous: they had doubled the Cape of Good-Hope, and were steering north-east, to the continent of India, when some gentlemen, who were on-board, and had studied geography and navigation, found, in the latitude in which they then were, a very great ridge of rocks laid down in their sea-charts. Upon this, they applied themselves to the captain of the ship, and acquainted him with the danger which they apprehended, desiring him at the same time to communicate what they had discovered to the pilot; which request he immediately complied with, recommending to the pilot to lie-by in the night, and slacken sail by day, till they should be past the danger. Here the reader must be told, that, according to the discipline of the Portuguese navy, the sailing part is absolutely committed to the care of the pilot, who is answerable, with his head, for the safe carriage of the king's

ship, and under no manner of direction from the captain, who commands in all other respects.

As these men are generally brutal, instead of complying with so reasonable a request, on which the safety of so many lives depended, the insolent villain, thinking it an affront to be taught his own trade, after a saucy and peremptory answer, in mere opposition, crowded more sail than he carried before.

The observations of these gentlemen were too true, not to have a fatal issue. They had not sailed many hours, but, just upon break of day, the ship struck upon a great rock and broke her back; which would probably have been prevented if they had lain-by.

The reader will easily imagine what a scene of horror this must be; the fright and terror of twelve hundred persons, in the same inevitable danger, at the sight of that instantaneous death which stared them in the face!

The captain, in this distress, immediately ordered the pinnace to be launched; into which, after having tossed in a small quantity of biscuit and some few boxes of marmalade, he got himself, with nineteen others, who, seeing the danger of a croud, in the common horror, rushing into the boat, drew their swords and prevented the coming-in of any more. The same necessity obliged them immediately to put off, lest their pinnace should be drawn in by the suction of the sinking carcass, being so large a vessel.

Here they were entertained with the most dismal of spectacles; their eyes with the sight of their sinking friends, and their ears with the cries and shrieks of so many in the same misery, whom they could not help without their own destruction; — a scene of woe, which nothing could alleviate but the reflection that they themselves were not in the same extremity; though, in fact, they were not in a much better condition, being thus destitute in the vast Indian Ocean, in an open boat, without any compass to direct them, without any water (so necessary to life) but what must fall from that Heaven whose mercy and providence alone could deliver them: to which must be added the inevitable danger of being overset by the first wind that should raise the waves, besides the certainty of perishing as soon as their small stock of provisions should be spent, which only served to prolong their miseries, by reserving them for a more lingering and cruel death.

In this distress, after they had for four days rowed to and fro, without any guide or direction, the captain, who had been sick and very weak for some time before, overcome with grief and fatigue, died. This added, if possible, to their misery; for now they fell into the utmost confusion; every one would

would govern, and none would obey : which obliged them to choose one of their own company to command them, whose orders they all agreed implicitly, without any reserve, to follow.

The choice fell upon a gentleman who was what the Portuguese call a *Mestizzo* ; that is, one born between a Portuguese, or any other European, and an Indian. This person, vested with his new authority, proposed to the company to draw lots and throw every fourth man overboard, because their provision was spent so far as not to last above two or three days longer. They were now nineteen persons in all, their captain being dead : in this number were a friar and the carpenter ; both whom they would exempt, by reason of their being so necessary, the one to absolve and comfort them in their last extremity, and the other to take care of the boat, in case of a leak or any other accident. The same compliment they paid to their new captain, he being the odd man, and his life of more consequence than any of the rest. This he refused a great while, but at last acquiesced ; so that there were four to die out of the sixteen remaining.

The three first on whom the lot fell, after having confessed and received absolution, submitted to their fate.

The fourth person, whom fortune condemned, was a Portuguese gentleman who had a younger brother in the boat at the same time ; who, seeing his brother going to be flung overboard, most tenderly embraced him, and, with tears in his eyes, beseeched him to let him die for him ; enforcing his arguments by telling him, that he was a married man, and had a wife and children at Goa, besides the care of three sisters who absolutely depended upon him : that, as for himself, he was a single man, and his life consequently of no great importance : he therefore conjured him to let him supply his place.

The elder brother, astonished and melted with this generosity, replied, that, since the providence of God had appointed him, it would be wicked and unjust to suffer any other to die for him, especially a brother, to whom he was so infinitely obliged.

The younger brother would take no denial ; but, flinging himself on his knees, held his brother so fast, that they could not disengage them. Thus they disputed for a while, the elder brother bidding him be a father to his wife and children, and, as he would inherit his estate, take care of their common sisters : but all he could say did not make him desist. This was a scene of tenderness which must fill the spectators with pity, or any breast susceptible of generous impressions.

The common sailors (who, in all countries, are brutal) cried out, "Agree, agree, or we will fling you both over." At last, as it is no difficult thing to persuade a man to live, the constancy of the elder brother yielded to the piety of the younger: he acquiesced, and suffered the gallant young man to supply his place; who, when flung into the water, could not be content to die; but, being a very good swimmer, got to the stern of the pinnace, and laid hold with his right-hand, which being perceived by one of the sailors, the brute cut off his right-hand with a cutlass; upon which, dropping into the sea, he caught hold again with his left, which received the same fate by a second blow. Thus dismembered in his two hands, he made a shift to keep himself above water with his feet and two stumps.

This moving spectacle so raised the pity of the whole crew, that they cried out, "He is but one man; let us save him:" which was accordingly done; and he was taken into the boat, and had his hands bound up as well as the place and circumstances would permit. They rowed all that night; and, next morning, when the sun arose, as if heaven would reward the gallantry and piety of this young man, and for his sake save all the rest, they descried land; which proved to be the mountains of Mozambique in Africa, where the Portuguese have a colony. Hither they all safely got, and stayed there till the next ships from Lisbon passed by, and carried this company to Goa; where Linschotten, a Dutch author of good credit, declares that he himself saw them land; that he supped with the two brothers that very night, saw the younger with his stumps, and had the story from both their mouths, as well as from the rest of the company.

For the MONTHLY LEDGER.

So short a space the light of heav'n to view;

So short a space, and full of sorrow too. POPE'S HOMER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the shortness of human life, experience and observation convince us that *affliction* is the lot of man universally. "Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage," was the exclamation of the good old patriarch, on the review of his life; and all his successors have experienced it in theirs. Not one of the numerous progeny of Adam, but has, more or less, found affliction to be his portion, although the evils of life are infinitely diversified. From a conviction of the certainty and universality

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versality of affliction, the human mind, when under its influence, oftentimes, instead of supporting itself with an heroic fortitude, yields itself a voluntary captive, not only to *real evils*, but to those gloomy phantoms which assume their appearance, when *fear* dethrones, and *fancy* usurps the seat of, *reason*. When the ideas of approaching distress rise around in a gloomy succession, the powers of imagination enlarge the mournful scenery, and clothe it with formidable terrors. *Ideal* afflictions affect us as though they were real: we lose the power of resistance, and sink beneath their imaginary weight. This appears to be a weakness inseparable from human nature. The wise and valiant, as well as the ignorant and pusillanimous, are, at times, equally affected by it. But it is undoubtedly the interest, as well as duty, of all, to guard against it with the greatest circumspection.

The mind, that expatiates over the scenes of life only in search of disagreeable objects, may easily freight itself with ingredients that will imbitter the cup of life; and he, that claims a share in every calamity that hovers around him, is the principal disturber of his own peace, and voluntarily lays the foundation of his own misery. Whatever is "a float on the stream of time" *may*, or *may not*, encounter us in our passage: the intervention of a thousand objects may either screen us from the approaching danger, or divert its course from us. Therefore, to add to the *real* afflictions of life, by anticipating those that may never arrive; — to resign ourselves willing victims to the imaginary phantoms which fancy and fear have generated; — is derogatory to the dignity of reasonable beings.

The ardent solicitude of the human mind to draw aside the curtains, and pry into the scenes of futurity, is at once the source of its pleasure and its woe. When we attempt to explore the freight of the next hour, day, month, and year, we are involved in the mists of doubt and uncertainty; and are liable to be much deceived in the judgement we form of things, which, from their remoteness, cannot be discriminated with precision or certainty. Thus false conclusions are often drawn from right premises; and *vice versa*. We are repining only at self-deception, and cherish the guide that leads us. But, although much of the unhappiness complained of in life is either *ideal* or *self-inflicted*, yet *all* meet with *real* sorrows, which neither prudence nor wisdom can prevent or avoid. No station can exempt us from the intrusion of affliction: the rich, the poor, the learned, and the illiterate, equally proclaim her painful influence. The *prince*, although basking in the warm beams of prosperity, and surrounded with all the pomp and magnificence of royalty, is as susceptible of the arrows of affliction as the peasant

peasant whose daily labour procures him his daily bread. Affliction passes through the guarded gates of monarchs: her progress is not impeded by the formality of surrounding centinels. She approaches, with secret, but steady, perseverance, the couch of majesty.

As affliction thus appears to be the lot of all men, idle is the hope, and vain the expectation, of escaping it; in some one or other of its innumerable forms. Hence the mind is naturally excited to enquire how it may best sustain those evils it cannot avoid; and how it may lessen them. As every blessing we enjoy decreases in its estimated value when we imagine ourselves entitled to a larger proportion, so the acuteness of present pain is always alleviated by reflecting that a greater degree of it might have been inflicted. It is by the inversion of that fallacy, which creates imaginary joy, that our *ideal* sorrows are created, and our *real* ones magnified. By reversing the perspective, those things, which appeared the greatest obstruction to our felicity, will be found strictly connected with its final completion.

*The ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate,
Perplex'd with mazes, and involv'd in error,*

to that mind whose views are obscured by the prevalence of passion, or confined to this little scene of things: but the mind which is strengthened by the vigorous exercise of its own powers, and enlightened by wisdom, sees order, beauty, harmony, and perfection, throughout the divine œconomy. Thus the various afflictions we pass through in this imperfect state of existence, when viewed through a proper medium, will appear wisely and necessarily adapted to beings who are in a state of probation and only on their way to unmixed happiness. As men, we are a compound of two natures, essentially different, yet intimately connected; flesh and spirit. From the union of these two natures, the *intellectual* part of our frame is liable to be injured by the improper gratification of our *animal* passions. Hence, were we suffered uninterruptedly to pursue the objects of our desire, and indulge our sensual appetites without restraint, we should blindly rush into irretrievable ruin, and forget that this is not *the place of our rest*. But, when the mind sees the objects of its wishes snatched away at the moment of possession, and the rising hope blasted in the hour of expected enjoyment, its dependence on mutable things is weakened; it is recalled to its proper center, and led to the consideration of its proper object: it will see that all is vanity beneath the sun, and seek after the possession of an inheritance more permanent and glorious.

Thus

Thus to turn the mind from the *effect* to the *cause* seems to be the *end* for which infinite wisdom and goodness administers the cup of suffering in an universal manner. When we trace affliction to its source, it will often appear to be the just and unavoidable consequence of our own misconduct. It is the kind correction of the universal Parent and Friend, intended only to remain till its cause is removed, and the subject of it is restored to rectitude and healed of its intellectual malady.

To the *virtuous* mind affliction is a medicine, intended, by the divine Physician, to prevent some approaching greater evil, or permitted for their more perfect establishment in the way that is everlasting. Such may solace themselves with this comfortable reflection, that, however gloomy the scenes it may be their lot to pass through, they are still under the gracious notice of him

Whose eye pervades the darkness as the day,

and — *Who sees, with equal eye, as Lord of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall.* POPE.

Though the sons of virtue may suffer affliction for a season, *and be punished in the sight of men*, yet their “hope is full of immortality.” Unchangeable Goodness has promised, that every dispensation, whether of his *rod* or his *staff*, will ultimately tend to the completion of their happiness, and finally *work out for them a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory*. Although the mind may, at seasons, be assaulted by every warring passion, pass through a furnace of affliction, and *walk up and down in the midst of the stones of fire*, yet, if it can but appeal, with integrity, to the *Preserver of men*, for the sincerity and rectitude of its intention and actions, it may safely repose its confidence in that arm that is omnipotent and everlasting; and, by keeping in its view the future glorious recompence, it may rise superior to the waves of adversity, and, with a holy exultation, anticipate its inestimable portion in the riches of eternity.

ARISTIDES.

An Example of human Weakness.

SO great is the weakness of human-nature, that we can never be too secure, though armed with the sublimest virtue, against the repeated attacks of so many passions as constantly besiege us; and, though the garrison of the mind may be never so well provided with all means of resistance, the greatest

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of qualities, virtues, and perfections, that our nature is capable of attaining, nevertheless treachery within, and force or stratagem from without, may surprise and defeat us: an example of which infirmity in human-nature the following story will furnish to the reader, and teach him, above all things, to avoid what is called *spiritual pride*, that contempt of another for not being so good as himself, when he sees how, in an instant, the greatest piety and religion may be changed (by indulging only one dangerous passion) into the other extreme of wickedness: so that we may apply, to the lubricity of human virtue, what a wise man of Greece said of happiness, — That it can never be determined till death.

Less than half a century ago there lived a certain gentleman, of good birth and fortune, who had polished and finished a learned education by what is deemed the improvement of a camp and a court; in both which he spent some time. When about the thirtieth year of his age, he thought fit to settle himself in the world, and change his condition, by choosing a partner in life whose mind was as well adorned as her person was engaging and beautiful.

This happy couple spent five years together in perfect felicity; the husband with reputation, as well as fortune; and the wife with virtue not inferior to her beauty. But what crowned all their bliss was the mutual esteem they had contracted for one another. In this time they had two or three children, who all died in their infancy: and now it pleased heaven to snatch, from this happy man, the only joy and comfort of his life: his charming spouse died, and left him not only an inconsolable, but almost distracted, widower. When the first emotions of grief were over, he retired, from his own house, to a little farm, in another country, where no object should come in his way, to refresh his memory with the loss of his beloved and lamented wife. Here he spent two years; which led him into the thirty-eighth of his life. This time he divided between his studies and devotion, being religious from his very infancy; which natural piety was now more increased by the late mortification which he had received from the hand of God, and of which dispensation of Providence he knew not how to make so good an use. At last, he resolved to quit his native country, and to retire into a convent, where he would have greater helps in his devotion, by communion with those of his own sentiments.

This resolution was no sooner known to his friends, than they endeavoured to divert him from executing his design, with all manner of persuasions and arguments, by remonstrating to him that he was now in the flower of his age, and blest with a plentiful

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plentiful fortune, to give him all the comforts and pleasures of life; and that it would be unjust thus to fling himself away, not only to himself, but to his friends and family, to whom he owed the debt, which he had contracted, for posterity to continue his name. They told him that he had paid all the tribute, to the memory of his deceased wife, that the laws of honour, decency, and the obligations of a good husband, required; that he was now at liberty to make another choice; and that one good woman was not a phoenix, but that others of the same species might be found, to make him as happy as before.

These arguments, though backed with reason, were all ineffectual: he was deaf to every remonstrance that could be made, and accordingly passed over into Flanders, where he placed himself, at first, as pensioner in a religious house; in which place he lived with the same strictness of life that even the rules of that order required from those who were under vows of performing such austerities; nor did he receive more edification, from the example of others, than he gave by his own.

After a life led, for some time, with the greatest esteem and reputation, he communicated, to the superiors of the house, his ardent desire of being received into their society. The good fathers, though inwardly pleased with the honour of having so excellent a person in their order, did not receive his proposal with that joy and cheerfulness which he expected. Their prudence suggested to them that he was yet too young a man to be really, upon any good grounds, disgusted with the world; into the love of which he lay under great temptation of relapsing, by reason of that large fortune, which could furnish means of enjoying those pleasures which he must now for ever abandon, and the loss of which, if he should ever repent his vows, would make him as miserable as he now proposed to be happy. These reflections they pathetically laid before him, conjuring him, at the same time, strictly to search his own heart, so as to be convinced that this desire of his was an impulse and call from God, and not any temporary disgust of the world, which might blow over and vanish in time. He submitted to this proposal, and in a little time assured them, that this ardent desire of being a religious could only proceed from the directions of that Providence to whose service he had so strong and glorious a passion to dedicate the rest of his life. Upon this the society consented, on condition that he should undergo a double novitiate, that, by the length of the time, they might be assured of his being confirmed in those pious resolutions.

This he accepted, and immediately sent over powers into his own country, to convey and settle his estate upon his next heir; which was accordingly done; and, the time of his novitiate being expired, he took his vows, and embraced that life in which he proposed to himself so much heavenly satisfaction.

He had not thus lived long in the convent before his great capacity and learning rendered him too necessary to the service of his order to be kept at home. By command of his superiors he went on several commissions into other countries, where he executed the orders which he had received with wonderful address and fidelity, at the same time acquiring an universal reputation, wherever he came, for his extraordinary sanctity of life. His fortune settled him, at last, in France, where he met with the same esteem and veneration as in other countries, being universally known, caressed, and admired.

At length his ardent zeal for the service of God inflamed him with a passionate desire of laying down his life, in asserting the cross of Jesus Christ. Nothing would now satisfy his growing fervour, but to be sent on a mission, to convert infidels to the Christian faith; in which employ he had the holy ambition to meet with a crown of martyrdom. This pious inclination he communicated to the superiors of his own order, but was repulsed in his request; being told, that men of less weight than he might be as serviceable in that function, the conversion of savages; that less abilities than his were sufficient to instruct those nations which were so stupidly ignorant; and that his presence was more necessary at home, in Europe, where they had so many learned adversaries to combat.

This repulse not a little mortified the zeal of the good father, whose passion for martyrdom was now more inflamed by hearing that there was a new mission of French Jesuits going over to America. Upon this he applied himself to the bishop of Quebec, who was just upon his departure for Canada. This prelate was so charmed with the zeal and piety of the man, whose character he had heard before, that he soon entered into his sentiments, and made use of the interest he had with the court of France to get the request of this new apostle granted by authority.

Thus, master of his wishes, he went over with the bishop of Canada; where he met with as much veneration for his piety, humility, and all other Christian virtues, in America, as he left behind him regret for his loss in Europe. After some time of refreshment, he prepared for his apostolical function, and went, with his colleagues, among the most savage and cruel nations of the Indians. Some of his comrades were murdered
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by these people; others died of the hardships and fatigues which they endured; while our missionary escaped, through the goodness of his constitution, which enabled him to endure all those miseries that overcame the others, who were not so robust; he being now in the forty-eighth year of his age, and of a good temperament of body, which, as nature had fortified it at first, was now preserved and confirmed by an habitual temperance and a good regimen of life from his infancy.

In this first expedition he was several times in imminent danger of life, having once the knife over his head to scalp him: but Providence, whose secrets are unsearchable, preserved him, and would not vouchsafe that honour, which he so passionately desired, of dying a martyr. In this first attempt he succeeded so far, as to vanquish the obstinacy and ignorance of twenty-two Indian men and women, whom he baptized and brought with him to Quebec; which town he entered triumphantly, with his converts, whom he had released from the chains and captivity of the devil. The reader may guess at the adoration paid him by the people, who looked on him as a faint and apostle, and pressed near to touch and kiss his very garments. During the winter months he was obliged to spend his time at Quebec, it being impossible to preserve life in so cold a country, where the woods and fields were impassable by snows, without the cover of houses against the inclemency of the air. The summer seasons were taken up entirely by the labours of his mission, in which he had wonderful success.

The third winter, (at which time he approached the fiftieth year of his age,) the governor, who had a profound respect for him, invited the good missionary to come and reside at his house, with a request to teach and instruct his daughter, who, with a vanity peculiar to the French ladies, affected to be what they call a *femme savante*, and desired to be acquainted with the learned languages, and to have some smattering of the mathematics. The good father cheerfully undertook his new province, and very assiduously attended his young pupil, the brightness of whose parts made his pains in instructing the more agreeable. This young lady was about eighteen years old, with a person equal to the beauties of her mind, and all the vivacity so natural to her country. The preceptor had not often attended his fair scholar before he found those emotions in his heart, which, in a little time, shipwrecked his virtue. He fell desperately in love with the young lady, and now, through the eyes, sucked in that poison which tainted a soul that so much virtue had so long and so constantly defended before. Thus Love, that invincible tyrant, entirely subdued and added the heart of this once holy man to his other triumphs

umphs over princes as well as beggars. In order to make himself the more agreeable, he cut off his beard, which he had cherished so long, on pretence of curing some cutaneous distemper which he had in his face, and now put on linen next his skin, which he had not worn for some years, the more to indulge his mortification, though he was not obliged to that austerity by the rules of his order. That devotion, which had flamed so long in his heart towards God, was now turned into the adoration of one of his creatures; love converting all other passions into itself, as the plague, in pestilential years, does all distempers. In short, he managed his amours with such address, that, at last, he triumphed, and gratified his criminal desires; the fruits of which soon appeared, and flung the lovers into the last confusion and distress.

There was no remedy but one, which was, to fly. Accordingly, one night, the summer now advancing, so as to permit them to lie in the woods and open air, they got over the ramparts and fled to the Indians; among whom he had a great interest, and who now received them with open arms. As he had seen some campaigns in his youth, and understood fortification and the mathematical part of war, he began to train and discipline the savages, whom he persuaded to revolt against the French. In the mean while the governor, overwhelmed with grief for this terrible misfortune in his family, sent out several small parties to bring them back; but these were defeated by the superiority of the Indians in number; upon which the governor marched with the whole garrison and all the fighting-men he could muster. The lovers animated and encouraged the savages, whom they brought, in great numbers, to oppose the enemy. The little armies came in fight; and, while the two unfortunate lovers stood close to one another, (she with an Indian quiver at her back, and a bow in her hand,) the first fire from the French laid them both on the ground. Such was the sad catastrophe of this unhappy man, whose piety and good life, for so many years, could not prevent his falling, at last, and giving the world so memorable an example of the imbecility of all human perfections.

To the EDITOR of the MONTHLY LEDGER.

SIR,

IN perusing your last Ledger, I met with a piece, on female conduct, by Apyrexia, which truly merits my approbation; and, as no one has a greater regard for the female sex than

than myself, so no one wishes more to preserve their innocence and protect their honour; which I would attempt to do by pointing out, in the following address, the evils that most readily beset them, and but too frequently reduce them to that unhappy situation so inimitably described in Apyrexia's second quotation of those expressive lines from Brooke's *Female Seducers*. But, before I address their sex, I would remind my own, that

Nothing misbecomes

*The man, that would be thought a friend, like flatt'ry;
Flatt'ry, the meanest kind of base dissembling,
And only used to catch the grossest fools.*

Rowe's Amb. Step.

Many are the authors who employ their talents in exposing the failings of their fellow-creatures; mine be the task to point out, to the most amiable part thereof, the means to avoid those failings, by addressing myself to them, and claiming a few moments of their serious attention, hoping that this short address, although graced with simplicity, will be found grounded upon the basis of truth: and, as no subject is more delicate, so the consideration of no subject is of more importance, than that on which I would wish to treat: and, should it not be graced with that delicacy of stile the nature of it requires, although I may meet with the censure of some, yet I trust I shall at least meet with a small share of approbation from those who peruse this address with candour and generosity.

YOUNG WOMEN, (for so I shall address you, and not, by giving you the appellation of *ladies*, flatter you, since it is a vice I would, by this short address, most strenuously warn you against; for, although its immediate effects may frequently prove pleasing, its consequences will never fail to prove prejudicial wherever its baneful influence is felt,) permit me to ask you the question: can you believe that man, who flatters you, can possibly be possessed of a real and ardent affection for you? Let us state the question in its proper light, by first considering the motive that induces him to flatter you, and, next, the consequences it frequently, though not generally, produces in your sex; for, though I would wish to point out to you some of the errors to which your sex too easily falls a prey, I would by no means be understood to charge you all with that weakness. Permit me to tell you, that man who professes an affection for you, and at the same time presumes to flatter you, absolutely professes an absurdity. To support this assertion, let us first consider his motive; we shall then

then very easily perceive the grounds of his affection. I make not the least doubt that the sensible part of you will readily allow me, that there is a certain diffidence, productive of a prudent modesty, in your sex, that not only enhances your beauty and displays your virtues, but at the same time is the greatest safeguard and protection, you can have recourse to, from the voracious attacks of that part of the world whose pleasures are all sensual, and whose ideas of happiness, with your sex, are confined within the bounds of luxury and libertinism.

Depend upon it, that man who tells you, that in beauty you are unrivalled, and that your mental as well as personal accomplishments give you a superiority over all your sex, has no other motive than this; that, should he artfully prevail on your inadvertency to once entertain this notion of yourself, he is fully conscious that it will inevitably prove destructive of all diffidence that is productive of modesty, and, in the room thereof, too frequently substitute those airs (by some deemed accomplishments) which constitute a coquette, a character by all wise men despised and detested; and, when he has artfully graced you with that character, he will then vaunt himself upon this security, that he has placed you in a situation free from the attempts of all sensible and judicious men, associating themselves with you, which he is conscious would only be the means of making you sensible of your own error, and defeat him in his dishonourable intentions, which too frequently are to rob you of your virtue, and by that means sacrifice all that can possibly be dear to you, and then abandon you to shame and all the miseries that can possibly beset human nature. Or, should he not have it in his power so far to prevail on your weakness or inadvertency, as to accomplish his designs, (unhappy marriages too frequently bespeak it,) he would then make you a tender of that honourable connection, with no other intention than just to accomplish his lustful desires, and then abandon and forsake you. Or, should he even be induced, by any lucrative motive, to continue with you, he would never study to maintain a mutual exchange of those kind offices that should ever endear so happy a connection as a married state.

It would be totally unnecessary, as well as a gross affront on your more pathetic feelings, to attempt, by argument, to make you sensible of the anxieties such a state must be productive of: nor should I judge it necessary, after a deliberate consideration on the circumstances whereon the happiness of a married state is dependent, to point out to you the importance of the choice you make, or the prudence with which you should make it. Upon this you may rely, that, if you find not a superior satisfaction

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saction in the addresses of the man who professes an affection for you to that which may arise from the praises with which he flatters you, (which must fail as your charms fail in novelty to him,) you will afterwards, should you cement your attachments by the strongest ties of matrimony, have but a very disagreeable substitute, — that of a painful reflection on yourself, for having permitted vanity to outstrip reason, and folly to run before prudence.

That man, who really possesses, as well as professes, an affection for you, will always express a far greater anxiety to make himself acquainted with your sentiments from the bottom of your heart, than to make himself acquainted with your circumstances from the bottom of your purse; and will take a far greater pride in making you acquainted with your failings, than in possessing you with vanity by praising your accomplishments: nor would he less endeavour to shew his approbation of that part of your conduct that is governed by prudence and influenced by virtue, by an imitation thereof, in preference to communicating his sentiments to you thereon.

I would just farther say, (and I hope without its being deemed an intrusion on your kind condescension,) I would most strenuously advise you, young women, by no means to confine your ideas of happiness in a married state totally within the circle of affluence, as I am fearful is but too often unhappily the case; for, although riches may be a very agreeable ingredient in a married state, it is by no means the most essential one; for of this you may rest assured, that the rustic peasant, who has only the necessaries of life, without the conveniences thereof, has frequently been known to enjoy a far greater share of felicity therein, than the nobleman who rolls in luxury and dissipation.

CENEUS.

Singular Customs and Sayings, and remarkable Curiosities of various Kinds, in several Parts of England, pointed out.

Tottenham High-Cross.

IN the middle of a circular tuft of elms, at the end of Page-Green, which are called The Seven Sisters, there stood many years a walnut-tree, always flourishing, yet never growing bigger nor taller. The seven trees, which go under the denomination of The Seven Sisters, are said to have been planted by seven sisters; and, one of the trees being crooked, the country-people very gravely add this marvellous circumstance: that the female, who planted this tree, was crooked, though

though all her sisters were straight; and her obliquity, it seems, communicated itself to the tree which she planted.

There was a very great wood formerly, of four hundred acres, on and about the hill, on the west side of the parish. In 1596 an alms-house was founded here, by one Zancher, a Spaniard, the first confectioner ever known in this kingdom.

Woodford. — The custom of the manor of Woodford is Borough-English, by which the younger son inherits. The origin of this custom has been a subject of much dispute; but it appears to have prevailed greatly in the kingdom of the East-Saxons.

Chigwell. — The Forest of Henhault, in this neighbourhood, is supposed to have been so named on account of its having been stocked with deer from Henhault in Germany. Within this forest stands the remarkable large oak, called Fair-lop, measuring upwards of fifteen yards in bulk. It is not a very tall tree, but it is singularly beautiful and curious, on account of the boughs spreading from top to bottom in a regular circle, and being level underneath, about ten feet from the ground, so as to represent an umbrella. A custom prevailed, among many of the Londoners, to come yearly to eat beans and bacon dressed under the bounds of this tree, which are supposed to extend about eighty feet from the body all around. It at last became so remarkable, that a fair was held under it, called Fair-lop Fair: which fair, some years ago, was ordered to be discontinued, by lord Tylney and the verdurer, on account of its becoming a nuisance; for, besides the riots which frequently happened there, the deer were considerable sufferers.

Kelvedon-Hatch, Essex. — John Luther, esq. has a seat in this parish, called Miles's, about a mile distant from the church. On a tomb-stone in the church here is a plate, with the following inscription:

"Fratres in unum!"

Here lie Richard and Anthony Luther, esqrs. so truly loving brothers, that they lived near forty years joint house-keepers together at Miles's, without any accompt between them."

Berking. — The manor of Berking, in the reign of queen Elizabeth, belonged to sir William Hewett, who was lord-mayor of London in 1589, and concerning whom the following story is related. Sir William lived upon London-bridge, and had an infant daughter. One of his maids, playing with this child out of a window over the river Thames, by chance dropped her in, almost beyond expectation of being saved. A young gentleman, named Edward Osborne, then apprentice to sir William, at this calamitous accident leaped in boldly, and saved

saved the child ; in memory of which deliverance, and in gratitude, her father afterwards bestowed her in marriage to the said Mr. Osborne, with a very great dowry. Several persons of quality courted the young lady, and particularly the earl of Shrewsbury : but sir William Hewett said, “ Osborne saved her, and Osborne shall enjoy her.” This Mr. Osborne was ancestor to the present duke of Leeds.

Stepney-church. — On the east side of the portico in this church, leading up to the gallery, is a stone with the following singular inscription upon it :

*Of Carthage great I was a stone :
O mortals, read with pity !
Time consumes all ; it spareth none,
Men, mountains, town, nor city.
Therefore, O mortals ! all bethink
You, whereunto you must,
Since now such stately buildings
Lie buried in the dust.*

It is probable this stone was really brought from Carthage, otherwise this inscription would scarcely be permitted to be there : but it is to be hoped, that he who ordered it to be fixed there did not go to Carthage on purpose to fetch it.

On a stone near the foot-path, on the north-west side, is the following inscription :

*Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you, tread most neatly ;
For underneath the same doth lye
Your honest friend, Will. Wheatly.*

West. Mag.

Character of King James I. From Hume's History of England.

NO prince, so little enterprising, and so inoffensive, was ever so much exposed to the opposite extremes of calumny and flattery, of satire and panegyric ; and the factions, which began in his time, being still continued, have made his character to be as much disputed, to this day, as is commonly that of princes who are our contemporaries. Many virtues, however, it must be owned, he was possessed of ; but scarce any of them pure, or free from the contagion of the neighbouring vices. His generosity bordered on profusion ; his learning, on pedantry ; his pacific disposition, on pusillanimity ; his wisdom, on cunning ; his friendship, on light

fancy and boyish fondness. While he imagined that he was only maintaining his own authority, he may perhaps be suspected, in a few of his actions, to have somewhat encroached on the liberties of his people : while he endeavoured, by an exact neutrality, to acquire the good-will of all his neighbours, he was able to preserve fully the esteem and regard of none. His capacity was considerable ; but fitter to discourse on general maxims than to conduct any intricate business : his intentions were just ; but more adapted to the conduct of private life than to the government of kingdoms. Awkward in his person, and ungainly in his manners, he was ill qualified to command respect : partial and undiscerning in his affections, he was little fitted to acquire general love : of a feeble temper, more than a frail judgement : exposed to our ridicule, from his vanity ; but exempt from our hatred, by his freedom from pride and arrogance : and, upon the whole, it may be pronounced of his character, that all his qualities were sullied with weakness, and embellished by humanity. Of political courage he certainly was destitute ; and thence chiefly is derived the strong prejudice which prevails against his personal bravery : an inference, however, which must be owned, from general experience, to be extremely fallacious.

*Observations on the State of England in the Reign of James I.
From a celebrated Historian.*

HIGH pride of family then prevailed ; and it was by a dignity and stateliness of behaviour that the nobility and gentry distinguished themselves from the common people. Great riches, acquired by commerce, were then rare, and had not, as yet, been able to confound all ranks of men, and render money the chief foundation of distinction. Much ceremony took place in the common intercourse of life, and little familiarity was indulged by the great. —

The expences of the great consisted in pomp and shew and a numerous retinue, rather than in convenience and true pleasure. The earl of Nottingham, in his embassy to Spain, was attended with 500 persons : the earl of Hertford, in that to Brussels, carried 300 gentlemen along with him. Civil honours, which now hold the first place, were at that time subordinate to the military. The young gentry and nobility were fond of distinguishing themselves by arms. The fury of duels, too, prevailed more than at any time before or since.

Liberty of commerce between the sexes was indulged ; but without any licentiousness of manners. The court was very little

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little an exception to this observation. James had rather entertained an aversion and contempt for the females; nor were those young courtiers, of whom he was so fond, able to break through the established manners of the nation.

The first sedan-chair, seen in England, was in this reign, and was used by the duke of Buckingham, to the great indignation of the people, who exclaimed, that he was employing his fellow-creatures to do the service of beasts. — The gentry of that age were engaged in no expence except that of country hospitality. No taxes were levied; no wars waged; no attendance at court expected; no bribery or profusion required at elections. Could human nature ever reach happiness, the condition of the English gentry, under so mild and benign a prince, might merit that appellation.

Interest, during this reign, was at 10 *per cent.* till 1624; when it was reduced to 8. This high interest is an indication of the great profits, and small progress, of commerce. — The king possessed not frugality proportioned to the narrowness of his revenue. Splendid equipages, however, he did not affect, nor costly furniture, nor a luxurious table, nor prodigal mistresses. His expences were the effects of liberality rather than of luxury. One day, it is said, while he was standing among some of his courtiers, a porter passed by, loaded with money, which he was carrying to the Treasury. The king observed that Rich, afterwards earl of Holland, one of his handsome agreeable favourites, whispered something to one standing near him. Upon enquiry, he found that Rich had said, "How happy would that money make me!" Without hesitation James bestowed it all upon him, though it amounted to 3000 pounds. He added, "You think yourself very happy in obtaining so large a sum; but I am more happy in having an opportunity of obliging a worthy man whom I love."

— The price of corn, during this reign, and that of the other necessities of life, was no lower, or was rather higher, than at present.* By a proclamation of James, whenever wheat fell below 32 *s.* a quarter, rye below 18 *s.* barley below 16 *s.* commissioners were empowered to purchase corn for the magazines. These prices *then* are to be regarded as *low*, though they would rather pass for *high* by our present estimation. The usual bread of the poor was at this time made of barley.

The best wool, during the greatest part of James's reign, was at 33 *s.* *per* tod; — at present not above 21 *s.* though, it may be presumed, our exports in woollen goods are increased. —

I have not been able, by any enquiry, to learn the common price of butchers-meat during the reign of James : but, as bread is the chief article of food, and its price has a great influence on every thing else, we may presume that cattle bore a high value, as well as corn. Besides, we must consider that the general turn of that age, which no laws could prevent, was the converting arable land into pasture ; — a certain proof that the latter was found more profitable, and, consequently, that all butchers-meat, as well as bread, was rather higher than at present. We have a regulation of the market, with regard to poultry and some other articles, very early in Charles I.'s reign ; and the prices are high : a turkey-cock, 4 s. 6 d. a turkey-hen, 3 s. a pheasant-cock, 6 s. — hen, 5 s. a partridge, 1 s. a goose, 2 s. a capon, 2 s. 6 d. a pullet, 18 d. a rabbit, 8 d. pigeons, 6 d. — — — At the beginning of Charles I.'s reign England was so unprovided with horses fit for war, that 2000 men could not be mounted throughout the whole kingdom.

Since that time, the growth of London, in riches and beauty, has been prodigious. From 1600 it doubled every 40 years ; and, consequently, in 1680, it contained four-times as many inhabitants as at the beginning of the century. It was, at this time, almost entirely built of wood, and in every respect a very ugly city. The earl of Arundel first introduced the general practice of brick-buildings. — The navy of England was esteemed very formidable in Elizabeth's time ; yet it consisted of only 33 ships, besides pinnaces ; and the largest of these would not equal our fourth rates at present. — The Dutch, at this time, traded to England with 600 ships ; England to Holland with 60 only.

Nine-tenths of the commerce of the kingdom consisted in woollen goods. Wool, however, was allowed to be exported till the 19th of this king's reign : its exportation was then prohibited by proclamation ; though that edict was never strictly executed. Most of the cloth was exported raw, and was dyed and dressed by the Dutch, who gained, it is said, 700,000 l. a year by this manufacture. The manufacture of fine-linen was then totally unknown in the kingdom. — — —

The exports of England, from Christmas, 1612, to Christmas, 1613, are computed at 2,487,435 l. the imports, at 2,141,151 l. so that the balance in favour of England was 346,284 l. but, in 1622, the exports were 2,320,436 l. the imports, 2,619,315 l. which makes a balance of 298,879 l. against England. The coinage of England, from 1599 to 1619, amounted to 4,779,314 l. 13 s. and 4 d. a proof that the balance, in the main, was considerably in favour of the kingdom.

dom. — The trade to Turkey was one of the most gainful to the nation. It appears that copper halfpence and farthings began to be coined in this reign. —

English prose, during the reign of James, was writ with little regard to the rules of grammar, and with a total disregard to the elegance and harmony of the period : but I shall venture to affirm, that, whatever uncouth phrases and expressions occur in old books, they were chiefly owing to the uninformed taste of the authors ; and that the language, spoken in the courts of Elizabeth and James, was very little different from that which we meet with at present in good company.

Account of English Sovereigns.

BEFORE the Romans came into this island, the Britons, who then possessed the country, were divided into several nations, each of them governed by their own kings. And, when Britain became a member of the Roman empire, many of their tribes had their proper kings, who were suffered to govern by their own laws, provided they were tributary. Such kings were Codigunus and Praeditagus, mentioned by Tacitus ; Lucius, said to be the first Christian king, who died in 407, and left the Roman empire heir to his kingdom ; and Coilus, the father of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great. After the Romans had quitted Britain, upon the irruption of the Goths into Italy, in the empire of Honorius, (that is, in 430,) the kingly government returned to the Britons, who chose, for their king, Constantine, brother of Aldroinus, king of Britanny in France, a prince of the British blood ; to whom succeeded Constantine, his son ; then Vortiger, who usurped the crown ; but, being harassed by the Scots and Picts in 440, to maintain his usurpation, first called in the Saxons, at that time hovering along the coast of Britain, in 446. These, having got sure footing in the island, never left the Britons quiet till they were possessed of the whole ; and, though they were overthrown in many battles by king Vortimer, the son and successor of Vortiger, and afterwards by king Arthur, yet the Britons were, soon after his death, so broken and weakened, that they were forced, at last, to retreat, and exchange this sweet and rich part of Britain for the mountains of Wales ; Cadwallader, the last king of the Britons, began to reign in 660 ; killed, in battle, Lothair, king of Kent, and Ethelwold, king of the West Saxons ; turned monk, and died at Rome. Thus the Britons left the stage, and the Saxons entered. By these the country was divided into seven kingdoms, called

called the Heptarchy. Kent, the first kingdom, was, in Julius Cæsar's time, the sovereignty of four petty princes, and never called a kingdom, till Hengist erected it into one.

THE HEPTARCHY.

The kingdom of Kent contained the county of Kent: its kings were,

1 Hengist, reigned 11 years.	10 Edrick, reigned 6 years.
2 Eſke - - - 24	11 Withred - - 33
3 Oſta - - - 20	12 Eadbert - - 23
4 Ymrick - - 29	13 Edelbert - - 11
5 Ethelbert - - 56	14 Alrik - - 34
6 Eabald - - 24	15 Ethelbert - - 3
7 Ercombert - 24	16 Cuthred - - 8
8 Egbert - - 9	17 Baldred - - 18
9 Lothaire - - 11	

This kingdom began in 457, and ended in 823; having continued 366 years. Its first Christian king was Ethelbert.

The kingdom of the South-Saxons contained the counties of Suffex and Surry: its kings were,

1 Ella, reigned - 32 years.	4 Berthum,
2 Ciffa - - - 75	and
3 Ethelwolf - - 25	5 Authum.

This kingdom began in 488, and ended in 725; having continued 237 years. Its first Christian king was Ethelwolf.

The kingdom of the East-Saxons contained the counties of Effex and Middlefex: its kings were,

1 Erchenwin, reign. 34 years.	7 Swithelme, reign. 14 years.
2 Sledda - - - 10	8 Sighere
3 Sebert - - - 21	9 Sebba - - - 30
4 { Sexred } - - 7	10 Sigherd, and
{ Seward }	11 Seofrid - - 8
{ Sigebert }	12 Offa - - - 4
5 Sigebert - - 23	13 Selred - - 30
6 Sigebert - - 13	14 Suthped - - 38

This kingdom began in 527, and ended in 827; having continued 281 years. Its first Christian king was Sebert.

The kingdom of Northumberland contained Yorkſhire, Durham, Lancaſhire, Weſtmoreland, Cumberland, and Northumberland: its kings were,

1 Ella or Ida	5 Frethulfe, reigned 7 years.
2 Adda, reigned - 7 years.	6 Theodrick - - 7
3 Elappea - - - 5	7 Ethelrick - - 5
4 Theodwald - - 2	8 Ethelfrid - - 23
	9 Edwin,

9 Edwin, reigned 17 years.	17 Egbert, reigned 20 years.
10 Oswy - - 28	18 Oswulph - - 1
11 Egfrid - - 15	19 Edilwald - - 11
12 Alkfryd - - 20	20 Alured - - 1
13 Ofred - - 11	21 Ethelred - - 1
14 Kenred - - 2	22 Alfwald - - 11
15 Ofwick - - 11	23 Ofred - - 1
16 Ceolnulphe - 8	

This kingdom began in 547, and ended in 827; having continued 287 years. Its first Christian king was Edwin.

The kingdom of Mercia contained the counties of Huntingdon, Rutland, Lincoln, Northampton, Leicester, Derby, Nottingham, Oxford, Chester, Salop, Gloucester, Worcester, Stafford, Warwick, Buckingham, Bedford, and Hertford: its kings were,

1 Creda, reigned - 6 years.	11 Offa, reigned - 40 years.
2 Wibba - - 3	12 Egfryd - - 4 months.
3 Cheorl - - 34	13 Kenwolf - - 22 years.
4 Penda - - 30	14 Kenelme - - 5 months.
5 Peada - - 4	15 Chelwolfe - - 1 year.
6 Wolfhere - - 17	16 Bernulfe - - 3
7 Ethelred - - 30	17 Ludecan - - 2
8 Kenred - - 4	18 Whitlase - - 13
9 Cheldred - - 7	19 Bertwolfe - - 13
10 Ethelbald - - 42	20 Burdred - - 22

This kingdom began in 582, and ended in 829; having continued 247 years. Its first Christian king was Peada.

The kingdom of the East-Angles contained the counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridge, and the Isle of Ely: its kings were,

1 Uffa, reigned - 7 years.	9 Ethwald, reigned 9 years.
2 Titullus - - 10	10 Aldwolfe - - 19
3 Redwald - - 44	11 Alfwald - - 7
4 Erpenwald - - 12	12 Beorn - - 24
5 Sigebert	13 Ethelred - - 52
6 Egrik	14 Ethelbert - - 5
7 Anna - - 13	15 Edmund - - 16
8 Ethelbert	

This kingdom began in 575, and ended in 792; having continued 217 years. Its first Christian king was Redwald.

The kingdom of the West-Saxons contained the counties of Cornwall, Devon, Dorset, Somerset, Wilts, Hants, and Berks: its kings were,

1 Cherdic, reigned 33 years.	3 Chevline, reigned 33 years.
2 Kenrike - - 26	4 Cearlik - - 5
	5 Chelwold,

5	Chelwold, reign. 30 years.	11	Inas, reigned - 37 years.
6	{ Kingils - 32	12	Ethelard - 14
	{ Quinthelin - 1	13	Cuthreds - 16
7	Kenwald - 30	14	Sigebert - 2
8	Esikwyn - 2	15	Kenwolfe - 29
9	Kentwin - 9	16	Brithrik - 16
10	Ceadwald - 7	17	Egbert - 19

This kingdom began in 534, and ended in 829; having continued 295 years. Its first Christian king was Kingils.

The Saxons, though they were divided into seven kingdoms, were for the most part subject unto only one monarch, who was stiled king of the English nation; the most powerful giving the law unto the others.

Hengist, first monarch of Britain, landed in the isle of Thanet, 449; and, after having surpris'd Vortigern, and put to death a great number of the Britons, took possession of his dominions, and laid the foundation of the monarchy. He bore, in his standard, the white horse, blazoned in the same manner as borne by the dukes of Brunswick. He was born at Angria, in Westphalia, and left behind him two sons and a daughter. Having reigned 34 years, he died in 484.

Ella, 2d monarch, sent for, by Hengist, in the 23d year of his reign, brought with him a supply of Saxons, and landed at Shoreham, in Suffex. He continued in Britain five years, harassing the natives, before he assumed the title of king of the South-Saxons, which he governed for six years before the death of Hengist, whom he succeeded as the second monarch. He had three sons: the eldest died before his father, and the youngest succeeded him in the kingdom of the South-Saxons. Ella reigned 26 years, and died in 499.

Cherdic, 3d monarch, arrived in Britain, and overcame a British sovereign, called Natanleod, near Chard, in Hampshire, in the 7th year of Ella's monarchy, and (about 6 years after) began the kingdom of the West-Saxons, where he reigned 13 years, when he assumed the monarchy, which he continued the space of 21 years; and, having two sons, died in 534, the 33d year of his kingdom, and the 40th after his arrival.

Kenrike, 2d king of the West-Saxons, 4th monarch, the eldest son of Cherdic, succeeded in his dominions in 534. He twice defeated the Britons in the 32d year of his age. He reigned 26 years, and died in 560. He left three sons.

Chevlinc, 3d king of the West-Saxons, and 5th monarch, succeeded his father in both his dignities, and enlarged his kingdom of the West-Saxons; but, treating his subjects with contempt, he was by them compelled to abdicate his throne, in

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the 33d year of his reign, and died in banishment in 592. He had two sons.

Ethelbert, 5th king of Kent, and 6th monarch, began to reign in 561, when St. Augustine first arrived in his dominions; who, with his followers, was entertained by this king at Canterbury, where they settled, and to whose doctrine Ethelbert became a convert, and gave Canterbury for the use of the Augustines. He also gave Augustine an idol-temple without the walls of the city, as a burial-place for him and his successors; which was converted into a monastery. This king was the first that caused the laws of the land to be collected and translated into Saxon. He died Feb. 24, 616, the 21st year of his Christianity, the 23d of his monarchy, and the 56th of his reign over Kent, and was buried at Canterbury. His first wife was the daughter of Chilperike, king of France; by whom he had three children, a son and two daughters. He had a second wife, whose name has not been transmitted to us, she being unworthy of remembrance, for marrying her son-in-law after the death of his father. Pope Boniface presented Ethelbert's eldest daughter, Ethelburge, with a looking-glass, and an ivory comb, (which was preserved in sir Robert Cotton's collection,) to induce her to be married to Edwin, king of Northumberland.

Redwald, 3d king of the East-Angles, became 7th monarch, about 616, and in the 24th year of his reign over the East-Angles; who, in the second year of his reign, had established Edwin in Northumberland. He died in the 8th year of his monarchy, and the 31st of his reign over the East-Angles, in 624. He had two sons.

Edwin the Great, king of Northumberland, succeeded Redwald, as 8th monarch, in 624. He was the first Christian and the second king of Northumberland. He received baptism the 12th of April, in the 11th year of his reign, in 627, about 180 years after the arrival of the Saxons. He lost his life in a battle, Oct. 4, 633, the sixth year of his Christianity, the 7th of his monarchy, and the 47th of his age. His body was buried at Whitby, in Yorkshire. He had four sons and two daughters.

Oswald, 3d king of Northumberland, and 9th monarch, in 634, erected a cross of wood, which is said, by Bede, to be the first altar raised to Christ among the Bernicians. He was slain at Maserfield, in Shropshire, Aug. 1, 642, the 9th year of his reign, and the 38th of his age. He married Kineburg, daughter of Kingils, the first Christian king of the West-Saxons; by whom he had a son.

Oswy, 4th king of Northumberland, became 10th monarch, in Oct. 13, 642. He defeated Penda, the Mercian, and Ethelred, king of the East-Angles, Nov. 6, 655; and reigned, with great glory, 33 years. He it was that decided the long controversy for the celebration of Easter. He died Feb. 15, 670, having reigned as monarch 28 years. His wife was the daughter of Edwin of Northumberland; by whom he had two sons and two daughters.

Wulfhere, 6th king of the Mercians, became the 11th monarch in 670; began in Mercia in 659, and reigned over it 17 years, and over Britain 4; died in 674, and was buried at Peterborough. He married the daughter of Ercombert of Kent; by whom he had three sons and a daughter.

Ethelred, 7th king of Mercia, and 12th monarch, succeeded his brother Wulfhere in both dignities, in 675. In the beginning of his reign he desolated part of Kent; and, in 677, destroyed Rochester and many religious foundations; to atone for which, he became a monk, and died abbot of Bradney, in the 30th year of his reign, 716. He married the daughter of Oswy of Northumberland; by whom he had a son.

Kenred, his nephew, 8th king of Mercia, and 13th monarch, succeeded him in 704; reigned in peace 4 years; and then, following his uncle's example, became a monk. In his reign pope Constantine ordained the adoration of images, to commemorate saints.

Cheldred, son to Ethelred, 9th king of the Mercians, and 14th monarch, in 709, was killed in battle with the West-Saxons, after a reign of seven years, in 716; died without children, and was buried at Litchfield.

Ethelbald I. 10th king of the Mercians, became 15th monarch in 716. The beginning of his reign was debauched; but he reformed, on being admonished by Cuthbert of Canterbury, and, for atonement, built Croyland-abbey, in Lincolnshire. In the 30th year of his reign, it was enacted, that the Scriptures should be read in monasteries, and the Lord's Prayer and Creed taught in the Saxon tongue. In the 40th year of his reign he was slain by his own subjects, when he was leading his troops against Cuthred, the West-Saxon, at Secondine, three miles from Tamworth, in Warwickshire; and was buried at Repton, in Derbyshire, in 750; leaving neither wife nor child.

Offa, the 11th king of the Mercians, and 16th monarch. He was born lame, deaf, and blind; which continued till he arrived at manhood, when the Mercian nobles received him for their king, and he began his reign with a great prospect of glory. He took up arms against Kent, slew their king at Ottestord,

Bedford, and conquered that kingdom. He made great havock beyond the Humber; whence returning triumphant, he went against the West-Saxons. He caused a great trench to be dug from Bristol to Basingwerk, in Flintshire, as the boundary of the Britons who harboured in Wales, in 774; which the Welch endeavoured to destroy, but were repulsed with great loss. The ledger-book of St. Alban's says that Offa first ordained the sounding of trumpets before the kings of England, to denote their appearance and require respect. He repulsed the Danes, to their great loss. He admitted his son Egfryd a partner in his sovereignty, and, out of devotion, paid a visit to Rome; where he made his kingdom subject to a tribute then called Peter-pence, and procured the canonization of St. Alban. At his return, he built St. Alban's monastery, in Hertfordshire, 793. He died at Offley, June 29, 794, in the 39th year of his reign; and was buried at Bedford, in a chapel since swallowed up by the river Ouse. He had issue, by his queen, one son and three daughters.

Egfryd, 12th king of the Mercians, and 17th monarch, succeeded his father, in both dignities, July 13, 794; but died Dec. 17 following, and was buried at St. Alban's; leaving neither wife nor child.

Kenwolf, 13th king of the Mercians, and 18th monarch, succeeded Egfryd in 795. He was an example of piety, and impartially administered justice. He conquered Kent, gave that kingdom to Cuthred, and kept their king Pren captive in Mercia. He built Winchcomb monastery in Gloucestershire, where he led Pren to the altar, and released him without ransom or intreaty. He died in 819, the 22d year of his reign, and was buried at Winchcomb. He left one son and two daughters.

Egbert, 17th king of the West-Saxons, and 19th but first sole monarch of the English. He began his reign over the West-Saxons in 800. The Cornish and Welch associated against him; which provoked him to enact a law, commanding that no Britain should presume to pass Offa's ditch, and threatening immediate death to his enemies that durst set foot upon English ground. He took Chester, and caused the broken image of Cadwallo to be thrown down from the western gate of London. He conquered Mercia, and laid the foundation of the sole monarchy in 819, (which put an end to the Saxon Heptarchy,) and was solemnly crowned at Winchester; when, by his edict, he ordered all the south of the island to be called England, 820. He repulsed the Danes, and drove them out of England, 836. He died Feb. 4, 836, in the 36th year of his reign over the West-Saxons, and 17th of his monarchy,

and was buried at Winchester. He left two sons and one daughter.

Ethelwolf, eldest son of Egbert, succeeded his father, notwithstanding that, at the time of Egbert's death, he was bishop of Winchester. He gave his bishopric to Swithin. In 846 he ordained tithes to be collected, and exempted the clergy from regal tributes. He visited Rome in 847, confirming the grant of Peter-pence, and agreed to pay Rome 300 marks *per ann.* His son Ethelbald obliged him to divide the sovereignty with him, 856. He reigned above 20 years, died Jan. 13, 857, and was buried, but removed to Winchester. He had four sons and one daughter.

Ethelbald II. eldest son of Ethelwolf, succeeded his father in 857, and, (notwithstanding he opposed his father for honouring the emperor Charles's daughter with being his queen,) after his death, contrary to all laws, took her for his own wife. He died Dec. 20, 860, and was buried at Sherborne, but removed to Salisbury.

Ethelbert II. second son of Ethelwolf, succeeded his brother in 860, and was harassed greatly by the Danes, who were repulsed and vanquished. He died in 866, and was succeeded by

Ethelred, his brother, third son of Ethelwolf, in 866, when the Danes again harassed his kingdom. In 870, they destroyed the monasteries of Bradney, Crowland, Peterborough, Ely, and Huntingdon, when the nuns of Coldingham defaced themselves, to avoid their pollution; and, in East-Anglia, they murdered Edmund, at Edmondsbury, in Suffolk. Ethelred overthrew the Danes, in 871, at Assendon; which was the greatest loss the Danes had ever met with in England. He had nine set battles with the Danes in one year, and was wounded at Wittingham, (which occasioned his death, April 27, 872,) and was buried at Winborne, in Dorsetshire. He had two sons and one daughter.

Alfred, the fourth son of Ethelwolf, succeeded his brother in 872, in the 22d year of his age, was crowned at Winchester, and is distinguished by the title of Alfred the Great. He was born at Wantage, in Berkshire, 849, and obliged to take the field, against the Danes, within one month after his coronation, at Wilton, in Oxfordshire. In the 4th year of his reign they divided their army; one part seized on Exeter, where they wintered; and the other went into Northumberland. Alfred defeated them at Exeter; but they again made head against him at Chippenham, in 876, where he was defeated, and again soon after at Bristol; but he recovered strength, and attacked them in camp, at Abington, in Oxfordshire. He

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fought seven battles with them the same year. In 877, another succour of Danes arrived, and Alfred was obliged to disguise himself in the habit of a shepherd, in the isle of Aldersey, in the county of Somerset, till he, in a still farther disguise of a musician, in 878, discovered the Danes careless way of living, and, collecting his scattered friends, attacked and defeated them, in 879; when he obliged them to receive baptism, and the greatest part of their army to quit the land. In 885 they returned, but were repulsed in 889. However, in 892, they again arrived, with 250 ships, and harassed the land. In 897 they came up the Thames, and, by some small boats, went up the river Lea, and built a fortress at Wear; when king Alfred turned off the course of the river, and left the ships dry; which obliged the Danes to remove. He died Oct. 28, 901, in the 30th year of his reign. The same year in which he died, he formed a body of laws, afterward made use of by Edward the Confessor, which was the ground-work of the present. He divided his kingdom into shires, hundreds, and tithings; and obliged his nobles to bring up their children to learning; to induce them to which, he admitted none into office unless they were learned; and, to enable them to procure that learning, he founded the university of Oxford. He was buried at Winchester, and had two sons and two daughters.

Edward the Elder, his son, succeeded him, and was crowned at Kingston upon Thames, in 901. The kingdom was greatly harassed by the Danes, on his accession; but, in 910, two Danish chiefs were slain at Wolverhampton, in Staffordshire; which stopped their ravages. In 911, Leolin, prince of Wales, did homage to Edward for his principality. He died at Farringdon, in Berkshire, in 924, the 24th year of his reign, and was buried at Winchester. He had, by his first queen, two sons and a daughter; by his second queen, two sons and five daughters; and, by his last queen, two sons and two daughters.

Athelstan, his eldest son, succeeded him; and was crowned, with far greater magnificence than usual, at Kingston upon Thames, in 924. In 937 he defeated two Welch princes; but, soon after, on their making submission, he restored them their estates. He escaped being assassinated in his tent, 938; which he revenged by attacking his enemy; when 5 petty sovereigns, 12 dukes, and an army which came to the assistance of Anlaf, king of Ireland, were slain; which battle was fought near Dunbar, in Scotland. He made the princes of Wales tributary in 941; and, the year before, caused the Scriptures to be translated into Saxon. He died, without issue, Oct.

Oct. 17, 940, at Gloucester, having reigned 15 years and odd months.

Edmund I. the 5th son of Edward the Elder, succeeded him; who, at the age of 18, was crowned king, at Kingston upon Thames, in 940. His reign was disturbed by Anlaf, king of Ireland. On May 26, 946, in endeavouring to part two of his servants, who were quarrelling, he received a wound, by which he bled to death, (having reigned 5 years, 7 months,) and was buried at Glastonbury. He had issue two sons.

Edred, his brother, aged 23, succeeded him, in the year 946, and was crowned at Kingston upon Thames, the 17th of August. A rebellion broke out in the north, which he suppressed, and burnt the monastery of Rippon. He died in the 10th year of his reign, 955, and was buried at Winchester. He left two sons.

Edwy, eldest son of Edmund, succeeded Edred, and was crowned at Kingston upon Thames, in 955. He had great dissensions with the clergy, and banished Dunstan, their ring-leader; which occasions little credit to be given to the character the priests give him. He died of grief, in 959, after a turbulent reign of 4 years, and was buried at Winchester. He had no children.

Edgar, at the age of 16, succeeded his brother, and was crowned at Kingston upon Thames, in 959, and again at Bath, in 972. He expelled married priests, and gave the guidance of his affairs to archbishop Dunstan. Among other laws, he enacted one to suppress excessive drinking, ordaining a size by pins in the cup, with penalties to any who should presume to drink deeper than the mark; and imposed, on the princes of Wales, a tribute of wolves-heads, that for three years amounted to 300 each year; which extirpated them, and then the tribute ceased. He obliged 8 tributary princes to row him in a barge, on the river Dee, in 961. So great was his naval power, as to employ 3600 ships, to secure the coast from pirates. He reigned in peace above 16 years, died July 8, 973, in the 37th year of his age, and was buried at Glastonbury. He had one son by his first queen, and two by his second.

Edward, surnamed the Martyr, his eldest son, succeeded him, being but 16 years of age, and was crowned by Dunstan, at Kingston upon Thames, in 973. He was stabbed, by the private instructions of his mother-in-law, as he was drinking a cup of wine, when he called to see her and his half-brother, at Corfe-castle, in the isle of Purbeck, in Dorsetshire, on May 18, 979, in the 4th year of his reign, and the 20th of his

his age. He was first buried at Wareham, without any ceremony; but removed, three years after, in great pomp, to Shaftesbury.

Ethelred II. succeeded his half-brother, and was crowned at Kingston upon Thames, on April 14, 979. The Danes, in the second year of his reign, arrived, with 7 ships, upon the coast of Kent, and landed on the isle of Thanet. In 981 they again entered the British seas. In 982, his palace, with great part of London, was destroyed by a great fire; after which succeeded a great mortality. In 981 and 991 the Danes invaded his kingdom, but were restrained from farther mischief, by Ethelred's paying them 10,000*l.* to desist and depart. Notwithstanding they then departed, so great an emolument excited them to commence hostilities soon after, and they made frequent invasions, in 993, 995, 996, 998, and 999, receiving, at one payment, about 16,000*l.* raised by a land-tax called Danegelt; and the Danes grew so imperious, as to acquire the title of Lord-Danes; which induced Ethelred to order a general massacre of them, on Nov. 13, 1002. This exasperated the Danes, and excited them to revenge their countrymen's deaths; for which purpose Swain landed on the coast of Devon, in 1003, and on the coast of Norfolk the year following, when he destroyed the city of Norwich and the town of Thetford; nor did he quit the kingdom till Ethelred had paid him 36,000*l.* which he, the year following, demanded as an annual tribute. To enforce the payment of this demand, he sent a fleet; to oppose which, in 1007, Ethelred fitted out a fleet much larger than any ever possessed by his predecessors; but, by the dissensions of the nobility, it was rendered useless; and the Danes pillaged Kent, and secured their winter-quarters in the isle of Thanet. In the spring of 1008, they subdued great part of the kingdom, pillaging wherever they went. To stop their progress, it was agreed to pay them 48,000*l.* to quit the kingdom, 1012. Soon after, Swain entered the Humber again, threatening desolation; which so intimidated Ethelred, that he retired to the isle of Wight, and sent his sons, with their mother Emma, into Normandy, to her brother, and Swain took possession of the whole kingdom, 1013.

Swain, proclaimed king of England, in 1014, no person disputing his title. His first act of sovereignty was laying on the people an insupportable tax, which he did not live to see enforced. He died Feb. 3, 1014, at Thetford, in Norfolk.

Canute, his son, was proclaimed in March, 1014, and endeavoured to gain the affections of his English subjects; but without success.

Ethelred

Ethelred returned, at the invitation of his subjects, and Canute left England. This calm was short; for Canute returned, with a fleet of 200 sail, and landed at Sandwich; which occasioned Ethelred to retire to the north: but, by evading a battle with the Danes, he lost the affections of his subjects; and, retiring to London, expired, after a reign of 37 years, in 1016. By his first queen, he had six sons and four daughters; and, by his second, two sons.

Edmund Ironside, his son, was crowned at Kingston upon Thames, in April, 1016; but, by a disagreement among the nobility, Canute was likewise crowned at Southampton. In June following they both took the field, and Canute totally routed Edmund at Athdown, in Essex; after which he met Canute in the isle of Alderney, in the Severn; where a peace was concluded, and the kingdom divided between them. Edmund did not survive above a month after, being murdered at Oxford, before he had reigned a year. He left two sons and two daughters; from one of which daughters James I. of England descended, and from him George III.

Canute, after Edmund's death, was re-established, and reigned alone, in 1017; made an alliance with Normandy, and married Emma, Ethelred's widow, 1018; made a voyage to Denmark, attacked Norway, and took possession of the crown, 1028; died at Shaftesbury, 1036, and was buried at Winchester.

Harold I. his son, began his reign, 1036; died April 14, 1039; and was succeeded by his younger brother,

Hardicanute, king of Denmark, who began his reign in England, 1039; died at Lambeth, 1041; was buried at New-Winchester, and succeeded by a son of his queen, Emma, by her first husband.

Edward the Confessor, who was born at Ilip, in Oxfordshire, began his reign, 1041, in the 40th year of his age. He was crowned at Winchester, 1042; married Editha, daughter of Godwin of Kent, 1043; remitted the tax of Danegelt, and was the first king of England that touched for the king's evil, 1058; died, Jan. 5, 1066, aged 65; and was buried at Westminster-abbey, (which he rebuilt,) where his bones were enshrined in gold, set with jewels, 1206. Emma, his mother, died in 1052. Edward was succeeded by

Harold II. who began in 1066; defeated his brother Tosti, and the king of Norway, who invaded his dominions, at Stamford, Sept. 25. 1066; and was killed by the Normans, at Hastings, Oct. 14, following.

William I. duke of Normandy, paid a visit to Edward the Confessor in England, 1051; betrothed his daughter to Harold

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old II. 1058; made a claim of the crown of England, 1066; invaded England, landing at Pevensey, in Sussex, the same year; defeated the English troops at Hastings, Oct. 14, following, when Harold was slain, and William assumed the title of Conqueror. He was crowned at Westminster, Dec. 29, 1066; invaded Scotland, 1072; subverted the English Constitution, 1074; refused to swear fealty to the pope for the crown of England; was wounded by his son, Robert, at Gerberot, in Normandy, 1079; invaded France, 1086; soon after fell from his horse, and contracted a rupture; died at Hermentrude, near Rouen, in Normandy, 1087; was buried at Caen, and succeeded, in Normandy, by his eldest son, Robert; and, in England, by his second son.

William II. was crowned at Westminster, Sept. 27, 1087; invaded Normandy, with success, 1090; was killed by accident, as he was hunting in the New-Forest, by Sir Walter Tyrel, in August, 1100, aged 40; was buried at Winchester, and succeeded by his brother,

Henry I. who was crowned Aug. 5, 1100; made peace with his brother, Robert, 1101; invaded Normandy, 1105; was attacked by Robert, whom he defeated and took prisoner, 1107, and sent to England; betrothed his daughter, Maude, to the emperor of Germany, 1109; was challenged by Lewis of France, 1117; his eldest son, and two others of his children, were shipwrecked and lost, with 180 of his nobility, in coming from Normandy, 1120; he was in quiet possession of Normandy, 1129; surfeited himself with eating lampreys, at Lyons, near Rouen, in Normandy, and died Dec. 1, 1135, aged 68. His body was brought over to England, and buried at Reading. He was succeeded by his nephew, Stephen, third son of his sister, Adela, by the earl of Blois.

Maude, daughter of Hen. I. married to Henry IV. emperor of Germany, 1109; had the English nobility swear fealty to her, 1126; married the earl of Anjou, 1130; was set aside from the English succession, 1136; landed in England, and claimed her right to the crown, Sept. 1139; was crowned, but soon after defeated at Winchester, 1141; escaped to Gloucester on a bier; fled from a window of Oxford-castle, by a rope, in the winter of 1142; retired to France, 1147; returned to England, and concluded a peace with Stephen, 1153; and died abroad, Sept. 10, 1167.

Stephen, crowned Dec. 2, 1135; was defeated and taken prisoner, at Lincoln, by the earl of Gloucester, Maude's brother, Feb. 1141, and put in irons at Bristol prison, but released, on an exchange of prisoners, for the earl of Gloucester, who was taken at Winchester; made peace with Henry,

Maude's son, 1153; died of the piles, Oct. 25, 1154, aged 50; was buried at Feversham, and succeeded by Henry, duke of Normandy, son of Maude.

Matilda, Stephen's queen, was crowned on Easter-day, 1136; died May 3, 1151, at Henningham-castle, Essex, and was buried in a monastery at Feversham.

Henry II. grandson of Henry I. began his reign in 1154; arrived in England Dec. 8, and was, with his queen Eleanor, crowned at London the 10th of the same month; crowned at Lincoln, 1158; again at Worcester, 1159; quelled the rebellion at Maine, 1166; had his son Henry crowned king of England, 1170; invaded Ireland, and conquered it, 1172; did penance at Becket's tomb, July 8, 1174; took the king of Scotland prisoner, and obliged him to give up the independence of his crown, 1175; named his son, John, king of Ireland, 1176; had, the same year, an amour with Rosamond, and Alice of France; lost his eldest son, Henry, June 11, 1183; had his son, Jeffery, trodden under foot, and killed, at Paris, 1186; made a convention, with Philip of France, to go to the holy-war, 1188; died with grief at the altar, cursing his sons, July 6, 1189, aged 61, and was succeeded by his son Richard.

Eleanor, queen to king Henry II. died in 1204.

Richard I. was born at Oxford, 1157; crowned at London, Sept. 3, 1189; set out on the crusade, and joined Philip of France on the plains of Vezelay, June 29, 1190; took Messina, the latter end of the year; married Berengera, daughter of the king of Navarre, May 12, 1191; defeated the Cyprians, 1191; was taken prisoner near Vienna, on his return home, by the duke of Austria, Dec. 20, 1192; was ransomed, for 40,000*l.* and set at liberty, 1193; returned to England, March 20, following; was wounded with an arrow, at Chaluz, near Limoges, in Normandy, and died, April 6, 1199.

John, the youngest son of Henry II. born at Oxford, 1166; was crowned May 27, 1199; divorced his wife Avisa, and married Isabella, daughter of the count of Angoulême; went to Paris, 1200; besieged the castle of Mirabel, and took his nephew, Arthur, prisoner, Aug. 1202, whom he murdered; the same year he was expelled the French provinces, and re-crowned in England; imprisoned his queen, 1208; banished all the clergy in his dominions, 1208; was excommunicated, 1209; landed in Ireland, June 8, 1210; surrendered his crown to Pandolf, the pope's legate, May 25, 1213; was absolved July 20, following; lost his treasure and baggage, in passing the marshes of Lynn, 1216; died at Newark, Oct. 18, and

and was buried at Worcester, 1216; and was succeeded by his son,

Henry III. who was born Oct. 1, 1207; and crowned at Gloucester Oct. 28, 1216; received homage from Alexander, king of Scotland, at Northampton, 1218; was crowned again at Westminster, after Christmas, 1219; married Eleanor, daughter of the count of Provence, Jan. 14, 1236; pledged his crown, plate, and jewels, for money, when he married his daughter, Margaret, to the king of Scots, 1252; was obliged, by his nobles, to resign the power of a sovereign, and sell Normandy and Anjou to the French, 1258; shut himself up in the Tower, for fear of his nobles, 1261; taken prisoner at Lewes, May 14, 1264; was wounded at the battle of Evesham, 1265; died with age, at St. Edmundsbury, Nov. 16, 1272; and was succeeded by his son Edward.

Eleanor, Henry III.'s queen, died in a monastery at Amberbury, where she had retired about 1292.

Edward I. was born June 16, 1239; married Eleanor, princess of Castile, 1253; succeeded to the crown, Nov. 16, 1272; was wounded, in the Holy-land, with a poisoned dagger, but recovered, and landed in England, July 25, 1274; was crowned at Westminster, Aug. 19, following, with his queen; went to France, and did homage to the French king, 1279; reduced the Welch princes, 1283; went to France in the summer, 1286; returned, Aug. 1289; Eleanor, his queen, died of a fever, on her journey to Scotland, at Horneby, in Lincolnshire, 1290, and was conveyed to Westminster, and elegant stone crosses were erected at each place where the corpse rested; he married Margaret, sister to the king of France, Sept. 12, 1299; conquered Scotland, 1299, and brought to England their coronation-chair, &c. died of a flux, at Burgh upon the Sands, in Cumberland, July 7, 1307; was buried at Westminster, and succeeded by his 4th son,

Edward II. born at Caernarvon, in Wales, April 25, 1284. He was the first king of England's eldest son that had the title of prince of Wales. He ascended the throne July 7, 1307; married Isabel, daughter of the French king, 1308; was obliged, by the barons, to sign a commission, by which he vested the government of the kingdom in 21 persons, March 16, 1310; went on a pilgrimage to Boulogne, Dec. 13, 1313; was dethroned, Jan. 13, 1327; succeeded by his eldest son, Edward III. murdered at Berkeley-castle, Sept. 21, following; and buried at Gloucester.

Edward III. born at Windsor, Nov. 15, 1312; succeeded to the crown, Jan. 13, 1327; was crowned at Westminster, Feb. 1, following; married Philippa, daughter of the earl of

Hainault, Jan. 24, 1326; claimed the crown of France, 1329; the Scots were defeated at Halidown, 1333; he invaded France, and pawned his crown and jewels for 50,000 florins, 1340; quartered the arms of England and France, 1341; the first distinction between lords and commons, 1342; he defeated the French at Cressy, 30,000 being slain, with whom was the king of Bohemia, 1346; the queen took the king of Scotland prisoner, and 20,000 Scots were slain, the same year; Calais besieged and taken, and St. Stephen's chapel, now the House of Commons, built, 1347; Edward instituted the order of the Garter, 1349; the French defeated at Poitiers, their king and prince taken, and the king of Navarre imprisoned, 1356; the king of Scotland ransomed for 100,000*l.* 1357; the king of France ransomed for 300,000*l.* 1359; four kings entertained at the lord-mayor's feast, (*viz.* of England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus,) 1364; Philippa, his queen, died at Windsor, Aug. 1369, and was buried at Westminster. He died at Richmond, June 21, 1377, and was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II. son to

Edward the Black Prince, who was born June 15, 1330; brought the king of France prisoner to England, from the battle of Poitiers, May 14, 1357; went to Castile, 1367; died of a consumption, June 8, 1376.

John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. born 1340; married Blanch, daughter of the duke of Lancaster, 1359, by whom he became possessed of that dukedom and title; she died in 1369, and in 1372 he married the daughter of the king of Castile and Leon, and took that title. In 1396 he married a third wife, Catharine Swinford. He died in 1399, and was buried in St. Paul's, London.

Richard II. born at Bourdeaux, Jan. 6, 1367; had two royal godfathers, the kings of Navarre and Majorca; was made guardian of the kingdom, Aug. 30, 1372; created prince of Wales, 1376; succeeded his grandfather, Edward III. June 21, following, when not 7 years old; the rebellion of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, 1378; married Anne, sister to the emperor of Germany and king of Bohemia, Jan. 1382, who died, without issue, at Shene, and was buried in Westminster-abbey, Aug. 3, 1394; married Isabella, daughter of the king of France, 1396. He was taken prisoner by Henry, duke of Lancaster, his cousin, and sent to the Tower, Sept. 1, 1399; resigned his crown Sept. 28, following, and was succeeded by Henry IV. Richard was murdered in Pomfret-castle, Jan. 1400, and buried at Langley, but removed to Westminster.

Thomas,

Thomas, duke of Gloucester, uncle to Richard II. was smothered Feb. 28, 1397.

Henry IV. duke of Lancaster, grandson of Edward III. born 1367; married the daughter of the earl of Hertford, who died in 1394, before he obtained the crown; fought with the duke of Norfolk, 1397, and was banished; returned to England in arms against Richard II. who resigned him his crown, and Henry was crowned Oct. 13, 1399, when he instituted the order of the Bath, and created 47 knights; was conspired against, Jan. 1400; was defeated by the Welch, 1402; married a second queen, Joan of Navarre, widow of the duke of Brittany, 1403; she was crowned, with great magnificence, the 26th of Jan. following, and died in 1437; in 1403 began the rebellion of the Percys, suppressed July following. He died of an apoplexy, in Westminster, March 20, 1413, was buried at Canterbury, and succeeded by

Henry V. who was born in 1388, and (when prince of Wales) committed to prison for affronting one of the judges, 1412; was crowned at Westminster, April 9, 1413; claimed the crown of France, 1414; gained the victory of Agincourt, Oct. 24, the same year; received a visit from the emperor Sigismund, who was installed knight of the Garter, 1416; invaded Normandy with an army of 26,600 men, 1417; was declared regent, and married Catharine of France, June 3, 1420; she was crowned at Westminster, the February following; out-lived Henry, and was married afterwards to Owen Tudor, grandfather of Henry VII. Henry pledged his regalia for 20,000*l.* 1421; died of a fistula, at Rouen, Aug. 31, 1422, aged 33; was buried at Westminster, and succeeded by

Henry VI. who was born at Windsor, Dec. 6, 1421; ascended the throne, Aug. 31, 1422; was proclaimed king of France the same year; crowned at Westminster, Nov. 6, 1429; crowned at Paris, Dec. 17, 1430; married to Margaret, daughter of France, April 12, 1445; Jack Cade's insurrection, 1446; Henry was taken prisoner at St. Alban's, 1455; but regained his liberty, 1461; and was deposed, March 5, following, by his fourth cousin, Edward IV. fled into Scotland, and was taken prisoner in Lancashire, 1463; restored to his throne, 1470; taken prisoner again by Edward, April 11, 1471; queen Margaret and her son taken prisoners, at Tewkesbury, by Edward, May 4; the prince was killed at Tewkesbury, May 21, and Henry died the same day, aged 49.

Humphry, duke of Gloucester, fourth son of Henry IV. was strangled by the order of his nephew, and buried at St. Alban's, 1447.

Edward

Edward IV. born at Rouen, April 29, 1443; was elected king, March 5, 1461; and, before his coronation, was obliged to take the field, and fought the battle of Towton, when 35,781 fell, and not one prisoner was taken but the earl of Devonshire, March 13; was crowned at Westminster, June 28, 1461; sat publicly with the judges in Westminster, 1464; married lady Elizabeth Grey, widow of sir John Grey, of Groby, May 1, 1464, who was crowned the 26th following; was taken prisoner by the earl of Warwick, in Yorkshire, from whence he was brought to London, with his legs tied under the horse's belly, 1467; escaped, and was expelled the kingdom, 1470; returned, March 25, 1471, and was restored; died of an ague, at Westminster, April 9, 1483, and was buried at Windsor. He was succeeded by

Edward V. born Nov. 4, 1470; conveyed to the Tower, May, 1483; deposed, June 20, following; and, with the duke of York, his brother, smothered in the Tower soon after.

Richard III. duke of Gloucester, brother to Edward IV. took prince Edward, son of Henry VI. prisoner at Tewkesbury, and helped to murder him in cold blood, (whose widow he afterwards married,) 1471; drowned the duke of Clarence, brother to Edward IV. in a butt of Malmsey wine, 1478; was made protector of England, 1483; elected king, June 20, and crowned July 6, following; ditto at York, Sept. 8; slain in battle, at Bosworth, Aug. 22, 1485, aged 32, having reigned 2 years and 2 months. He was buried at Leicester, and succeeded by

Henry VII. who was born 1455; landed at Milford-haven, 1485; defeated Richard III. in Bosworth-field, and was elected king, 1485; crowned, Oct. 30, 1485; married Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV. Jan. 18, 1486, who was crowned queen the Nov. following; defeated Lambert Symnel, the impostor, June 16, 1487; received of the French king, as a compromise for the claim on the crown, 186,250*l.* besides 25,000 crowns yearly, 1492; prince Arthur, his eldest son, died, April 2, 1502; queen Elizabeth died in childbed, Feb. 11, following, and was buried at Westminster; Henry married his daughter Margaret to James IV. of Scotland, 1504; died of a consumption, at Richmond, April 22, 1509, aged 51, and was succeeded by

Henry VIII. who was born June 28, 1491; married Catharine, infant of Spain, widow of his brother Arthur, June 3, 1509; was crowned, June 24, following; received the title of Defender of the Faith, 1521; was stiled Head of the Church, 1531; divorced queen Catharine, and married Anne Bulleyne, May

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May 23, 1533, who was crowned June 1, 1533; was excommunicated by pope Paul, Aug. 30, 1535; Catharine, his first queen, died at Kimbolton, Jan. 1536, aged 50; he put Anne, his second queen, to death, and married Jane Seymour, May 20, 1536; Jane, his third wife, died in childbed, Oct. 12, 1537; he married Anne of Cleves, Jan. 6, 1540; divorced her, July 10, 1540; dissolved the religious foundations in England, 1540; married Catharine Howard, his fifth wife, Aug. 8, following; and beheaded her on Tower-hill, with lady Rochford, Feb. 12, 1542; married Catharine Par, his sixth wife, July 12, 1543. He died of a fever and an ulcerated leg, at Westminster, Jan. 28, 1547, was buried at Windsor, and was succeeded by

Edward VI. who was born Oct. 12, 1537; crowned, Sunday, Feb. 20, 1547; died of a consumption, at Greenwich, July 6, 1553, and was succeeded (agreeably to his will) by his cousin,

Jane Gray, proclaimed queen July 9; deposed soon after, and sent to the Tower, where she, lord Dudley, her husband, and her father, were beheaded, Feb. 12, 1554, in the 17th year of her age. She was succeeded by

Mary, who was born in 1516; proclaimed, July 19, 1553, and crowned Sept. 30, following; married Philip of Spain, Jan. 19, 1554; died of a dropsy, Nov. 17, 1558, and was succeeded by

Elizabeth, who was born Sept. 7, 1533; sent prisoner to the Tower, 1554; began to reign, Nov. 17, 1558; was crowned at Westminster, Jan. 15, 1559; Mary of Scots fled to England, May 16, 1568, and was imprisoned in Tutbury-castle, Jan. 1569; Elizabeth relieved the Protestants in the Netherlands with above 200,000 crowns, besides stores, 1569; a marriage proposed to the queen, by the duke of Alençon, and rejected, 1573; again, 1582; Mary of Scots beheaded, at Fotheringay-castle, in Northamptonshire, Feb. 8, 1587, aged 44; the Spanish armada destroyed, 1588; Tyrone's rebellion in Ireland, 1598; Essex, the queen's favourite, beheaded, 1600; the queen died at Richmond, March 24, 1603, and was succeeded by the son of Mary, queen of Scots, then James VI. of Scotland.

James I. born at Edinburgh, June 19, 1566; was crowned king of Scotland, Aug. 1567; married the princess of Denmark, 1589; succeeded to the crown of England, March 24, 1603; was first styled king of Great-Britain, 1605; arrived at London, May 7, following; lost his eldest son, Henry, prince of Wales, Nov. 6, 1612, aged 18; married his daughter, Elizabeth, to the prince palatine of the Rhine, 1612, from whom

whom his present majesty, George III. is descended ; went to Scotland, March 4, 1617 ; returned, Sept. 14, 1617 ; lost his queen, March 3, 1619 ; died of an ague, March 27, 1625, and was succeeded by

Charles I. who was born in 1600 ; arrived at Madrid, in quest of a wife, March 7, 1623 ; succeeded to the crown, March 27. 1625 ; married Henrietta, daughter of France, the same year ; was crowned, Feb. 2, 1626 ; crowned at Edinburgh, 1633 ; went to Scotland, Aug. 1641 ; returned, Nov. 25, following ; went to the House of Commons, and demanded the five members, 1641-2 ; retired to York, March, 1642 ; raised his standard at Nottingham, Aug. 25, following ; travelled in the disguise of a servant, and put himself into the hands of the Scots at Newark, May 5, 1646 ; was sold by the Scots for 200,000*l.* Aug. 8, following ; was seized by Joice, at Holmby, June 3, 1647 ; escaped from Hampton-court, and retreated to the Isle of Wight, July 29, 1648 ; was close-confined in Hurst-castle, Dec. 1, following ; removed to Windsor-castle, Dec. 23 ; to St. James's, Jan. 19, 1649 ; brought to trial the next day, condemned the 27th, beheaded at Whitehall, the 30th, aged 48, and buried in St. George's chapel, Windsor. His queen, Henrietta, died in France, Aug. 10, 1669.

Oliver Cromwell, born at Huntingdon, April 25, 1599 ; was made a colonel, 1643 ; went over to Ireland with his army, July, 1649 ; returned, May, 1650 ; was made protector for life, Dec. 12, 1653 ; was near being killed by falling from a coach-box, Oct. 1654 ; was elected king, but refused the title, May 8, 1657 ; died at Whitehall, Sept. 3. 1658.

Richard Cromwell, proclaimed protector, Sept. 3, 1658 ; was deposed, April 22, 1659 ; died, July 12, 1712, aged 89.

Charles II. born May 29, 1630 ; escaped from St. James's, April 23, 1648 ; landed in Scotland, 1650 ; was crowned at Scone, Jan. 1, 1651 ; defeated at the battle of Worcester, 1651 ; landed at Torbay, May 29, 1660, and was restored to his throne ; crowned, April 13, 1661 ; married Catharine, infanta of Portugal, May 21, 1662 ; accepted the city-freedom, Dec. 18, 1674 ; died of an apoplexy, Feb. 6, 1685, aged 54, and was succeeded by his brother James. Catharine, his queen, died Dec. 21, 1705.

James II. born Oct. 30, 1633 ; married Anne Hyde, Sept. 1660, who died 1671 ; married the princess of Modena, Nov. 21, 1673 ; succeeded to the throne, Feb. 6, 1685. Monmouth, natural son to Charles II. landed in England, June 11, 1685 ; was proclaimed king, at Taunton, in Somersetshire, June 20, following ; defeated, near Bridgewater, July

5; beheaded on Tower-hill, July 15, following, aged 35. James's queen had a son born, June 10, 1688. He fled from his palace, Dec. 12, 1688; was seized soon after at Feverham, and brought back to Whitehall; left England Dec. 23, following, and landed at Kinsale, in Ireland, March 22, 1689; returned to France, June, 1690, and died at St. Germain's, Aug. 6, 1701.

William III. prince of Orange, born Nov. 4, 1650; created stadtholder, July 3, 1672; married the princess Mary of England, Nov. 4, 1677; landed at Torbay, in England, with an army, Nov. 4, 1688; was declared king of England, Feb. 13, 1689; crowned, with his queen, April 11, 1689; landed at Carrickfergus, June 14, 1690. A plot was laid for assassinating him, Feb. 1696. He fell from his horse, and broke his collar-bone, Feb. 21, 1702; died, March 8, aged 51; was buried April 12, following, and left his sister-in-law, Anne, his successor to the crown.

Mary, William's queen, born April 30, 1662; was proclaimed, with her husband, queen-regent of England, Feb. 13, 1689; died of the small-pox, Dec. 28, 1694, aged 32, and was buried at Westminster.

Anne, born Feb. 6, 1665; was married to prince George of Denmark, 1683, by whom she had thirteen children, all of whom died young. She came to the crown March 8, 1702; was crowned April 23, following; lost her son, George, duke of Gloucester, by a fever, July 29, 1700, aged 11; lost her husband, who died of an asthma and dropfy, Oct. 28, 1708, aged 55. The queen died Aug. 1, 1714, aged 49; was buried at Westminster, and succeeded by

George I. elector of Hanover, duke of Brunswick-Lunenburgh, who was born May 28, 1660; created duke of Cambridge, &c. Oct. 5, 1706. Princess Sophia, his wife, mother of George II. died June 8, 1714, aged 83. He was proclaimed, Aug. 1, 1714; landed at Greenwich, Sept. 18, following; died in his journey to Hanover, at Osnaburgh, Sunday, June 11, 1727, of a paralytic disorder, aged 67, and was succeeded by his eldest son,

George II. who was born Oct. 30, 1683; created prince of Wales, Oct. 4, 1714; married the princess Wilhelmina Caroline Dorothea, of Brandenburg-Anspach, 1704; ascended the throne, June 11, 1727; lost his queen, by a mortification in her bowels, Nov. 30, 1737, aged 54; suppressed a rebellion, 1745; died suddenly at Kensington, Oct. 25, 1760, aged 77, and was succeeded by his grandson, Geo. III.

Frederick-Lewis, prince of Wales, son of George II. was born Jan. 20, 1706; arrived in England, Dec. 1729; married

ried Augusta, a princess of Saxe-Gotha, April 27, 1739; was forbid the court, the year following; died, March 30, 1751, aged 43. His princess died of a consumption, Feb. 8, 1772, aged 52.

George III. eldest son of Frederick, late prince of Wales, was born June 4, 1738; created prince of Wales, 1752; succeeded his grandfather, Oct. 25, 1760, and was proclaimed the next day; married Charlotte-Sophia, princess of Mecklenburgh-Strelitz, Sept. 10, 1761, who was born May 19, 1744; and both were crowned, Sept. 22, 1761. Their issue are,

1. George, prince of Wales, born Aug. 12, 1762.
2. Frederick, bishop of Osnaburgh, born Aug. 16, 1763.
3. William-Henry, born Aug. 21, 1765.
4. Charlotte-Augusta-Matilda, born Sept. 29, 1766.
5. Edward, born Nov. 2, 1767.
6. Sophia-Augusta, born Nov. 8, 1768.
7. Elizabeth, born May 22, 1770.
8. Ernest-Augustus, born June 5, 1771.
9. Augustus-Frederick, born Jan. 27, 1773.
10. Adolphus-Frederick, born Feb. 24, 1774.

Brothers and Sisters to his Majesty.

1. Princess Augusta, born Aug. 11, 1737; married to the prince of Brunswick-Lunenburgh, Jan. 16, 1764.
2. Prince William Henry, duke of Gloucester, born Nov. 25, 1743; married to the countess-dowager Waldegrave, by whom he has a daughter, born May 29, 1773.
3. Prince Henry-Frederick, duke of Cumberland, born Nov. 7, 1745; married to the widow of ——— Horton, esq. a daughter of Simon Luttrell, lord Irnham.

The remaining issue of George II. by queen Caroline, is princess Amelia-Sophia, born June 10, 1711.

A genealogical Account of the Descent of George III. from Egbert, the first King of England.

EGBERT, of the Saxon race, first king of England, was crowned A. D. 819; died, 838; was succeeded by his son, Ethelwolf, who was crowned in 838; died, 857; whose eldest son, Ethelbald, was crowned, 857; died, 859; who was succeeded by his three brothers; the youngest of whom was Alfred, who was crowned in 872; died, 900; whose daughter, Elfrida, married Baldwin II. count of Flanders; from whom descended, in a direct line, Matilda, of Brunswick, who married William, duke of Normandy, the conqueror

queror of England. After Alfred died, the crown descended to Edward the Elder, son of Ethelbald, before mentioned, who was crowned in 900, died in 925, and was succeeded by Athelstan, his eldest son, who died without issue; and the crown descended to his brother, Edmund, in 941; whose sister, Thyra, married Gormo III. king of Denmark, from whom descended Canute I. who was king of England, 1017; Harold, king of England, 1035; and Canute II. or Hardicanute who died in 1040. From Canute I. descended William, duke of Normandy, conqueror of England. Edmund, son of Edward the Elder, died in 943, whose son, Edgar, was crowned in 959, and, dying in 975, was succeeded, in 979, by his son, Ethelred II. whose daughter was mother of William the Conqueror. Ethelred II. died in 1016, and was succeeded by his son, Edmund II. surnamed Ironside; who dying in 1017, his son, Edward, was driven into exile, where he had two children, Edgar Atheling, who died without issue, and Margaret, sole heiress to the crown of England, set aside by the conquest, who married Malcomb III. king of Scotland, whose daughter, Maud, in 1101, was married to Henry I. son of William, duke of Normandy, the conqueror of England; which Henry succeeded his brother in England, 1100, and died in 1135; whose daughter, Maud, was married to Henry V. emperor of Germany; and, in 1154, her son, Henry II. was crowned king of England, and, dying in 1189, left two sons, and a daughter named Matilda, or Maud, married to Henry the Lion, duke of Brunswick, from whom Ernestus-Augustus, elector of Hanover, was lineally descended, who married the daughter of Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and the VIth of that name in Scotland, who was descended from Matilda, or Maud, daughter of Henry I. as before shewn. John, the sixth son of Henry II. was crowned in 1193; died in 1216; and was succeeded by his son, Henry III. 1216; who, dying in 1272, was succeeded by his son, Edward I. in 1272, who died in 1307; was succeeded by Edward II. 1307, who died in 1327; and his son, Edward III. succeeded him, in 1327, who, dying in 1377, was succeeded by his grandson, Richard II. Henry IV. succeeded, in 1399, whose son, Henry V. died in 1422, and his son, Henry VI. was deposed in 1461. Edward IV. descended from the fifth son of Edward III. mounted the throne, and died in 1482, whose daughter, Elizabeth, married Henry VII. descended from John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, fourth son of Edward III. by which marriage the families were again united. Henry VII. was crowned in 1485, and, dying, in 1509, left three children, a son and two daughters; the youngest daughter, Mar-

garet, married James IV. king of Scotland, who was, in 1513, succeeded, in that kingdom, by his son, James V. whose daughter, Mary, was mother of James VI. of Scotland, and the first of that name in England; whose daughter, Elizabeth, married Frederick, king of Bohemia; by whom she had a daughter, named Sophia, who married Ernestus, elector of Hanover, whose fourth child and only daughter was married to Frederick, first king of Prussia, and whose eldest son became king of England, on the death of queen Anne, by the name of George I. who was born in 1660, crowned in 1714, and, dying in 1727, left two children, the youngest a daughter, mother of the present king of Prussia, who died in 1757; and a son, who succeeded as elector of Hanover and king of England, by the name of George II. who died in October, 1760; whose eldest daughter, Anne, married the late prince of Orange, and died in 1759: his second daughter, Amelia-Sophia-Eleanor, is still living; his third daughter, Elizabeth-Caroline, died unmarried, in 1758; his fourth daughter, Mary, married the prince of Hesse-Cassel, and died in 1771; and his youngest daughter, Louisa, married the king of Denmark, and was mother of the present king: his second son, George-William, died in 1718; his youngest son, William, duke of Cumberland, died in 1765; and his eldest son, Frederick, prince of Wales, who died before his father, in 1751, married Augusta, daughter of Frederick II. prince of Saxe-Gotha, by whom he left nine children: the eldest daughter and first child, Augusta, in 1764, married the hereditary-prince of Brunswick; the second daughter, Elizabeth-Caroline, died in 1759; the third daughter, Louisa-Anne, died in 1768, also unmarried; and the fourth daughter, and posthumous child, married Christian VII. the present king of Denmark: the first son is George III. the present king of Great-Britain; the second son, Edward-Augustus, duke of York, died in 1769; the third son, William-Henry, duke of Gloucester, and the fourth son, Henry-Frederick, duke of Cumberland, are now living: Frederick-William, the youngest son, died Dec. 29, 1765, aged 16.

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Medical Case.

A Gentleman, who had long been complaining and complaining, and ailing and ailing, and who had taken all the medicines in and out of the dispensary, at length applied to the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe. The doctor soon perceiving the nature of his case, told him, that he was in possession of a secret, which was infallible for his distemper; but that unluckily it was at that time in the hands of Dr. Pitcairne, at Edinburgh; to whom he would write to apply it in favour of the patient, if he himself thought it worth while to go so far in quest of it. The patient readily undertook the journey, and travelled to Edinburgh: but when he arrived there, he had the mortification to find, that, just before Dr. Radcliffe's letter reached Edinburgh, Dr. Pitcairne had sent the medicine to Dr. Musgrove, of Exeter. The patient, however, had resolution enough, on Dr. Pitcairne's advice, to go across the country to Exeter, in farther pursuit of it: but as ill luck would have it, Dr. Musgrove told him, that he had, but the day before, transmitted it back again to Dr. Radcliffe, in London, where the patient naturally returned to take the benefit of it at home. He could not help laughing with the doctor at the tour he had taken and at his strange disappointments. I went after the medicine, said the patient, to no purpose, and yet, I cannot tell how it happens, but I am much better than I was when I set out. I know it, cries the doctor, I know it. You have got the medicine. The journey was the secret. And do but live temperately, and keep yourself in exercise, you will have no occasion for any physic in the world.

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